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THE DOGS OF BOYTOWN

WALTER A. DYER

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Romulus and Remus

THE DOGS OF BOYTOWN

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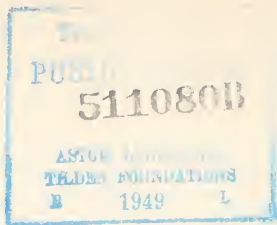
WALTER A. DYER

Author of "Pierrot, Dog of Belgium," "Gulliver the Great,
and Other Dog Stories," "The Five Babbitts at
Bonnyacres," etc.



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M. G. W.



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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I SAM BUMPUS AND HIS NAN	I
II SAM'S SHACK	16
III ROMULUS AND REMUS	33
IV IN ROME	47
V THE WILLOWDALE KENNELS	61
VI ANXIOUS DAYS	81
VII SOME OTHER DOGS, INCLUDING RAGS	96
VIII DOG DAYS	120
IX THE TRAINING OF ROMULUS	135
X WILLOWDALE DOGS IN NEW YORK	152
XI THE BOYTOWN DOG SHOW	166
XII CAMP BRITCHES	183
XIII THE PASSING OF RAGS	199
XIV THE COMING OF TATTERS	215
XV ROMULUS AT THE TRIALS	230
XVI THE MASSATUCKET SHOW	245
XVII THE TEST OF REMUS	265
XVIII ON HULSE'S POND	280
XIX EVERY DOG HIS DAY	293



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ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
ROMULUS AND REMUS	<i>Frontispiece</i>
ENGLISH SETTER	7
CHOW CHOW	30
ENGLISH BULLDOG	56
WHITE ENGLISH BULL TERRIER	64
AIREDALE TERRIER	70
POMERANIAN	79
PEKINGESE	84
GREAT DANE	98
TOY POODLE	117
IRISH TERRIER	147
BOSTON TERRIER	179
COLLIE	202
BEAGLES	250
OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG	271

THE DOGS OF BOYTOWN

CHAPTER I

SAM BUMPUS AND HIS NAN

THERE are misguided people in this world who profess to believe that only grown-ups can fully appreciate the beauties of nature. Oh, the grown-ups talk more about that sort of thing, to be sure, and know how to say poetic things about winter fields and sunsets that are usually locked in a boy's heart. But for the fullest appreciation of blue skies and autumn woods and sandy shores, and the most genuine enjoyment of broken sunshine on the forest floor, the smell of falling oak leaves, and the song of the wind in the pines or rustling across broad, rolling fields, give me a boy every time. I know, for I have been one.

That is why I am going to begin this story about boys and dogs by telling of a certain crisp October morning—a Saturday morning when boyhood enjoys its weekly liberty. There had been frost the night before and the air was still cool and very clear. It was like drinking cold water to take long breaths of

it. The golden sun was rising high above the rounded hills to the east and the sunlight turned to glistening silver the shreds of smoke that drifted lazily up from the chimneys of Boytown in the little valley a mile or so away.

I must digress for a moment to speak of Boytown. You will not find it on the map, for that is not its real name. It is not always wise to call people and places by their real names in a book, and so I have given this name to the Connecticut town where lived all the boys and the dogs that I am going to tell about. It was a nice old town, just about the right size, with a broad main street where the stores and business buildings were, and in the upper end of which a narrow green ran down the middle with a row of big elm trees in it. Most of the people lived on the side streets, some of which ran for quite a distance up Powder Mill Hill to the west. But most of the pleasant places in this part of the world lay to the east. The railroad ran along that side of the town, and beyond it were the brickyards and Hulse's Pond. If you were in search of adventure, you skirted this pond, went up over a long, grassy hill, and at length entered the woods which stretched all the way to Oakdale, broken now and then by farms and open stretches of hilly meadow or pasture land.

Here in the woods there was much to be seen on this

fine October day. There were squirrels everywhere, busy with the harvesting of their winter's supply of nuts, and if you were lucky you might catch a glimpse of a cottontail rabbit disappearing into a thicket, or a grouse shooting off among the trees with a great whirring of wings. The autumn foliage was at its finest, the deep green of pine and hemlock mingling with the crimson of the oaks, the flaming scarlet of the maples, and the translucent gold of the silvery-stemmed birches. Above the trees the sky was that soft blue color that you like to lie on your back and look at, with here and there fleecy little clouds constantly changing into all sorts of odd and whimsical shapes. From the branches of a tall pine a flock of sooty crows, alarmed by the sound of human voices, arose all together and floated off over a little clearing in company formation, cawing loudly.

If you had been one of those crows, you would have looked down at the figures of two boys emerging from the woods. One was a slender lad of about twelve, quite tall for his age, with straight black hair and bright black eyes. The other, who was perhaps three years younger, was so plump as almost to deserve the nickname of "Fatty." He had lighter hair and eyes and there were freckles across the bridge of his not very prominent nose. Both boys were dressed in their old clothes and carried white cloth flour bags

which already contained a few quarts of chestnuts. They stood gazing with practised eyes at the tree-tops around the little clearing.

“There ought to be some here, Jack,” said the older boy. “The biggest trees always grow near the edges.”

“They’re the easiest to get at, too,” responded Jack.

They walked together around the margin of the clearing and at length located a tree to their liking. With much boosting on the part of Jack, the older boy at last gained the lower branches and was soon making the brown nuts rattle down upon the leafy ground.

After they had stripped three or four trees of their treasure, Jack threw himself upon his back and began squinting up at a hawk sweeping high up in the blue sky.

“I’m tired, Ernest,” he said. “Let’s go over to the Cave.”

“Oh, it’s early yet,” replied Ernest, “and we haven’t got half a sackful.”

“We have twelve quarts at home,” said Jack. “We don’t need any more. Besides, we haven’t been to the Cave for two weeks. It rained so hard last Saturday that it may need cleaning out.”

“All right,” said Ernest. “Come along.”

Jack scrambled to his feet and together they set

off into the woods again. A walk of half a mile or so brought them to a brook which they followed upstream until they came to a leaky dam of stones and logs which they had built the previous spring and which held back enough water to make a small pond above. This they called their Beaver Dam and Beaver Pond, and in the sandy bank at one side was Trapper's Cave.

Beaver Pond lay just within the edge of the wood, and from the Cave one's eyes commanded a view of an old, disused pasture, now grown up to sumacs and blueberry bushes, which stretched up and over a long hill that seemed to bear the rim of the blue sky on its shoulder. One could sit unobserved in the mouth of the Cave, quite hidden by the saplings and undergrowth of the wood's edge, and watch all that went on outside, with the depths of the dark, mysterious, whispering forest at one's back.

The Cave itself would hardly have housed a family of real Cave-Dwellers. It was neither very large nor very skilfully built, but it amply served the purpose for which it was intended. It was dug out of the soft sand of the bank. Two boards in the ceiling supported by two birch props did not entirely prevent the sand from falling in, and every visit to the Cave was attended by housecleaning. Nevertheless, it was a delectable rendezvous for adventurers.

At one side was a low bench built of fence boards and at the other a soap box with a hinged cover, hasp, and padlock, which served as a treasure chest and which contained, among other things, a hatchet, an old and not very sharp hunting knife, a dozen potatoes, and a supply of salt and pepper. At first the boys had attempted to build a fireplace at the back of the Cave, with a hole cut through the roof to the surface of the ground above to serve as a chimney, but it proved unsuccessful, and a circular pile of stones in front, with a rusty kettle supported on two forked sticks, now served as campfire and cook stove.

The boys filled the kettle at the little pond, not because they wished to boil anything, but because it made a fire seem more worth while. Then they kindled a blaze beneath it, and when there were enough red coals, they thrust four of the potatoes among them.

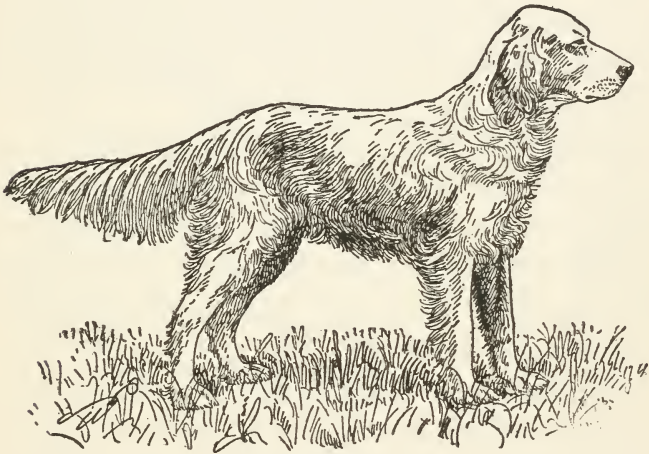
“Now for a good feed,” said Ernest.

At length, when the potatoes were burned black on the outside, they pronounced them done and drew them out of the coals. They broke them open gingerly, for they were very hot, and disclosed the mealy insides, not at all troubled by the fact that the edible portion was liberally sprinkled with black specks from the charred skins. Adding salt and pepper, and using their jackknives as spoons, they proceeded to

eat with a relish which their mother would have found it difficult to understand.

As they were engaged in this pleasant occupation, Ernest suddenly rose to his feet and peered out through the saplings.

“What is it?” demanded Jack.



English Setter

“Sh!” cautioned the older boy. “It’s a man. He’s coming down the hill. He’s got a gun and a dog with him.”

Jack arose and stood on tiptoe beside his brother. Together they watched the approach of a strange figure—a tall, lanky, raw-boned individual wearing a rusty old felt hat and with an old corduroy hunting

coat flapping about him. In his hand he carried a double-barreled shotgun which appeared to be the best-kept thing about him. Running ahead of him was a beautiful English setter, speckled white with black markings. Her every motion was swift and graceful as she ran sniffing from one clump of shrubbery to another. Sometimes the man would give a peculiar little whistle, and then the dog would pause and look up, and then dart off to right or to left in obedience to a wave of the man's arm.

Suddenly the dog stopped and stood rigid as a statue, her tail held out straight behind, one foreleg raised, and her neck and nose stretched toward a patch of sheep laurel. The man stealthily approached while the dog stood perfectly motionless with quivering nostrils.

They were quite near the boys now. There was a sudden movement in the sheep laurel, a whir of wings, and four or five birds rose swiftly into the air and shot off toward the woods.

"Bang!" went the man's gun, and both boys jumped so that they scarcely noticed a bird fall.

"Bang!" went the other barrel almost immediately, and another bird fell fluttering to earth. Then the dog broke her point and brought the birds back to her master in her sensitive mouth.

To tell the truth, the boys were a little frightened

at this gun-fire so close at hand, especially Jack, and they watched anxiously as the man reloaded his gun. But the birds had disappeared and the man started off in the direction they had taken. He whistled to his dog, but a new scent had attracted her attention, and she trotted down toward the brook and began sniffing the air.

“She smells our potatoes,” said Ernest.

Jack forgot his fears in this new interest.

“Let’s call her over,” said he.

“Come here, sir!” called Ernest, making a kissing noise with his lips. “Come here!”

The dog lightly leaped the brook and came slowly up the bank toward the Cave, her tail waving in a friendly manner. Ernest scraped out a bit of potato and held it out to her. She stood for a moment, sniffing, as if in doubt. Then she came forward and daintily took the proffered food. In a few minutes both boys were smoothing the silky head, looking into the fine eyes, and talking to their visitor.

“Tryin’ to steal my dog?”

They had not noticed the man’s approach, he had stepped so softly, and the gruff voice so close beside them startled them.

“Oh, no,” protested Ernest, hurriedly. “She—we——”

The man’s face was very solemn, but there was a

humorous twinkle in his eyes that somehow made the boys feel easier. The dog placed her paw on Jack's arm as though begging for more petting.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Ernest, in an effort to be polite.

The man's face broke into many wrinkles and he laughed aloud.

"Don't know but what I will," said he, "if you ain't afraid I'll hurt your parlor chairs."

It was now the boys' turn to laugh, and the ice was broken. The man squatted down beside the fire as though glad of a chance to rest, and the dog stretched herself out at his feet.

"I'm glad you didn't mean to steal her," said the man, "because then I wouldn't have no one to find birds for me. Then what would I do?"

There seemed to be no answer to this, so Ernest asked him if he had shot many.

"Five this morning," said the man, and tumbled the pretty dead things out of his pockets.

"They're quail, aren't they?" asked Ernest, stroking one of them.

"Yep," said he, "Bob-Whites. They're runnin' pretty good this year, too."

Something in the man's friendly manner inspired a sort of boldness in young Jack.

"Don't you hate to shoot them?" he asked.

The man looked into Jack's frank brown eyes for a moment and then moved a little closer.

"Say," he said, "I'll tell you a secret. I s'pose I've shot more birds and rabbits than any man in this county, if I do say it, and I never bring down a partridge or kill a chicken that I don't feel sorry for it. I ain't never got over it and I guess I never shall. But it's the only thing old Sam Bumpus is good for, I reckon, and it has to be done. Folks has to eat and I have to make a livin'. I don't do it for fun, though I don't know any finer thing in this world than trampin' off 'cross country with a gun and a good dog on a fine mornin'. It's my business, you see."

"Gee!" exclaimed Ernest. "I'd like that business better than insurance, I guess. That's what my father is."

"Who is your father?" inquired Sam Bumpus. "You see I'm very partic'lar who I know."

"He's Mr. Whipple. We're Ernest and Jack Whipple."

"Oh, you live down on Washburn Street?"

Ernest nodded.

"Well, that's all right," said Sam. "I guess you'll pass."

He seemed in no great hurry to be getting on. Taking an old black pipe from his pocket he filled it

from a greasy pouch and lighted it. He took a few reflective puffs before he spoke again.

“What do you know about dogs?” he asked, abruptly.

“Why—not very much, I guess,” confessed Ernest.

“We like them, though,” added Jack.

“Well, that’s half the game,” said Sam. “There’s two kinds of people in this world, them that likes dogs and them that don’t, and you can’t never make one kind understand how the other kind feels about it. It just ain’t possible. And if you don’t like dogs you can’t never know dogs, and if you don’t know dogs you’re missin’—well, I can’t tell you how much.

“I’ve known Nan here,” he continued, stroking the setter’s head, while she looked up at him with adoration in her eyes, “I’ve known Nan for goin’ on seven years, and I learn somethin’ new about her every day. I raised her from a puppy, broke her to birds, and lived with her summer and winter, and I tell you I never seen a man or a woman that knows any more than what she does or one that I could trust so far. That’s the thing about a dog; you can trust ’em. There’s bad dogs and good dogs, and no two is just alike, but if you once get a good one, hang onto him, for you’ll never find another friend that’ll stick to you like him.”

The man seemed so much in earnest that the boys remained silent for a time. Then Jack asked, "Can she do tricks?"

"If you mean sit up and roll over and play dead, no," said Sam. "I don't believe in spoilin' a good bird dog by teachin' 'em things that don't do 'em no good. But what she don't know about huntin' ain't worth knowin'. It positively ain't."

For half an hour more Sam Bumpus told the boys of various incidents that proved the sagacity of Nan and the other dogs he had owned. He told how once, when a burning log rolled from his fireplace in the night and set his little house on fire, a pointer named Roger had seen the flames through the window, had broken his collar, plunged through the mosquito netting across the window, and had wakened his master by pulling off the bedclothes and barking.

"If that dog hadn't known how to think and plan, I wouldn't be here to-day talkin' to you boys."

Suddenly he jumped to his feet.

"That reminds me," said he. "I've been sittin' talkin' here too long. I've got to be about my business and your folks'll wonder why you don't come home to dinner. Come, Nan, old girl."

The setter sprang up, yawned, and then stood ready for the next command. Both boys patted her and then held out their hands to Sam.

"I hope we'll see you again sometime," said Ernest. "We like to hear you tell about your dogs."

The man's tanned face seemed to soften a little as he shook hands with the boys.

"Well," said he, "I guess you can see me if you want to. My social engagements ain't very pressin' just now. I ain't got one of my business cards with me, but you can just call anywhere in these woods and ask for Sam Bumpus. The dogs'll know me if the men don't. So long, boys," and he strode off down the bank with Nan dashing joyously ahead.

"Good-by, Mr. Bumpus," called Ernest and Jack.

He paused in the act of leaping the brook and looked around, with the twinkle in his eyes.

"Say," he called back, "if I ever hear you call me that again I'll set the dog on you. My name's Sam, d'ye hear?" Then he slipped in among the underbrush and was gone.

Talking animatedly about their new acquaintance and about dogs, the two boys hastened to lock up their treasure chest and depart.

"Say, Ernest," said Jack, as they started off through the woods with their bags of chestnuts over their shoulders, "the Cave is a great place for adventures, isn't it?"

That evening, as the family were gathered in the living-room on Washburn Street, and Mrs. Whipple

was trying to repair the damage that chestnutting had wrought in a pair of Ernest's stockings, the boys asked their father if he knew Sam Bumpus.

"Bumpus?" he asked. "Oh, yes, he's that queer fellow that lives all alone in a shack in the woods off on the Oakdale Road. An odd character, I guess, from all I hear, but they say he's a wonderful shot and people take their bird dogs to him to be broken. How did you hear about him?"

The boys told their story, and then Ernest asked wistfully, "Papa, when can we have a dog?"

"When your mother says you can," replied Mr. Whipple, with a smile.

Sorrowfully the boys went off to bed, well knowing what that meant. For Mrs. Whipple was one of the people that Sam Bumpus had spoken of—the kind that don't like dogs.

CHAPTER II

SAM'S SHACK

THE next Saturday was gray and chilly, but the weather did not deter Ernest and Jack Whipple from starting off early for the woods. They carried their chestnut bags as a matter of course, but this time the chestnut trees offered them very little enticement. The ones they knew best had already been robbed of their nuts, and they soon wearied of a somewhat profitless search. It was Jack who voiced what was in the minds of both boys.

"I wish we could run across Sam Bumpus again," he said.

Sam had said they could find him in the woods, but the woods had never seemed so extensive and it was like hunting for a needle in a haystack. They arrived at Beaver Pond and the Trapper's Cave without encountering any sign of the man and his dog.

Chiefly as a matter of habit they built a small fire in front of the Cave and sat down beside it on their log seat to consider the problem of finding an elusive hunter in the wide woods. They did not even open the treasure chest.

"He said anybody could tell us where to find him,"

said Jack, "but there's no one to ask. People don't live in the woods, do they?"

Ernest sat pondering. "Well," said he at length, "there's that old woman that gave us the doughnuts one day. Do you remember? She had a lot of white hens that went right into her house, and a little dog named Snider that was so old he could hardly breathe."

"Oh, yes," responded Jack, brightening up. "Where does she live?"

"I don't know exactly," said Ernest, mournfully, "but I think it was over that way. We might find her if we hunted."

The boys arose, put out their fire carefully, as all good woodsmen should, and started off through the woods again. They must have tramped for nearly an hour, but the very uncertainty of the outcome of their quest gave it a touch of adventure and kept them going. At last, after following various false clues, they came out unexpectedly and abruptly into the clearing behind the old woman's house. The cackling of fowls and the wheezy barking of little old Snider greeted them. As they approached, the old lady herself appeared in the doorway of her kitchen, clad in a faded blue dress and leaning on her stick. As soon as she saw that it was boys her face broke into a smile.

“Come right in,” she said, “and I’ll get you some cookies.”

The boys entered and sat in the kitchen chairs to eat their cookies. They were anxious to be on their way in search of Sam Bumpus, but politeness demanded that they linger a few minutes. Ernest inquired after the health of old Snider. The widow shook her head sadly.

“He’s failin’,” she replied. “I can see he’s failin’. His teeth is all gone so he can’t eat much and he has the azmy pretty bad. It’s what us old folks has to expect, I s’pose, but I don’t know what I’ll do when Snider goes. He’s all I’ve got now.”

She wiped away a tear with the corner of her apron while the boys fidgeted in their chairs. They felt sorry for her, but they didn’t know what to say on an occasion like this. Ernest reached down and patted the little dog’s head.

“Poor old Snider,” he murmured. Somehow that seemed to comfort the old lady.

At last Ernest found it possible to ask her if she knew Sam Bumpus.

“Lor’, yes,” she responded. “Queer old codger, Sam is, but the best-hearted man in the world. Many a good turn he’s done me. He was here only this mornin’ with some bones to make into soup for Snider.”

"Where did he go?" inquired Ernest.

"He didn't say where he was goin', but I reckon if you was to go over to the Poor Farm you could find out. He was headed that way."

The boys had ridden by the Poor Farm on several occasions but had never visited it, and they felt a slight hesitation about doing so now, but the woman assured them that the inmates were all quite harmless and gave them directions for a short cut. Thanking her for her kindness, and patting Snider good-by, they set off along a rutty woods road and in a little while came to the Poor Farm. They crossed an inclosed field where a small drove of hogs were feeding, and went around to the front of the big white house.

They did not have to inquire for Sam Bumpus, for there he was, as natural as life, sitting on the steps of the veranda with Nan stretched out beside him. As the boys turned the corner of the house he arose with alacrity and held out his hand to them.

"Well, well," he cried in his gruff voice, his face wreathed with smiles, "this is a sight for sore eyes. Come right up and set down here. I can't invite you in because this ain't my house. I'm just a visitor here myself. I have a lot of old cronies here, and besides, I want to get familiar with the place because I may have to come here to live myself sometime."

He rattled on so that the boys didn't have a chance

to answer. He led them up on the veranda to an old man who sat in a rocking chair, bundled up in a blanket, smoking a pipe carved wonderfully in the form of a stag's head.

"These are my friends Ernest and Jack Whipple," he said to the old man, "and they like dogs."

At this the old man took his pipe from his mouth with a thin, trembling hand, looked at them out of pink, watery eyes, smiled, and nodded his white head.

"This is Captain Tasker," Sam told the boys. "He don't talk much, but he's forgotten more than you or I ever knew. Some day I'll tell you about his dog that followed him to war. He's a Civil War veteran, and he got wounded at Antietam. Show 'em your Grand Army badge, Captain. See?" he added to the boys. "I told you I was partic'lar who I knew."

Nan got up and stretched herself and looked up at her master inquiringly.

"Yes, old girl," said Sam, "it's time we was gettin' along." Then, noticing that the boys looked disappointed, he added, "Come walk a piece with us, won't you? I'd like to talk with you."

The boys readily acquiesced, and bidding good-by to Captain Tasker, they set out with Sam along a leafy woods road, with Nan ranging ahead. All about them the forest beckoned alluringly, and Sam told them

of spots where grouse and quail abounded, or where one might reasonably expect to "jump" a rabbit.

Arriving at length at the Oakdale Road, Sam and the boys seated themselves for a little while on a fallen log, while the former concluded a discourse on bird dogs and hunting.

"Setters," he was saying, "are usually supposed to be the keenest and pointers the strongest, but in my opinion it all depends on the partic'lar dog. Nowadays I hear a good deal about the pointer bein' the best dog, and I've owned some good ones myself. There's nothing prettier than a strong, wiry pointer doublin' and turnin' in the brush and freezin' to a steady point. But for my own part, give me a well-bred Llewellyn setter; they're the humanest dog they is. They've got the bird sense, too. Oh, you can't beat 'em."

"Is it hard to train them?" asked Ernest, who was of a practical turn of mind.

"Not so hard, if you know how," said Sam. "They have so much brains that they learn about as fast as you teach 'em. But you've got to know how to go at it. I've seen good sportsmen make a mess of it. First off, you've got to find out if they've got a nose. That's easy enough if you live with 'em and watch 'em. Hide something they want and see how quick they find it. You've got to take 'em when

they're young, of course. You can't teach an old dog new tricks, you know. But a good bird dog has got it bred in him, and he picks it up quick enough if you can only be patient and if you show half as much sense as the dog does."

Then he told, in his own peculiar fashion, how he started with the puppies, teaching them to retrieve objects such as sticks and balls, and later dead birds that they must learn to carry gently without using their teeth.

"Never let 'em think it's just a romp they're havin'," he continued. "I like to play with puppies as well as anyone, but when I'm breakin' 'em I let 'em understand that it's business. Never let 'em have their own way if they want to do the wrong thing, and never give 'em an order without seein' that it's carried out if it takes all day. That's where the patience comes in. Teach 'em to obey, and you can do most anything with 'em."

"Do you whip them if they don't obey?" asked Ernest.

"Never whipped a dog in my life," said Sam, decidedly, "except a fox terrier I had once. They're different. A whipped setter is a spoiled setter, and if you can't make 'em do what you want 'em to without whippin' 'em or bribin' 'em, you'd better get out of the business. Of course, I sometimes give a

puppy a piece of cookie or something to show him he's done what he ought to, but I never use the whip. There's other kinds of punishment that work better and don't break their spirits. Just keep 'em from havin' what they want, and tease 'em into wantin' it awful bad, and you can make 'em do most anything."

He then went on to explain his method of teaching a young dog to hold his point in the field. He used a long rope tied to a stout collar, and led the dog to a thicket where a dead bird lay. When the dog got the scent and started to dash in, a sharp jerk on the rope restrained him, and in time he was thus taught to stand rigid when the scent came strong to his nostrils.

"That's one way to teach a dog not to chase chickens, too," he added. "But a puppy born of trained parents gets the pointin' habit almost by instinct, and retrievin', too. The main thing is to make him understand that he's got to do the trick and not something else that happens to pop into his head. After that, you can teach 'em to answer your whistle or a wave of your hand and hunt just where you want 'em to."

"Aren't they afraid of a gun at first?" asked Jack, who had never learned not to jump when a gun went off.

“Some of ’em are,” said Sam. “If a dog is gun-shy he’s got to be broken of that before he’s any good in the field. Some folks say you can never break a dog that’s really gun-shy, but I never seen one yet that I couldn’t cure.”

“How do you do it?” asked Ernest.

“Well, one way is to give the dog something he wants every time you shoot off a gun. You can shoot over his dinner, and not let him have any till he comes up to where you and the gun are. Keep at it, and after awhile he begins to connect the sound of the gun with things that he likes. Always take a gun when you go out for a walk with him, and after awhile he will bark and act happy every time you take it from the rack. The whole idea of breakin’ a bird dog is to make him think that the thing you want him to do is the thing he wants to do, and never let that idea get away from him.”

The boys continued to ply him with questions, for this was a subject that they had never heard about before, and Sam willingly added more details of the process of training. At length he took a big dollar watch from his pocket and consulted it.

“Jumpin’ Jehoshaphat!” he exclaimed. “I didn’t know it was gettin’ so late. I’ll have to be hurryin’ along. “Say,” he added, a little wistfully, “come up to my house and see me sometime, won’t you? I ain’t

got anything very elegant up there, but I could show you something in the line o' dogs and guns that might interest you."

"Oh, we'd love to, if our folks'll let us," said Ernest. "Where do you live?"

Sam gave them careful directions.

"First and third Tuesdays used to be my days for callers, but nobody came," said he, as he started up the road with Nan. "So now any old day will do—if I'm home."

"How about next Saturday?" asked Ernest.

"Saturday it is," said Sam Bumpus, and with a wave of his hand he vanished around a bend in the road.

Clothes do not make the man, and boys are apt to overlook certain superficial peculiarities and defects which seem more significant to their elders. In Sam Bumpus they saw only a man of good humor and wonderful wisdom, a man whose manner of life was vastly more interesting than that of the common run of people, whose knowledge of the lore of woods and fields, of dogs and hunting, entitled him to a high place in their estimation. They overlooked the externals, the evidences of poverty and shiftlessness, his lack of education, and saw only his native wit and shrewdness, his kinship with the world of nature, and his goodness of heart. They considered it a piece of rare

good fortune to have made the acquaintance of so wise and sympathetic a person and they felt indebted to him for permission to visit him, to hear him talk, and to glean from him something of the knowledge that had come to him through experience.

To Sam Bumpus, however, the obligation seemed to be on the other side. The boys did not know it, but Sam Bumpus was a lonely man and craved human companionship. He lived like a hermit in his little shack in the woods and his peculiarities had set him somewhat apart from the world of men. He had no living relatives, and apart from the old lady in the woods road, the inmates of the Poor Farm, and a few other out-of-the-way people with whom he had been able to win his way through his natural generosity and kindness, he had practically no friends but his dogs. He understood dogs better than he understood men, and, to tell the truth, he esteemed them more highly; yet he sometimes hungered for human comradeship. That two frank-hearted, unspoiled boys should seek him out and seem to desire his company gave him a feeling of unaccustomed satisfaction, and he looked forward to their promised visit fully as eagerly as did the boys themselves.

This proposed visit was such an unusual affair that Ernest Whipple considered it advisable to speak to his father about it. Mr. Whipple was reading his

paper and made but little comment, but Mrs. Whipple, who was in the room at the time, raised objections.

“Don't you think it might be unsafe for the boys to go away off there alone?” she asked anxiously. “We don't know anything about this man. He may have a bad influence on them, even if nothing more serious happens to them. He's a very uncouth person, I should say, and hardly a fit companion for little boys.”

“Oh, I don't think he'll hurt them,” said Mr. Whipple from behind his paper.

But the mother wasn't satisfied, and after the boys had gone to bed she again brought the matter up.

“Well, mother,” said Mr. Whipple, “he probably isn't the sort of guide, philosopher, and friend that we would have picked out for the boys, but parents can't always do the picking. They are getting older all the time, and sooner or later they must be thrown on their own resources. Self-reliance doesn't come from constant protection and hemming in. We can't keep them from striking up acquaintances, and before we raise objections we should be sure that they're well grounded; then we shall be able to make our objections count for more.”

“But I should think there was good ground for objection in this case,” she persisted. “This man seems to be so crude and rough, if nothing worse.”

“ Oh, he’s all right,” responded the father. “ Don’t think I’m careless about these things. I’ve made some inquiries, and though I find that Bumpus is unconventional and queer, as they say, and improvident and uneducated, he’s honest and law-abiding. So far as I can find out, the worst thing he ever does is to give tobacco to the inmates of the Poor Farm. I know people right here on Washburn Street that would do the boys more harm. Just because he doesn’t live like folks on Washburn Street doesn’t make him bad.”

“ Well,” said Mrs. Whipple, doubtfully, “ I suppose you know best, but for my part I would much prefer to keep them safe home with me, for some years to come.”

“ That’s because you’ve never been a boy,” said Mr. Whipple, with a smile in his eyes. “ I have, and it doesn’t seem so very long ago, either.”

Mrs. Whipple was not satisfied, but she did not forbid the proposed visit. The next Saturday, therefore, found them early on their way, filled with joyful anticipations.

Sam’s shack, when at last they arrived, proved to be a forlorn affair, built of boards of different widths, some red, some white, and some unpainted. The sagging roof was of corrugated iron and the only chimney was built of cement pipe guyed up with wires. But to the eyes of the boys it was a most attractive abode.

Never before had they seen such an interesting house. There must be an element of sport in living in a cabin like this, they thought.

Sam heard their footsteps and met them smilingly at the door. He ushered them at once inside, where he had a wood fire roaring in his stove, for the day was chilly, and he promptly set before them glasses of milk and hot corn bread. Though they had breakfasted only two hours before, they fell to with gusto, for that is the way of boys.

"How do you like my corn bread?" asked Sam.

"M-m!" murmured Jack, taking a fresh bite.

"Do you bake it yourself?" inquired Ernest.

"Sure," said Sam.

"Gee!" exclaimed Ernest, looking up at him with admiration.

After they had fully refreshed themselves, Sam took them out through a back door, from which they could see a number of small structures that looked as though they had been made out of dry-goods boxes. The sound of excited barking smote their ears, a chorus of canine cries and yelps. Old Nan came bounding forward to greet the boys, for she knew them now, and behind her loped a big pointer.

"This is Hillcroft Dick," said Sam, by way of introduction. "He's a famous dog, a champion on the bench and at the trials. He ain't my dog, though.

I'm just boardin' him for a man that's gone to California. I wish I owned him, though. He's a great dog."

The boys didn't understand the reference to bench



Chow Chow

shows and field trials, but they gathered that Dick was some sort of nobleman among dogs and they were visibly impressed.

"Now we'll go out to the kennels," said Sam.

There were seven dogs, all told, besides Nan and

Dick. There were two cocker spaniels, in the first place, that Sam said he was training for a man in Oakdale.

"I like a bigger dog, myself," said he, "but there's a lot of good dog wrapped up in these small bundles. They're smart as whips, and though I've got to make 'em forget their foolin' and parlor tricks, I'll soon have 'em able to find and retrieve. Sometimes you can even teach a spaniel to point."

The other five were all Sam's dogs, another pointer, a little smaller than Dick, and four beautiful English setters.

"They've got the best blood in the land," said Sam, proudly, "and every one of 'em is letter perfect on his job. This is Rex and this is Robbin and this is Rockaway."

The boys patted and spoke to each in turn, hugely enjoying this introduction to Sam's family.

"And this one over here is the best of all," he continued. "That's Nellie, own sister to Nan, and what she don't know wouldn't hurt a flea. But I guess I'd better keep you away from her to-day. She ain't feelin' very well."

After they had fondled and played with the dogs to their hearts' content, the boys followed Sam again into the house, where they spent the rest of the morning smoothing Nan's silky hair and listening to won-

derful stories about the sagacity of Nellie and the other dogs.

So pleasantly was the time employed that it was eleven o'clock by Sam's big watch before they thought it possible, and as they had promised to be home in time for dinner, they were obliged, reluctantly, to take their departure.

As they turned the bend in the road they looked back and saw Sam standing in his low doorway with Nan sitting picturesquely beside him.

"Come again soon," called Sam.

"We will," the boys shouted in reply.

CHAPTER III

ROMULUS AND REMUS

THEY did call again, once on the Saturday before Thanksgiving Day and again in December, when the woods and fields were white with snow and they wore their warm sweaters and arctics. On each occasion they became better acquainted with Sam's dogs and learned something new about training dogs and finding game, and Sam showed them the mechanism of his shotguns and rifles. He also explained to them his method of curing the pelts of muskrats and the beautiful silver-gray fur of the little moles that the people in charge of the Poor Farm were very glad to have him trap in their garden. And as the boys came to know Sam's dogs better they began to see how each differed from the others in character and disposition and in the way they understood and did things.

"Just like people," said Sam; "just like people."

Even Mrs. Whipple was unable to discover that the boys' manners had been damaged greatly by their association with Sam Bumpus, though she was surprised

at their continuous talk about dogs and the strange jargon, as it seemed to her, which they used in that connection. She was no less surprised to find that her husband appeared to understand the meaning of "bird sense" and "freezing to a point" and "retrieving" and "blood lines" and "cross-breeding" and to be able to discuss these mysterious matters with the boys.

"But what is the good of their filling their heads with all that stuff?" she asked him.

"My dear," replied Mr. Whipple, "you may not believe it, but it is just as much good as arithmetic and geography, and you're always worrying because they don't take more interest in those things. There are more ways than one to get an education."

But Mrs. Whipple only shook her head perplexedly.

It was on the day before Christmas that the great event occurred that I have been leading up to. Ernest and Jack Whipple had returned from an hour's coasting on the long hill over by the brickyard and were standing on their sleds beside the front gate bemoaning the fact that the snow had melted so badly and speculating on the surprises which the morrow might have in store for them. It was vacation, and they were considering how best to spend the long hours that would intervene between dinner and time for lighting up the Christmas tree, when Ernest stopped abruptly

in the middle of a sentence and stood looking up the street.

“Jack!” he exclaimed. “Look who’s coming!”

Jack turned and beheld the familiar, lanky figure and long, easy stride of Sam Bumpus. Both boys set up a yell and started on a run up the street.

“Merry Christmas, Sam!” they cried. “Merry Christmas!”

“Merry Christmas, men,” replied Sam, grinning.

One on each side of him, they escorted Sam down the street.

“Have you come to see us?” inquired Ernest.

“Why, no,” said Sam. “I came to see the President of the United States, but I found he wasn’t in town, so I thought I’d drop in on you. You haven’t seen anything of him around here, have you?”

The boys laughed delightedly; they had come to understand Sam’s kind of joking.

“Well, you must come into our shack,” said Ernest. “We’ll introduce you to mother, and father will be home soon.”

“Well, I don’t know as I’ll exactly go in,” replied Sam, doubtfully. “Maybe your mother ain’t asked to be interduced to me. Anyway, I can talk better outside.”

“Where’s Nan?” asked Jack.

“I left her home, doin’ up the dishes in the

kitchen," said Sam. "The city don't agree with Nan. It don't agree with me much, either. I won't stop but a minute."

"Aw, come on in," pleaded Ernest.

But Sam shook his head. "No," said he, "I just want to show you something, and then I must be goin'. Can't we go over to the barn?"

"Sure," said the boys, and led the way to the stable in the yard that was now used only as a tool house and garage.

"We'll show you our carpenter shop," said Ernest.

But Sam did not stop long to examine the carpenter shop. There was something very mysterious about his attitude which aroused the boys' curiosity to top pitch.

"Come over here," said Sam, stepping toward an unused stall.

He began fumbling in his capacious pockets, and the boys crowded close about him, expecting to see some unusual sort of game he had shot. Suddenly before their astonished eyes there appeared two fuzzy, dappled puppies, running and sniffing about the floor of the stall.

"Puppies!" cried the boys in unison.

"Yep," said Sam. "English setter puppies."

"Where did you get them?" demanded Jack, catching up one of the sprawling little dogs in his arms.

"Nellie gave them to me," said Sam.

A look of comprehension began to dawn in Ernest's eyes. "So that's why you wouldn't let us go near her kennel last time we were there," said he. "She had them all the time."

Sam grinned. "They're pretty young to take away from their mother," said he, "but she has three more. She's a good mother, Nellie is. You ought to see her chase the other dogs away. I had a job of it gettin' these two weaned before Christmas."

"Why did you have to get them weaned before Christmas?" asked Jack.

"Now you jest think that over, and see if you can tell *me*," said Sam.

Ernest had already half guessed the wonderful truth, but he didn't yet dare to say what he thought.

"Don't be afraid of 'em," said Sam. "They won't bite—or leastways, not serious. Besides, they're your own dogs."

"Our own dogs?" gasped Jack in astonishment, the glad light beginning to break in upon him.

"Sure," said Sam. "What else would they be here for? I thought Santa Claus might happen to forget you, and so I brought 'em down."

"Oh!" cried Ernest. "Christmas presents! To be our very own dogs! I guess none of the other boys will have such fine presents as these, Jack."

But Jack was speechless with joy.

"Have they got names?" asked Ernest.

"Sure," said Sam. "I told you how I name all my dogs with names beginning with the same letter. All my own puppies, I mean. It's for good luck. There's Rex, you know, and Robbin and Rockaway. These two are Romulus and Remus and they're twins. This one with the black ear is Romulus, and this one with the little map of Africa on his side is Remus. That's how you can tell 'em apart."

"Which is mine and which is Ernest's?" inquired Jack, at last finding his voice.

"Well, now, I hadn't thought of that," confessed Sam. "Suppose you draw lots for 'em. Here, I'll hold these two broom straws so you can't tell which is longest. You each draw one, and the one that gets the longest straw can have first choice of the puppies. Is that fair?"

The boys agreed to the plan and drew the straws. Ernest's proved to be the longer one.

"Well, he's older, anyway," said Jack. "Which one do you choose, Ernest?"

"I'll take Romulus," said Ernest promptly, having noted that the one with the black ear was a shade the larger of the two.

"All right," said Jack, "and Remus is mine." And

he asserted stoutly that he would have chosen Remus anyway.

“That’s good,” said Sam. “Then you’re both satisfied. Grown people would have made more fuss about it, I’ll warrant you.

“Well, I must be steppin’ along,” he continued. “Take good care of the puppies, because they’re valuable. Remember that they’re used to sleepin’ close to a warm mother and see that they have a good bed. I’d put some rags in a box for ’em if I was you. Let ’em have fresh air and sunshine and a chance to stretch their legs, but don’t let ’em get wet or chilled through and put their bed where they ain’t no draughts. Remember they ain’t got their warm coats yet.

“Give ’em a saucer of milk with the chill taken off, six times a day, and break a little bread into it at supper time. In a few weeks you can cut down to three meals a day, with more solid food, but I’ll be down to see you before then, if you don’t get up to see me, and I’ll tell you just how to manage. Let me know if you have any trouble of any kind, but I guess you won’t.”

The clicking of the front gate announced the return of Mr. Whipple to his noonday meal. The boys ran to the stable door and shouted, “Father! Oh, father, come see what we’ve got for Christmas!”

They dashed toward him and dragged him by main force to the stable. But when they got there, Sam Bumpus had mysteriously disappeared, without giving the boys a chance to thank him or to wish him another Merry Christmas.

Mr. Whipple examined the puppies with interest and watched their clumsy antics with amusement. Like most people he could not resist the charm of a wet-nosed, big-footed, round-bellied, fuzzy little puppy. Presently, however, a look of doubt came over his face.

“What do you propose doing with them?” he asked.

“Why, having them for our dogs,” said Jack, surprised that his father should ask so obvious a question.

“I mean, where do you plan to keep them?”

“Why, in our room, I guess,” said Ernest.

But Mr. Whipple shook his head doubtfully. “I don’t imagine they’ve been taught yet how to behave themselves in the house,” said he. “And anyway, I don’t believe your mother will want them there. She doesn’t like dogs, you know.”

“Aw, she wouldn’t mind little bits of soft dogs like these,” protested Ernest.

“Well, you can try it and see,” said Mr. Whipple, “but I wouldn’t get my hopes up too high, if I were you.”

Mrs. Whipple did object quite decidedly, and for

a time it looked as though Romulus and Remus were unwanted guests in that household and that their young masters would be forced to part with them. Tears were shed, but of that we will say little. At last Mrs. Whipple was persuaded to grant a truce in order that the Christmas Eve festivities might not be entirely spoiled. Besides, it was too late now to take the puppies back to Sam Bumpus, and even Mrs. Whipple was not hard-hearted enough to think of merely putting them out into the cold. The upshot of it was that, Delia having been given the evening off, Romulus and Remus were banished to the kitchen for the night, with a bed prepared in a box and another box of sand placed hopefully near by. The boys insisted on serving their supper in two separate saucers with the idea that each would recognize his own and observe the rights of the other.

Occasional stealthy visits to the kitchen that evening disclosed two remarkably wakeful and active puppies engaged in unexpected explorations, but at last they curled up together in their new bed, two innocent little balls of fluff, and Ernest and Jack bade them good-night with much ceremony.

On Christmas Day there was trouble from the start. In fact, it was one of the liveliest Christmas Days in the history of the Whipple household. In the first place, when Delia came back early in the morning to

get things started for the Christmas dinner, she discovered the two little strangers in her kitchen, and promptly made known the fact that they were puppies whose manners were not at all what they should be. Mr. Whipple averted a domestic storm by taking the puppies out into the yard, where he had his hands full to keep them out of the snow.

By this time the boys had finished the examination of their bulging stockings and the larger contributions of St. Nicholas which stood beside the fireplace, and bethought themselves of Romulus and Remus. They dashed pell-mell out into the yard where their father was pondering what he should do with them next. The boys promptly solved this problem by picking up the puppies, each taking his own, and carrying them forthwith into the house.

Mrs. Whipple was in a good humor that Christmas morning, and she really wanted her boys to be happy all day, so although she added one admonition to another, she allowed the boys to play with the puppies in the sitting-room. They would have to part with them soon enough, she thought, and meanwhile they might as well have as much fun as they could.

But as the day wore on her good nature and kind intentions were sorely tried. Romulus and Remus appeared to think that the house was some sort of hunting ground especially provided for little dogs, and

that it was their duty to pursue, worry, and kill every sort of strange creature they could find. Evidently they were imaginative puppies, for they discovered enemies in overlooked corners of the room, on closet floors, and everywhere. These enemies might be the discarded paper wrappings of Christmas presents, or they might be perfectly good balls of darning cotton. It mattered not to Romulus and Remus so long as their primitive impulse to catch and slay was satisfied. They were very bloodthirsty little dogs.

But it ceased to be a joke, even to the boys, when Mrs. Whipple, for awhile put off her guard by a period of unusual quiet, discovered Romulus and Remus engaged in the joint pastime of reducing to small woolly bits a new gray felt slipper which she herself had presented to her husband that very morning. Hastily she cleared out the bottom of a closet, thrust the puppies inside, and ruthlessly closed the door, deaf alike to the piteous little squeaky whines of Romulus and Remus and the louder protests of Ernest and Jack.

“Now you see what they’ve done!” cried Mrs. Whipple, holding up the forlorn and tattered remnants of the slipper. “I guess this will about finish it. Wait till your father comes home.”

Mr. Whipple had gone out for a little while that afternoon, and the boys awaited his return without

much optimism. When his key was at last heard in the latch they looked at each other with eyes big with apprehension.

Somebody had given Mr. Whipple a big cigar, and a lot of people had wished him Merry Christmas, and he was in a very jovial mood indeed. Mrs. Whipple and the boys expected to see this mood suddenly change when he observed the ruined slipper.

Mrs. Whipple handed it to him without a word. He took it, examined it carefully with a puzzled expression, and then (strange to relate) began to grin. (I wonder if the fact that Mr. Whipple detested felt slippers could have had anything to do with it.)

The grin broke into a hearty laugh, and Mr. Whipple sank into a chair, still holding the slipper before him.

“Well,” said he, “they certainly made this look like a last year’s bird’s nest. My eye! I should like to have seen them at it. The little rascals! How did they ever escape your eagle eye, mother?”

But Mrs. Whipple did not reply. Two red spots glowed in her cheeks and her eyes were snapping. She turned and left the room. Mr. Whipple puffed thoughtfully at his cigar for a moment and then rose and followed her, leaving the boys to engage in whispered conjectures as to the outcome of the affair.

I don’t know what Mr. Whipple said to his wife

in the other room, but he doubtless apologized for his ill-timed mirth and then talked over certain things with her. The upshot of it all was that a compromise was reached in that household. It was decided that Ernest and Jack might keep the puppies they had so set their hearts upon provided they were kept entirely away from Mrs. Whipple and were not permitted to intrude themselves upon her affairs. The boys must assume entire charge of them and be responsible for their actions, must feed and care for the dogs themselves without bothering their mother, paying for their food out of their own earnings and savings, and must on no condition bring them into the house. That was the ultimatum; Mrs. Whipple vowed that she would never allow another dog to enter her doors.

“It’s up to you, boys,” said Mr. Whipple.

Strangely enough, the boys did not feel that these restrictions imposed great hardship. In fact, it gave them a sense of pride and not unpleasant responsibility to be given sole charge of Romulus and Remus. Nothing, indeed, could have suited them better. And they were so relieved to find that they were not to be deprived of their new possessions after all that they were quite excitedly happy.

The only question that now seriously concerned them was to find a warm, dry place to keep the puppies

in during the cold weather, while they were still so delicate and helpless. It was here that their mother came to their rescue. Having won her main point about keeping the dogs out of the house, she was mollified, and perhaps her conscience troubled her a little. She was really a very tender-hearted woman, and it occurred to her that her ultimatum might be the cause of real suffering on the part of the puppies. So it was she who sent for a carpenter and had him make a sort of room out of one of the old stalls in the stable, quite tight against draughts, and with a door in the front for convenience.

When Mr. Whipple learned of this he laughed and patted his wife on the shoulder. "I always knew you were a cruel monster," he said.

He inspected the new abode of Romulus and Remus and expressed his approval.

"It's the best thing in the world for them," he said to the boys. "They will be really better off here than in a heated house. They'll grow up sturdier and stronger. They only need to be protected against draughts and dampness, as Bumpus said. But you mustn't forget to keep both doors closed and to warm their milk and water a little, while their stomachs are still tender. They'll curl up close together and never mind the still, dry cold. They'll be all right here."

CHAPTER IV

IN ROME

FURNISHING and decorating the new home of Romulus and Remus proved to be a most enjoyable task. They took a good-sized box over to the planing mill and got it filled with sawdust, and dragged it home on Ernest's sled. They swept out the old stall carefully and sprinkled the floor liberally with sawdust, holding the rest in reserve, so that there might always be a clean, fresh supply. Housekeeping was thus made easy by simply hoeing out the old sawdust.

For a bed they set a soap box on its side, put in a thick layer of straw, and tacked a piece of old carpet loosely over it so that it would be soft and yet the puppies could not scratch it out. They bought two enameled tin dishes, one for food and one for water, for they discovered that the puppies did not understand the system of each having his own. They nailed bits of wood to the floor to hold the dishes so that they would not be pushed about and overturned. The puppies enjoyed all this activity

immensely, making laughable efforts to help, and only wailed and wept when their young masters left the room.

When it was done, the boys surveyed their handiwork with immense satisfaction, but Jack would not be satisfied until they had tacked to the wall several pictures of dogs clipped from papers and magazines, for Jack insisted that the place must be made home-like.

They had read somewhere about the original Romulus and Remus of history, and so they named the apartment Rome. They thought Sam Bumpus would approve of this since it began with the letter R. Then they nailed an old horseshoe to the door for luck, called it a day, and knocked off.

The next thing to consider was the education of the puppies, and here the boys felt somewhat at a loss. Romulus and Remus didn't seem to understand a word of English, and the boys couldn't speak Latin. All attempts to secure the prompt obedience that Sam had advised ended in utter failure. Romulus and Remus were very willful and headstrong puppies. Further advice from Sam seemed desirable.

Furthermore, about the end of the second week, both puppies appeared to be ailing. In spite of plenty of milk they had grown thin, and Romulus appeared to have trouble with the action of his hind legs.

Remus seemed to be chiefly afflicted with itching, and had worn a bare spot under each foreleg.

Ernest and Jack became alarmed, and their father could not seem to tell what the trouble was. Various things prevented the boys from making the trip to Sam's shack, and besides they wanted him to take a look at the dogs. They had noticed his free delivery mail box and so Ernest sent him this brief summons on a postal card:

DEAR SAM:—

Romulus and Remus are sick and we don't know what to do.

Could you come down some day after school and see them? Also we want to ask you some things about disaplining them.

Yours truly,

ERNEST AND JACK WHIPPLE.

Sam did not fail them. A couple of days later he appeared at the Whipple gate and gave the low whistle that he used with Nan. The boys, humoring his desire not to go into the house, led him at once to Rome.

“Well, now,” said Sam, inspecting the puppies' home with evidences of approval, “this is quite a palace for the little princes. Some day I s'pose they'll

have hot and cold water, electric lights, and a door-bell."

Then he proceeded to examine the puppies while the boys looked on anxiously.

"Hm," said he at length. "Just as I expected. Nothing but worms."

"Worms?" echoed the boys in chorus.

"Sure," replied Sam. "Most all puppies get 'em sooner or later, and sometimes they do a lot of harm if you don't get rid of 'em. But we'll get rid of 'em all right. Get a pencil and paper and write down what I tell you to get at the drug store and the directions."

When they reappeared with the necessary articles, Sam continued: "There's several things that'll take care of worms, but the best and surest is santonin and calomel. Write that down."

Ernest wrote as Sam spelled the words. It seemed to be much more of an accomplishment to be able to pronounce and spell such words than fulfilment or handicraft.

"Tell the druggist," said Sam, "to make you up half a dozen pills with half a grain of calomel and half a grain of santonin in each one. For big dogs we make 'em one grain each. To-morrow mornin' give the pups a little milk and then don't feed 'em again till after they've been dosed. About noon give 'em each a pill, and then, a couple of hours later, give

'em each a teaspoonful of castor oil. A couple of hours after that, feed 'em again, and I'll guarantee they'll be all right, though you may have to do it all over again in a couple of months. Big dogs have to fast longer and have to have a tablespoonful of castor oil."

"How do you give them the medicine?" inquired Ernest, looking at the squirming puppies doubtfully.

"Easy enough when you know how," said Sam. "I'll show you. Pick him up like this and take hold of his nose, pushin' his lips between his teeth with your thumb and fingers. He can't bite and he has to open his mouth. Of course, with a bigger dog it's harder if he don't want to stand still. Then take a pill in your other hand and put it down his throat as far as you can reach. Then shut his mouth and hold his head up till he has to swallow. He'll never know what went down. It's the same way with the castor oil, only you'll have to get Jack to hold the spoon and put it in when you give the word. Put it way down in, Jack, and don't get excited and spill it. Get a spoon and I'll show you how easy it is."

Jack ran for a spoon and Sam illustrated with a spoonful of water. Then the boys tried it until they felt themselves sufficiently expert.

"There's a way of pourin' medicine into the side of a dog's mouth outside his teeth," said Sam, "but

he's apt to spill some of it before he gets through. Besides, he gets the taste of it that way, and may run from the sight of a spoon or a bottle ever after. I like my way better."

He looked at his watch and announced that he must be going.

"I'll look in on you again one of these days," he said, "but I know they'll be all right if you do like I said."

"And you like Rome, don't you?" asked Jack.

"Rome?" repeated Sam.

"We named it that because Romulus and Remus were Romans," explained Ernest.

"Yes, it's a mighty good place for them," said Sam. Then he considered a moment. "Do you expect me to get down and roll in the sawdust and try to bite things?"

The boys laughed at the idea, though they didn't exactly know what he meant.

"Why?" asked Ernest.

"Because I've always been told that when you're in Rome you must do as the Romans do," said Sam, and went away laughing silently.

The boys followed Sam's instructions to the letter, and when he came again a week later the puppies were as healthy and lively as crickets.

"Now," said Ernest, "we want to ask you about

training them. We forgot about that the other day.”

“You don’t expect to go gunnin’ with ’em for a few days, do you?” asked Sam.

“No,” said Ernest, “but we want them to learn to come when we call and do what we say.”

“Well,” said Sam, “all it needs is patience. Keep talkin’ to ’em and the first thing you know you’ll find they understand words. Then try to make ’em do what the words mean. Remember they’re only babies yet and be patient with ’em. Keep at it until they answer to their names. Don’t be discouraged. Of course, it’ll be harder gettin’ ’em housebroken if you don’t let ’em into the house, but I’ll guarantee you’ll do it.

“It ought to be about time to cut down to four meals a day now, and give ’em shredded wheat or puppy biscuits. And now I’m here, I might as well give you a little advice about feedin’ in gen’ral. You’ll remember it all later. In another month you can cut down to three meals and maybe add a little chopped meat and gravy at night. Keep that up till they’re six or eight months old, and then you can begin to feed ’em like grown dogs.

“In feedin’ dogs,” he continued, “remember they’re like humans. They ought to have meat and grain and vegetables to get all they want to build ’em up and keep ’em healthy. Some dogs is very finicky and

won't eat vegetables, but you can learn 'em to eat right if you begin right. A grown dog don't need but one meal a day, near night, but sometimes a dog gets so hungry that he overeats or bolts his food, and then it's a good plan to give him a little breakfast, too. Bones they can have any time. Bones amuse 'em and help keep their teeth and digestion in good shape. A good rule is to give a dog a little bread and milk for breakfast, a bone without too much meat on it about noon, and a good dinner at night, with all sorts of things in it. Get shin of beef or some other cheap meat at the butcher's and boil it good. Save the bone and the soup. Cut the meat up in small pieces, mix it with bread or rice and any vegetables left over from the house—onions, cabbage, carrots, or anything but potatoes. They ain't very good for dogs. Mix the food all up together and moisten it with the soup, but don't have it too wet. Stale bread is better for 'em than fresh bread. Never give 'em chicken or rabbit bones that may splinter and injure 'em inside. Don't give too much pork or fat of any kind. Don't give 'em much candy or sweet stuff. Some folks bake bread or cakes specially for dogs, but if you do that, don't use much corn meal. It's too heatin' in summer and it's apt to cause skin trouble. If anything seems to disagree with 'em, like baked beans, or sweet corn, or rice, cut it out; you can tell.

Last of all, always keep plenty of clean, fresh water where they can get it. A thirsty dog is never happy.”

These and other instructions the boys obtained from Sam Bumpus from time to time, and as the days went by they were pleased to see their dogs growing bigger and stronger. Slowly, too, they began to learn the meaning of things and to obey their masters' voices. Raising dogs proved to be the most fascinating thing that Ernest and Jack Whipple had ever undertaken.

By February they were very proud of their charges and anxious to show them off. Consequently they welcomed a visit one Saturday morning from Harry Barton, a chum of theirs. Harry appeared unannounced and accompanied by his big, bow-legged English bulldog, Mike. He went directly to the barn, from which issued the voices of the Whipple boys and their dogs, and entered Rome. The unexpected appearance of Mike startled Jack, and he picked Remus hastily up and held him in protecting arms. But Harry only laughed.

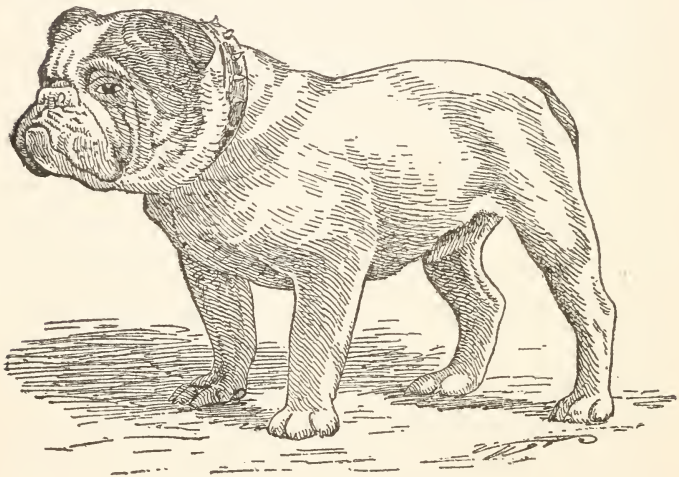
“What you 'fraid of?” he inquired. “Mike wouldn't hurt a kitten. He looks ugly and that's what scares tramps away, but he never bit anything. You ought to see the baby walk all over him.”

“Come on in, then,” invited Ernest.

Mike went slowly up to Romulus and sniffed at him noisily. At first the puppy was frightened, but finding

that he was not attacked he made one or two playful little lunges at the bulldog and then stood off and barked shrilly at him, Remus joining in the chorus and struggling to be set down.

“They’ve got spunk, all right,” said Ernest, proudly.



English Bulldog

Mike sniffed at Remus also, then yawned in a bored sort of way, waddled out of Rome as though his years and dignity forbade his association with such frivolous company, and thumped down on the floor outside. All three boys laughed.

“Well, what do you think of ‘em?” Ernest asked presently. “Some dogs, eh?”

"Oh, they'll prob'ly be all right when they grow up," said Harry, unwilling to concede too much. "They'll have to grow a lot, though, before they know as much as Mike."

"But a bulldog can't hunt like a setter," said Ernest, flying to the defense of his breed.

"Who wants to hunt?" demanded Harry. "Hunting isn't all a dog's for, is it? A bulldog's a better watchdog than a setter."

Ernest, not knowing whether this was so or not, made no reply.

"But aren't they cunning, Harry?" asked Jack.

"Oh, sure, they're cunning," said Harry, satisfied that he had scored his point. "Can they shake hands yet?"

"Not yet," said Jack.

"Mike can shake hands," said Harry, "and take the mail from the postman, and do lots of things."

"But he can't hunt," insisted Ernest, returning to the attack.

"I'd rather have a bulldog than a setter, any day," said Harry. "Why, the bulldog is one of the best kinds of dogs. It's an older kind than the setter. They used them in England for fighting bulls hundreds of years ago. A bulldog is brave and faithful, and he sticks to things. He isn't a flyaway kind of a dog."

"But they're so homely," objected Jack, glancing out at Mike.

"Ho," cried Harry, "who ever heard of a pretty bulldog? We don't want 'em pretty. Mike's just like a bulldog ought to be, thick-set, muscular, with wide chest, elbows set far apart, and undershot jaw. See?"

It sounded very much as though he were reading it out of a book, and the other boys were much impressed. Ernest found himself wondering where Harry had picked up his dog lore.

"What do you know about setters?" demanded Harry.

Ernest, in the face of superior wisdom, admitted that he didn't know very much.

"Well, you ought to," said Harry. "What's the use of having dogs if you don't know all about them?"

"Sam Bumpus has told us a good deal about training and hunting," said Jack.

"Yes, but what do you know about the breed, where it came from and all that? Do you want to find out?"

"Sure," said Ernest.

"Well, I'll tell you where you can find out," said Harry. "I know a man that knows more about dogs than anybody else in the world, I guess."

"Who is he?" demanded Ernest.

“Did you ever hear of the Willowdale Kennels?” asked Harry.

Ernest was forced to admit that he had not.

“Well, they’re over at Thornboro,” said Harry. “They have twenty-eight dogs there. Mr. Hartshorn owns them, but the man that takes care of them is Tom Poullice. He’s an Englishman, and he used to have charge of kennels in England once. He knows all about collies and greyhounds and—and every kind of dogs there are.”

“I bet he doesn’t know more about setters and pointers than Sam Bumpus does,” said Ernest, loyally.

“Bet you a hundred dollars he does,” said Harry.

“Bet you a thousand he doesn’t.”

The bidding bade fair to be unlimited, and though the millions and billions and trillions remained to be called upon, Harry desisted.

“Tell you what I’ll do,” said he. “I’ll take you over there and then you can see for yourselves.”

Ernest and Jack promptly forgot their controversy with Harry and accepted his proposal with animation.

“And can we see all those dogs?” asked Ernest.

“Sure,” said Harry.

“How many did you say there were?”

“Twenty-four besides four puppies.”

“Whew!” Jack exclaimed.

“When can we go?” asked Ernest.

“Why, this afternoon, if you want to. It’s over five miles to Thornboro, but we can take the 2:10 train and be there in no time. You come along by my house after dinner and whistle,” said Harry.

“Bully,” said Ernest, and Harry turned and walked jauntily out of the stable with old Mike lumbering at his heels.

CHAPTER V

THE WILLOWDALE KENNELS

As Harry Barton had said, it was only a short run on the train to Thornboro. The three boys disembarked at the station and walked up a winding, muddy road, for the sun was gathering strength and the snow had been melting fast. The fields and hillsides lay brown and dry, but not uninviting. It was a glorious day to be out of doors, especially upon such a quest.

They came at length to an entrance in a privet hedge and passed up a long driveway with maple trees along both sides. At the end of it they could see a large brick house with white pillars along the front.

“My, but this is a big place,” said Ernest.

“Sure,” said Harry. “Mr. Hartshorn is a rich man. If he wasn’t, how do you s’pose he could keep so many dogs and hire a man just to take care of them?”

“What does he do with so many?” inquired Jack, to whom the care of one small puppy seemed a considerable responsibility.

“Oh, he shows them,” was Harry’s somewhat vague explanation. “He takes prizes with them at

dog shows. Some of them are champions. He breeds them, too, and he sells the puppies he doesn't want to keep. I guess he makes a good deal of his money that way."

"What kind of dogs are they?" asked Ernest.

"Mostly Airedale terriers and white bull terriers," said Harry. "Not common bull terriers, like Frank Symonds's, but the finest kind, all white."

As they neared the house, Harry led them into a path through the shrubbery which brought them at last around to the rear, where there was a big stable and garage, a greenhouse, and some other buildings.

"That long low building is the kennels," said Harry. "The dogs are in their runs out back, I expect, and prob'ly Tom is out there, too."

"Why!" exclaimed Jack, "it's just like a house for people."

The Willowdale kennel house was indeed a more elaborate affair than the boys had imagined could ever have been built just for dogs. It made Rome appear very humble in comparison. It was a well-built house, long and low, with windows all along the front and a door in the middle. Over this door was an ornamental gable and there was a cupola at the top. The whole was painted white.

The boys passed around the end of the building, from behind which issued the voices of many dogs

which they presently saw running about in yards built of wire fencing. Some of the dogs were smooth and pure white and some were wiry-coated and a rich black and tan—tan on the legs and head and black or a very dark grizzle on the neck and body. They all appeared to be very lively, active dogs, and some of them seemed rather pugnaciously anxious to get at one another through the wire fences.

“There’s Tom,” announced Harry, and the other boys, following his pointing finger, observed a man in brown clothes and leather leggings apparently engaged in mending the fence at the rear of one of the runs. As they approached he straightened up and came forward to meet them, with a little smile on his broad face.

“Well,” said he, “’ere we are. An’ ’ow’s the little man to-day? An’ ’ow’s the dog Mike?”

“Pretty well, thank you,” said Harry, in a rather more subdued tone than he had been using toward Jack and Ernest. “These are my friends, Ernest and Jack Whipple. They want to see your dogs.”

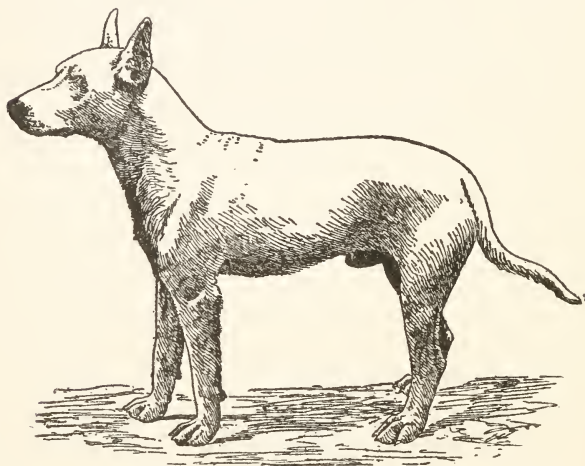
Tom Poullice regarded the newcomers quizzically. “Sure you aren’t afraid o’ gettin’ bit?”

“Oh, no, we aren’t afraid of dogs,” asserted Ernest.

“Right-o,” said Tom. “Come along and I’ll show you our new Hairedale, Bingo’s Queen Molly. She’s a ’ummer, Molly is.”

He led the way through a wire gate into one of the runs and called the new dog to him, whereat the dogs in the neighboring runs set up a loud barking.

“They’re all jealous,” said Tom, “but they wouldn’t touch ’er. A male dog scarcely ever attacks a female.”



White English Bull Terrier

Molly proved to be a sweet, gentle creature, and allowed the boys to pat and stroke her hard little head.

“She’s the genooine harticle,” said Tom. “See the straight legs of ’er an’ the square muzzle. She’ll win something, or I’m no judge.”

“She’s a little smaller than some of them, isn’t she?” asked Harry.

“Yes, but she’s just about the right size for showing,” said Tom. “Thirty-seven she weighs. I’m partial to the bigger dogs, myself, but the judges generally favor a smaller dog if he’s got the points. Molly’s certainly got the points.”

Much to the edification of the boys, Tom went on to describe the standard points of the Airedale, illustrating with several of the dogs, all of whom seemed to be very fond of the kennelman. Then he took them in to see the bull terriers.

“’Ere’s a different kind of dog entirely,” he said. “As good a fighter and watchdog as the Hairedale, but not useful in so many ways. It’s an older breed than the Hairedale. I can remember when the bull terrier was a heavier dog, and brindles were just as good as whites, but now they want only this kind in the shows, with a long skull and pure white. Eyes small and shaped like almonds, and set wide apart. That’s the kind. The ears have to be cropped in this country to win prizes. Beastly custom. They don’t do it in Hengland any more. I’m glad they let the Hairedales’ ears alone.”

For some time Tom Poullice discoursed learnedly on these two breeds and answered numerous questions.

“What-ho,” he exclaimed suddenly. “’Ere’s Mr.

'Artshorn coming. Get 'im to tell you about dogs. 'E knows a thing or two 'imself."

A well-dressed gentleman in a gray overcoat and hat, with a gray pointed beard, and carrying a cane, appeared around the end of the kennel house. The boys appeared a little ill at ease.

"Don't be scared of 'im," said Tom. "'E likes boys."

"Well, Tom," said Mr. Hartshorn, stopping now and then to poke his stick through the fence at the dogs that came yelping down their runs to greet him, "how's Molly?"

"Mighty fine, sir," said Tom; "mighty fine."

"Some of your friends?" he inquired, indicating the boys.

"Yes, sir," said Tom. "This is Harry Barton, sir, from Boytown, and these—what did you say your names were?"

"Ernest and Jack Whipple," said Ernest.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Hartshorn, just as though he had been reading about these boys in the paper. "Glad to meet you, I'm sure. Came up to have a look at the finest dogs in Connecticut, I suppose."

He had a pleasant, friendly face, and though the boys were a little awed by his imposing appearance and courtly manner, they soon lost their shyness and

found themselves asking him many questions about dogs.

“Come up to the house,” said he at length. “I can explain things better up there, where I have some pictures.”

Tom went back to his work and the boys, bidding him good-by, followed Mr. Hartshorn up to the big house. He took them into a room that he said was his den. There was a big desk in it, all littered up with papers, and well filled bookcases around the room.

“Are all these books about dogs?” inquired Harry.

“Well, a good many of them are,” said Mr. Hartshorn. “I have about every book on dogs that has been printed, I expect.”

On the walls above the bookcases were photographs and colored pictures of dogs and horses in frames, and at one side of the room was a long leather sofa. Mr. Hartshorn seated himself at his desk and began rummaging in a drawer full of photographs, while he told the boys to be seated on the sofa.

“Now, then,” he said when they were all settled, “you were asking me about the different kinds of terriers, and I guess I’ve got pictures of good specimens of about every kind. How many kinds of standard breeds of terriers do you suppose there are?”

"About eight, I guess," said Harry, who was a little more forward than the Whipple boys.

"Wrong," said Mr. Hartshorn. "There are nearly a hundred recognized breeds of dogs in this country, all different, and eighteen of these are terriers. To make them easier to remember, I will divide them into three classes, smooth-coated, wire-haired, and long-haired. The smooths are the bull terrier, the Boston, the smooth fox terrier, the Manchester, and the Doberman pinscher. The wires are the wire-haired fox terrier, the Airedale, the Bedlington, the Irish, the Welsh, the Scottish, the West Highland white, the Dandie Dinmont, the cairn, and the Sealyham. The long-haired ones are the Skye, the Clydesdale, and the Yorkshire."

"My!" exclaimed Ernest. "I never heard of some of them before."

"Lots of people haven't," said Mr. Hartshorn, "but they're all worth knowing. You can see nearly all of them at a big show like the one held every year in New York. I'm going to tell you something about them all, if you'd like to listen."

"Oh, yes, please do," said Ernest.

"Well," said Mr. Hartshorn, arranging his photographs, "first let me explain what a terrier is. Most of them come from England and Scotland. A few from Wales and Ireland. Terrier means earth dog,

and that's what they were called hundreds of years ago when they were first used to hunt animals that run into the ground or under stones. They had to be brave and gamey and not too big, and they became very active little dogs and mighty efficient. At first, some were smooth-coated and some wire-coated. Finally, however, Englishmen began to breed certain favorite kinds, and so the different breeds were gradually established.

"One of the oldest kinds is the Manchester or black-and-tan terrier. He was first bred by the mill hands in the Midland counties of England where he was famous as a ratter. Here's a picture of one. Handsome chap, isn't he? Nice, intelligent dog, too. His ears are cropped but his tail isn't. The white bull terrier is a near relative of the Manchester. I've already told you about him.

"Now here's the Boston. I guess you know this kind."

"Oh, yes," said Ernest. "Theron Hammond has one named Alert."

"This is an American-made breed," said Mr. Hartshorn, "out of British raw material. Some Boston fanciers developed it from the brindle bull terrier about 1890. It's one of the most popular breeds here now. A smallish dog—sometimes too small, I think—brindle and white. And here's the smooth fox terrier.

You've seen lots of those. Another small one, not over twenty pounds. He was developed from the old English working terrier about fifty years ago.

“Now here's one that I don't believe you know. It's a Doberman pinscher. Funny name. Wonder-



Airedale Terrier

fully smart dog, though. They call him the dog with the human brain. He comes from Germany, where he was first a watchdog and was later trained as a police dog. I believe the first ones were brought over here in 1907. A muscular dog, weighing forty or fifty pounds. He is marked like the Manchester but his coat is less silky.

“Now we come to the wires. The wire-haired fox terrier is really just like the smooth, but he looks quite different because of his stiff, wiry coat. Then there’s the Airedale. You know about those. Best all-round dog in the world in my opinion. This is a Bedlington. You won’t see many of those. Has a head like a lamb, hasn’t he? And notice the silky topknot. He’s a good little sporting dog if he does look so mild. They’re mostly blue-gray and tan, and weigh about twenty-four pounds.

“Here’s the liveliest one of the lot, the Irish terrier. Sometimes they call him the dare-devil. He’s a great little scrapper. He comes from Ireland, of course. He’s a red dog, weighs twenty-four pounds, and makes one of the best comrades a boy can have. The Welsh terrier is related to the wire-haired fox, though he looks more like a small Airedale, being black and tan. He’s a little smaller than the Irishman.

“Several terriers come from Scotland, and as you can see from these pictures they’re a short-legged, strong-headed, long-bodied lot. That’s because they were bred to go into the ground and the piles of rocks after badger and such-like game. They had to be pretty tough to manage it, too. This is the cairn terrier. He used to be called the Highland terrier, and I guess he’s more nearly like the original terrier of Scotland than any of the others. He came from

the Hebrides Islands. I expect you've never seen one, for they aren't common in this country. But they're jolly little beggars. They're the smallest of the lot, weighing only twelve to fifteen pounds, but mighty hardy and gamey. They are various sandy and grizzled colors and always have this foxy little head.

"You may have seen one of these. It's a Scottish terrier, once called the Aberdeen, and we have a lot of good ones over here now. Some call him the Scottie or the die-hard. See how wise he looks, with his bright eyes under his big eyebrows. Notice the big head and short legs and upright tail. There are some sandy ones, but mostly they're a dark grizzled gray. They weigh eighteen to twenty pounds. Here's his first cousin, the West Highland white terrier. He comes from Argyllshire, on the west coast of Scotland, and he's always pure white. Like most of the other Scotchmen he has a harsh outer coat and a soft under coat, which are practically waterproof. He has a more pointed muzzle than the Scottie and he's smaller."

At the next picture the boys all laughed. It was such a queer-looking dog, with such a big head and long body, and a face like that of an old Scotchman.

"He's a Dandie Dinmont," said Mr. Hartshorn. "If you ever read 'Guy Mannering' by Sir Walter Scott, you may remember that he speaks of Dandie

Dinmont's pepper and mustard terriers. The book was published in 1814, and Dandie Dinmont terriers have been popular in the border countries of Scotland ever since. The Dandie is related to the Bedlington. You see he has the same drooping ears and the top-knot. Gray and fawn are the colors.

"This is the last of the wires. It's a Sealyham. He looks as though he might be related to the Scotch breeds, with his short legs and strong head. He was, in fact, bred for badger hunting, as they were, but he comes from Wales. We have had them in this country only since 1912. The Sealyham is a mighty lovable little dog. He is white, often with black or brown markings, and he's about the same size as the West Highlander.

"Now we come to the long-coated ones, and the first of them is the Skye, another of the Scotch breeds. He's a close relative of the cairn, but he has a long coat and hair over his eyes. He's about the same size as the West Highlander and he's blue-gray or fawn. They used to be much more common than they are now. By the way, did you ever read the story of Greyfriars Bobby?"

None of the boys had read it.

"Well, do so the first chance you get. That's one of the loveliest dog stories ever written, and it's true. Greyfriars Bobby was a Skye terrier.

“This is the Clydesdale or Paisley terrier. Not at all a common breed. I doubt if you’ll ever see one in the United States. He looks something like the Skye, but his coat is silkier. He’s steel blue on the body and head, with golden tan feet. The Yorkshire comes from the other side of the border, and he’s something like the Clydesdale, only with longer legs and shorter body. He’s a fancy dog with a wonderful coat, parted down the middle and sweeping the ground. He’s steel blue with tan markings on the head, chest, and legs.

“There you have all the terriers,” he concluded, “and I guess you’ve had a long enough lesson for one day. These facts are all very interesting, but they become prosy and confusing if taken in too large doses. Here, take this book home with you, and look it over at your leisure. You’ll find in it all the things I’ve told you and a lot more besides.”

“Terriers are the smartest dogs there are, I guess,” said Harry.

“Well, I don’t know as I should want to say quite that,” said Mr. Hartshorn. “Smartness and other qualities are as much a matter of individuals as of breeds. However, the terriers certainly have won that reputation.”

“Do you know any good stories about them?”

asked Harry, who was never backward in such matters. Mr. Hartshorn laughed.

“Unfortunately my memory for stories isn’t very good,” said he, “but I have lots of stories in books, and before you boys come up again, I’ll look up some of them. Meanwhile, see if they have a book in the Boytown Library by Edward Jesse, called ‘Anecdotes of Dogs.’ It was published in London in 1858, and it isn’t very common, but if you can find a copy, it’s a dandy. It contains most of the historic dog stories. It includes several stories about terriers, chiefly illustrating their intelligence, but also their devotion. Many of them, I recall, are stories of dogs that found their way home over unknown roads after being carried away for long distances. This homing instinct seems to be very strong in the terrier. The breed has always been a very close and intimate companion of man, and that has sharpened his wits and deepened his sympathies.

“The only terrier story that I recall at the moment is a little anecdote that illustrates the terrier’s shrewdness rather than his uprightness of character. A lady music teacher was going to the home of one of her pupils one day when some sort of wire-haired terrier surprised and startled her by running out from a field and seizing her skirt in his teeth. She tried to drive him away, but he wouldn’t go. Becoming somewhat

alarmed by his actions, she called to two laborers who were working in the field, and they came to her assistance.

“ ‘He wants you to go with him, ma’am,’ one of the men said. ‘I’ve heard of dogs actin’ like that. Maybe it’s a murder or something. I guess we’d better go along.’

“They followed the dog to the rear of a cottage, and he at once began to dig feverishly at a heavy plank. The workmen, half expecting to find a corpse, lifted the plank, only to disclose a large beef bone. This the terrier at once appropriated and made off with it, without waiting to express his thanks for assistance.”

The boys laughed over this story, and thanked Mr. Hartshorn warmly for the interesting things he had told them. Then, squabbling good-naturedly over the possession of the dog book, they hurried off to catch the late afternoon train back to Boytown.

It was not long before they had another lesson in dog lore, though this time it was not Mr. Hartshorn who was their teacher. The next Saturday the three of them made another trip to Thornboro to return the book, in the fascinating contents of which they had been reveling for a week. They met Tom Poullice on the road with half a dozen of the dogs out for exercise. They were a lively lot, and it took about

all of Tom's attention to keep them in hand.

"Mr. 'Artshorn isn't 'ome to-day," said Tom. "You come along with me and the dogs and I'll show you some fun. You can leave the book up at the 'ouse when we get back."

The boys accepted this as a rare privilege, and for an hour or two accompanied Tom and his troublesome pack about the country roads. The bull terriers were fairly well behaved, but the Airedales seemed bent upon getting into all kinds of mischief. On two occasions Tom had his hands full breaking up what promised to become a free-for-all fight. But the boys could not help admiring the boundless vigor of these dogs who seemed hardly able to contain all the youth and joy and life within them. It made the boys want to run and romp and caper in sympathy.

As they entered the drive at Willowdale on their return, they saw a sweet-faced woman standing on the porch with a little woolly white dog beside her.

"That's Mrs. 'Artshorn," said Tom. "You can give the book to 'er. She'd like you to stop and speak to 'er."

Somewhat shyly the boys followed his advice, but Mrs. Hartshorn, like her husband, seemed to have the faculty of making them soon feel at their ease. She at once introduced them to Daisy, her toy white poodle. Daisy's long hair had been trimmed and clipped in a

ridiculous manner that made the boys laugh, but she soon proved herself to be as smart as a whip. Mrs. Hartshorn put her through all her pretty tricks.

“I suppose, after seeing all those Airedales and bull terriers, you won't think much of my little dogs,” said Mrs. Hartshorn. “Tom Poullice is very scornful about toys. But a dog is a dog, no matter how little. I want you to come in and see my prize Pomeranian, Tip.”

They followed her into the house and up a broad staircase. At the top she turned and said:

“I think Tip is in the nursery with the baby. Don't be startled if he tries to eat you up. You needn't be quiet, because it's about time for baby's nap to be over.”

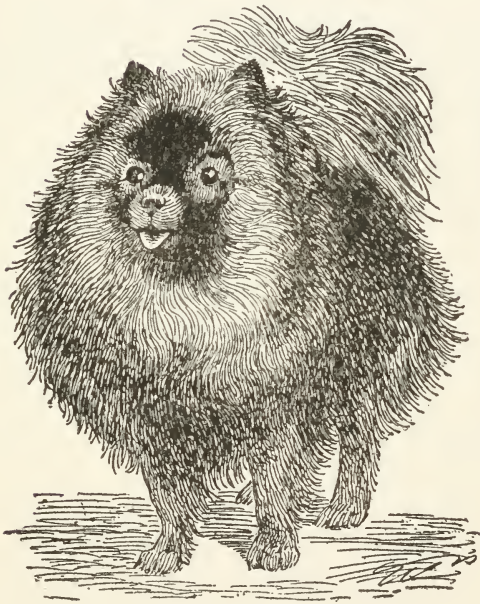
She ushered them into the nursery, a pretty pink and white room, and there lay a handsome, chocolate-colored little dog on a mat beside a white crib. At the sight of strangers Tip growled a little and showed his white teeth.

“Don't you want to take a look at the baby?” asked Mrs. Hartshorn, with a twinkle in her eyes.

Harry Barton stepped bravely forward, but was met by an attack so savage that he hastily retired. Tip did not bark; barking was not permitted in the nursery. But he defended his charge with a ferocity quite out of proportion to his diminutive size.

“Lie down, Tip,” said Mrs. Hartshorn, laughing. “It’s all right.” And Tip retired, grumbling, to his rug.

“He’s little, but, oh, my!” said Mrs. Hartshorn. “I don’t believe one of you would dare to touch that



Pomeranian

baby with Tip anywhere around. Now isn’t he a dog, after all?”

The boys admitted quite readily that he was.

“He chased a tramp away once,” said she. “The

tramp came to the front door when Mr. Hartshorn was away, and spoke so roughly to my maid that I was really quite frightened. Tip heard him and came out like a flash. The man swore and kicked at him. Nothing makes a dog so angry as kicking at him, and Tip jumped and nipped the man's finger. He swore again, but Tip renewed his attack to such good purpose that the man backed away and finally retreated in disorder with Tip at his heels. I've known big dogs that couldn't do so much."

The boys looked upon Tip with new respect.

"Now come and see my Pekes," said Mrs. Hartshorn.

The boys followed her into another room where two Pekingese spaniels got lazily out of a basket and came forward to greet her. And for the next few minutes the boys found infinite amusement playing with the fluffy little pets.

CHAPTER VI

ANXIOUS DAYS

It was April before the three boys had an opportunity to accept Mrs. Hartshorn's invitation to visit her at Willowdale. On this occasion, as on the last, Mr. Hartshorn was away from home and there were only the four of them at luncheon. A soft-footed maid in a white cap and apron filled their plates with creamed chicken on toast, followed by delicious hot waffles and maple syrup.

When luncheon was over, she led them into her husband's den and took down one of his books.

"I suppose you've been about filled up with dog talk," said she, "but I want to be sure that you're converted to a love for the toys. So many men and boys don't care for them, but when you come to know about them, they're just as interesting as any other dogs. That is, most of them are. There are some kinds that I confess I don't especially care for myself. Come sit on the sofa and look at this book with me."

When they were comfortably seated, she began turning over the pages of the book, pointing out pictures of the various toy breeds.

“We’ll take the short-coated ones first,” said she, “since that’s the way they’re arranged in the book. Now can you imagine anything more delicate and graceful than this little dog? It’s the Italian greyhound, you see. Some of the toy breeds have been created by a dwarfing process by modern fanciers, but this little chap was known in Italy in the Middle Ages. You can see dogs something like him on Greek and Roman statuary.

“Now here’s the good old pug. You know the pug, don’t you? There aren’t so very many of them about now, though. They used to be the favorite lap-dogs, but somehow the Poms and the Pokes have come in to take their place. It is a very old breed and its ancestors were probably brought from China by the Dutch who later introduced it into England. Fawn used to be the popular color, but black has been in favor for several years.

“Now these are what we call miniatures, because they are merely dwarfs of larger breeds. The toy Manchester or black-and-tan was bred from the large Manchester terrier and should look just like his big brother, only he should weigh less than seven pounds. Same way with the toy bull terrier. The miniature bulldog was developed sixty years or more ago by the lace workers of Nottingham, England.”

The boys were much interested in the next picture,

which showed the tiniest sort of a dog sitting in a glass tumbler.

“Why,” said Jack, “he looks more like a rat than a dog.”

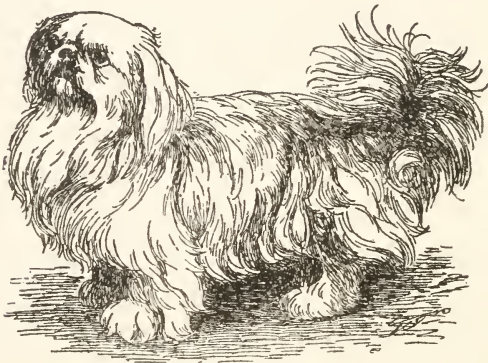
“It’s a real dog, nevertheless,” said Mrs. Hartshorn, “though probably the smallest breed in the world. It’s a Chihuahua, pronounced Che-wa-wa, and it comes from Mexico. They weigh from a pound and a half to about four pounds, about as much as a kitten. Of course, they’re rather delicate, and I doubt if you could expect one to attack a tramp. The head is round as an apple, with pointed nose and big, outstanding ears. The Chihuahua always has a little soft spot in the top of the skull.

“Now we come to the long-haired toys, which are the most popular at the present time. I believe the Pomeranian is the most popular of them all. He is really a small spitz and came first from Germany. You noticed Tip’s compact little body, fox-like head, and alert expression. A wonderful little dog. His chief glory is his fine, fluffy coat and mane.

“Then there are the English toy spaniels. They used to be all called King Charles spaniels and were named after Charles II of England, who was very fond of them. Now the authorities have divided them into four varieties according to color, though they are all the same breed. The Blenheim is red or

orange and white, the ruby is chestnut red, the King Charles is black and tan, and the Prince Charles is tri-color—black, white, and tan.

“The Pekingese is another of the very popular ones. A brave, proud little chap, as he should be, for he was the pet of Chinese emperors for hundreds



Pekingese

of years. The first ones were brought to England in 1860 when the Europeans took the city of Peking and sacked the royal palaces. Before that time they had been carefully guarded as sacred animals. You see they look somewhat different from the English toy spaniel. The head is flatter, for one thing.

“The Japanese spaniel is still different, though he is probably related to the Peke. He has been the pet of the Japs for centuries. The colors are black and

white or red and white, and the weight is seven pounds, more or less. This snowy white one, with his bright little face, is a Maltese dog. He also has an ancient lineage. He was known in ancient Greece and Rome and has been in England since the time of Henry VIII. You saw my toy poodle. It's just a miniature of the big poodle and has been popular in France and England for over a century. Very popular here now, too.

“Now we come to the last of the more prominent breeds of toys, and the only one with a wire coat. He comes from Belgium and he's called the Brussels griffon. Don't you love his little monkey face, with its beard and mustache? He's a hardy, intelligent, affectionate little dog, too. Some folks think he's the smartest of all the toys.

“There,” she concluded, passing them the book to look over again, “I guess you've had enough for one day. You'll begin to think I'm as bad as my husband. But I didn't want you to get the idea that the only real dog is a big dog. Don't you think that some of these toy breeds deserve some respect, now that you know something of their honorable history?”

“Well, I should say so,” said Ernest. “I had no idea there were so many different kinds or that they had any special history. I want to see those Pekes

again, whose grandfathers were stolen from the Chinese emperors."

The interest in toys had been kindled, and the boys took occasion later to refresh their memories from books that Mr. Hartshorn lent them, but when Ernest and Jack reached home that afternoon the toy breeds were swept entirely out of their minds for the time being. For Romulus appeared to be ailing and Remus was evidently quite sick.

The two setter puppies had been growing rapidly and had been allowed to run out in the yard as the April days grew warmer. They had lost some of their puppy awkwardness though none of their puppy playfulness, and were fast developing into strong-boned, active dogs. They had begun to appear more devoted to their young masters, too, and to understand better the meaning of the words they were expected to obey. Needless to say, the boys had become deeply attached to them.

There is nothing more pitiful to look at than a sick dog, and there was something very sad in the way these two rollicking, healthy puppies were so suddenly stricken down. The boys, not finding them in the yard, had gone at once to Rome. There lay Remus on the bed, breathing with difficulty, and recognizing their approach only by a raising of his brows and a pathetic little effort to wag his tail.

Romulus came to greet them a little weakly, but he, too, looked very forlorn and somehow very thin and little. Both dogs seemed to be running from the eyes and nose and to be suffering from feverish colds.

"Oh, Ernest," cried Jack, the tears coming to his eyes at the sight of their suffering, "they're sick. Whatever shall we do?"

"I don't know," said Ernest. "I don't know what you do for a sick dog. We will ask father. He'll be home soon."

Mr. Whipple came out to look at the dogs soon after his return, but he was unable to suggest anything very helpful. He prescribed warm milk for dinner, and the puppies both drank it, though without much enthusiasm. That night the boys spread burlap blankets over the dogs and went to bed with heavy hearts.

The next morning and the morning after Romulus and Remus did not seem to be any better, nor, luckily, very much worse. The boys did what they could for them, keeping them warm and feeding them beef soup and warm milk, but they did not seem to be making much progress with the cure. So on Monday Ernest sent another postal card to Sam Bumpus, begging him to come down and look at the dogs. They had infinite confidence in Sam.

He did not fail them, and on Tuesday afternoon

after the boys had come home from school Sam appeared. By this time both dogs were pretty sick. They had lost flesh and looked pitifully thin and weak and wan. They seemed to have trouble breathing and to be affected by other complications. They looked up at their young masters with big, pathetic eyes, as though pleading for help in their affliction.

The boys watched Sam anxiously as he examined the dogs. His face was grave.

"It's distemper," said he. "I was afraid it was. Distemper's no joke; it's the dog's worst enemy. Sometimes it runs into pneumonia, or the dogs die in fits, or just waste away and give up. But cheer up; I've seen lots of 'em pull through, and we'll try to save these two. You've done the right thing so far. Careful nursin' does it. Keep 'em dry and out of draughts and keep up their strength with good food, easy to digest. Most dogs that die of distemper die because they didn't have strength enough to last 'em through. The disease has to have its run, and in time it just naturally runs out. That's the way I look at it. It don't do much good to try to cure 'em with medicine. As I say, it's the nursin' does the trick. Still, some folks believe in givin' quinine and you can do that if you want to. It's a tonic and it can't do any harm if you don't give too much. And keep their eyes and noses washed out with boracic acid."

“Is this place all right for them?” asked Ernest.

“Sure,” said Sam. “It’s a good place, now that the weather is mild. The more fresh air the better, so long as it ain’t damp or too cold or draughty. You keep fussin’ over ’em and let me know how they get along. Give ’em plenty of clean water and feed ’em a good deal of milk porridge several times a day. Better cut out the solid food till they’re better.”

For nearly two weeks the boys watched the progress of the disease with aching hearts. Sometimes the symptoms seemed less acute and they felt hopeful; then again the condition of their patients was such as to frighten them. They spent all their spare time with the puppies, in spite of their mother’s anxiety lest they catch the disease themselves. Their father, however, was quite positive that human beings could not take distemper from dogs.

A deep cloud of anxiety hung over the Whipple home during those days, even Mrs. Whipple feeling the effects of it. There was no running and romping about the house; no longer the rooms echoed with boyish shouts and laughter. Each morning Ernest and Jack awoke with a feeling that something awful was impending. It seemed sometimes as though the dogs had always been sick and that they would never get well. Sometimes the tension would become too

great for Jack and he would cry as though his heart would break.

“ Oh, Ernest,” he would sob, “ what should I do if Remus died? ”

And Ernest would have to struggle hard to keep from joining in the tears of his younger brother. The boys had come to love their dogs, and it seemed as though the puppies looked to them alone to save them. It is that way with dogs and people—that is, the people who care for dogs. And when once the wonderful tie has been formed between boy and dog it grows ever stronger. It becomes an ennobling thing.

Romulus developed a distressing cough, but after about ten days of suffering he began to show signs of improvement. He ate with greater relish and seemed brighter and stronger. Gradually the symptoms of the disease lessened and as the days went by Ernest became more and more happily convinced that he was really getting well. But with poor Remus it was different. The distemper seemed unwilling to relax its hold on him and his digestive system became so disordered that he could not gain the much needed strength from his food. Jack spent all the time he could beside the little sufferer, easing his head and bathing his eyes and nose, and listening with helpless agony to the labored breathing.

Suddenly, one afternoon, Remus struggled to his feet and staggered uncertainly for a few steps. His half-closed eyes were glassy and did not seem to see what he was looking at. He lurched into the wall in a way that made Romulus take to a corner in fear. Then he ran a few steps aimlessly and toppled over, his muscles twitching dreadfully and his feet scratching the floor.

Jack was terribly frightened and called to Ernest, who came running in. Both boys thought that Remus was surely dying, but after a while he grew quieter and Jack lifted him tenderly back upon the bed.

"I guess it was a fit," said Ernest. "Sam told about that, you know."

"Oh, what shall we do?" wailed Jack in despair. "We *must* do something, Ernest."

Ernest thought for a moment, and then an idea came to him.

"I'll telephone Mr. Hartshorn," said he. "He might know what to do, and I don't believe he'd mind. He wouldn't want a dog to die."

"Oh, please do," begged Jack.

Mr. Hartshorn was not home, but Mrs. Hartshorn, who answered the telephone, was very sympathetic.

"I'm so sorry he's had convulsions," said she. "It's a bad sign. I'm sorry Mr. Hartshorn is away."

I know just how it is, though, for I've sat up all night with dogs sick like that, more than once. I'll send Tom Poultrice right over. He's a better dog doctor in his way than a good many vets., and he may be able to help you."

Ernest thanked the kind lady very heartily, and Tom Poultrice came that very evening. Mr. Whipple lighted a lantern and they all went out to Rome. Tom examined both dogs and pronounced Romulus to be on the mend.

"'E'll be all right," said Tom, "if 'e don't take cold or get upset. But this other one, 'e's in a bad way, I'm afraid."

Then he took Remus up, looked into his eyes and throat, and felt of his stomach and of the pulse under his forelegs.

"'E's got to be straightened out first," said he. "'Ave you any castor oil?"

Tom administered the castor oil in a thoroughly efficient manner and then sent Ernest into the house to beg a little hot tea and a raw egg from Delia. The puppy took the tea quite eagerly and lapped some of the egg.

"Give 'im a little of this as often as 'e'll take it," said Tom, "and telephone me to-morrow 'ow 'e seems. If 'e gets stronger, we'll give 'im something else. If the castor oil don't work, we'll 'ave to give 'im calomel

or a compound cathartic pill, though I 'ate to do that if I don't 'ave to. Calomel's terrible strong stuff for a sick puppy. 'Ow long 'as 'e been sick?"

"About two weeks," said Jack.

"That's about the course of it," said Tom. "If 'e ain't better in a day or two now, 'e'll be gone. I wish I'd tackled 'im before. Well, give 'im these pills, one to-night and three to-morrow, during the day, and keep me posted."

"What are these pills composed of?" inquired Mr. Whipple, who was taking a lively interest in proceedings.

"I 'ave 'em made up myself, sir," said Tom. "It's an old receipt I learned in Hengland. I ain't much on medicine myself, but sometimes this 'elps, especially if it's used earlier. There's thirty drops of acetate of ammonia in each pill, fifteen drops of sweet spirits of nitre, and two grains of salicylate of soda. It's better to give 'em in a little camphor water."

The boys followed Tom's directions faithfully. In the morning they found Remus lying against the door of Rome, quite exhausted, and there were signs that he had had another convulsion during the night. But during the day the castor oil got in its effect and there was no need for the calomel. Remus seemed more able and willing to take his tea and egg, and though

no gain in strength was to be noted that day, he had no more convulsions.

Recovery was slow but sure for Remus from that time on, while Romulus mended rapidly, and it was not long before he was running about the yard again. Remus gained strength very slowly and for a long time was troubled by a cough and upset digestion, but as the days went by and he suffered no serious relapse Jack's buoyant nature responded and he was glad with hope once more. Tom Poullice came again to offer encouragement and advice, and when Sam Bumpus visited Rome unannounced one afternoon and was told what had happened, he proved himself to be most generous in his praise of Tom's skill.

"I don't know this English feller," said he, "but when it comes to doctorin' sick pups, I've got to hand it to him. When you see him again give him old Sam's best regards and tell him I'll vote for him next election whether he's runnin' or not."

Sam was in a jovial mood and the boys were in the humor to laugh heartily at anything he said. The tension was broken, the days of anxiety were past, and sunshine again filled the house on Washburn Street.

"It's just like a toothache when it's over, ain't it?" said Sam.

As for Jack, he hugged the emaciated little Remus

close to his breast, and, with big tears of happiness in his eyes, kissed the tousled little head. Remus gave a little, human-sounding whimper and licked Jack's hand. That was the only way he knew to express his love and gratitude, but Jack understood.

CHAPTER VII

SOME OTHER DOGS, INCLUDING RAGS

IT was sympathy for Jack Whipple and interest in the sickness and recovery of Remus that resulted in the formation of a sort of freemasonry of dog lovers among the boys of Boytown. It had always been known that some of the boys had dogs, and there had been a good deal of fun with these dogs at different times in the past. But hitherto the dogs had been, in a way, taken for granted, and had lived in a sort of background in the boy life of the town. Suddenly they came to light as important members of the community, and each dog had its boy champion.

While Romulus and Remus were sick, the Whipple boys often had to answer inquiries as to their progress, but Ernest and Jack had been so wrapped up in their own worries that they did not realize the widespread sympathy that had sprung up. They did not know that a dozen other boys each loved a dog much as they loved Romulus and Remus and could understand what it must mean to watch at the bedside of a seriously sick puppy.

But when Romulus was well on the road to perfect health again and Remus was slowly convalescing, the other boy dog lovers of the town began to drop around, sometimes with offerings to be appreciated by dogs, just as neighbors bring in jellies and fruit when a person is recovering from a long illness. Then Ernest and Jack began to realize how many friends they had in Boytown and that they all had a precious possession in common.

Harry Barton came first, with Mike. His manner was subdued and he did not brag. He stepped softly as one would in entering a sick room, and he patted Remus's little head very gently and called him "poor little muttsie." Then came Theron Hammond, though he left his Boston terrier at home because Alert had never had distemper and might catch it. He and the Whipple boys sat for a long time in the stable doorway and speculated about the knowingness of dogs. Monty Hubbard came, too. He left his Irish terrier, Mr. O'Brien, at home because of said Mr. O'Brien's well-known proclivity to fight with anything in the shape of a dog, though Monty was sure he wouldn't hurt two sick puppies. But Herbie Pier-son honored Rome by bringing his huge, brindled Great Dane, Hamlet, who regarded the setters with fatherly indulgence and then walked off in his stately

manner and crouched like a noble statue beside the front gate.

And last of all came Rags and Jimmie Rogers, of whom I will presently tell you more.

Boytown had always been a great place for dogs.



Great Dane

Not only the aristocrats of dogdom, living comfortably in homes with loving masters and mistresses, but all sorts of nondescript dogs, many of whom seemed to be masterless and homeless, though not invariably unhappy. In fact, there were many good citizens of Boytown who did not like dogs and who felt that

the canine population of the place was altogether too large.

There were restrictive laws that ought to have reduced this canine population to such dogs as were properly owned and licensed, but the government of Boytown was criticized as being a happy-go-lucky affair a good deal of the time, and it was only when complaints became sufficiently numerous and serious that the town fathers took steps to enforce the laws and abolish what was conceded to be a public nuisance. Then a dog catcher was hired, warnings were posted, and the stray dogs were gathered up and mysteriously disposed of. It was rather a cruel and heart-rending business, if you stopped to think of it, and it would not have been necessary if the authorities had been more uniformly strict in observing the statutes and ordinances, but that was their way.

It was during one of the periods of laxity that a wire-haired terrier appeared from no one knew where. He was not an authentic representative of any of the established breeds; it was quite evident that he had just happened somehow. But he was conspicuous among his miscellaneous black and white and brown and brindled brethren by reason of his superior alertness and intelligence and his never-failing good humor and high spirits. His tramp life had in no way damaged his disposition; he seemed to have been born

full of the joy of life. He was about the size of one of Mr. Hartshorn's smaller Airedales and in the main he was not badly formed. But his tail, which had never been docked, hung at a rakish angle to one side and one ear was set higher than the other. His eyes were extraordinarily bright and his wiry coat was a grizzled black, always tousled and generally dirty.

The boys were not long in making this stranger's acquaintance. Indeed, he made the first advances, joining in their sport one day when they were in swimming in the pond over by the brickyard, and mingling his joyous barks with the shrieks of laughter which his antics provoked. He would pick them up on their way to school, or anywhere, and make himself generally companionable, and it was not long before they discovered him to be most precocious in the learning of tricks.

It was not in the nature of things that such a dog should remain forever masterless, but the periodical cleaning up of the dog catcher had begun before anyone had had time to think of him as anything but everybody's dog. It was Jimmie Rogers who saw him seized and thrust unceremoniously into the dog catcher's covered wagon, and it was Jimmie who set out alone to achieve his rescue. Jimmie's people lived on Sharon Street and were not well to do, but somehow Jimmie managed to scrape together the five dol-

lars which he found must be paid before he could establish his claim to ownership.

After that, by common consent, he became Jimmie Rogers's dog. He had already won the name of Rags.

So Jimmie brought his beloved Rags to visit the invalids, and Romulus and Remus looked on with big-eyed amazement while Rags was made to sit up, shake hands, roll over, chase his tail, play dead, and sing.

But there was one boy with a dog who did not come to visit the sick, and Ernest and Jack Whipple were not sorry. They did not like Dick Wheaton, and Dick, it was easy to believe, was not one to care whether another boy's dog died or not. He was a good deal of a bully at school, and Jack feared and avoided him. As for the older boys, they found him generally unamiable and those of them who knew the love of dogs were angry with Dick for the way he treated poor little Gyp.

Gyp was a smooth-coated fox terrier and a very good specimen of his breed. He was smart and gamey, but his spirit had nearly been broken by his tyrannical master. Dick seemed unable to resist the temptation to bully everything smaller and weaker than himself, and when there were no small boys or little girls within his reach he indulged his proclivities by teasing his dog.

Gyp, who had never had any other master, did not think of resenting this. He merely endured it as best he might. In fact, there was no more obedient dog in Boytown. It was pitiful to see the way in which he would answer his master's lightest word, as though he lived constantly in the hope of winning favor by his promptness.

Boys often like to tease animals, but they are seldom actually cruel, at least not knowingly so. And when a boy becomes possessed of a dog or a pony of his own, his attitude often undergoes a marked change. But no relenting took place in Dick Wheaton's nature, and the other boys who had learned the lesson of kindness, recognizing his right to do as he chose with his own, could only look on with growing disapproval and dislike.

But all the other dog-owning boys of the town found their friendships growing closer in the warmth of this common interest. During the convalescence of Remus they made Rome a sort of lodge room for the meetings of a new association with an unwritten constitution and no by-laws. They talked much of dogs and it was not long before a number of them were keenly desirous of visiting Willowdale and making the acquaintance of dog-wise Tom Poullice, the rich Mr. Hartshorn, and all the Airedales and white bull terriers.

So Harry Barton made the arrangements and one Saturday in May an expedition was formed to walk to Thornboro and visit Willowdale. There were seven boys in the company and three dogs—Mike, Alert, and Rags. Romulus and Remus were not yet strong enough to make such a trip and it was voted that these three could be counted upon to behave themselves properly. There was a little doubt about Rags, but he was a general favorite and was always given the benefit of any doubt. At the last moment Herbie Pierson and Hamlet joined the excursion.

To these active boys and their dogs the way did not seem too long. In fact, Rags, full of joyful exuberance at this rare treat, dashed about on all sorts of secondary adventures, running three miles to every one traversed. Even sturdy little Alert, in spite of his short legs, took it all as a lark and did not think to be weary until he reached home that afternoon and fell sound asleep on his front door mat.

The arrival of the four canine strangers at Willowdale created a good deal of commotion in the fenced-in runs, and Rags nearly went crazy with the excitement. But Tom Poullice took it all good-naturedly, and when he had got things quieted down a little he took the boys through the kennels and introduced them to the prize dogs.

They were all so absorbed in this pleasant occupa-

tion that it was noon before they knew it, and Mrs. Hartshorn came out to invite them all up to the porch for a luncheon. As they were following her up to the house she asked questions about their four dogs, and appeared to take a great interest in Alert especially.

"He's really a very fine little dog," she said. "But who is this?" Rags had come up and thrust his cold nose ingratiatingly into her hand.

"Oh, that's Rags," they said, and interrupted each other with explanations. Mrs. Hartshorn laughed.

"Well, I would hardly know what to call him," she said, "but he is evidently a very popular person. But what's the matter with his back?"

"Oh, it just itches," said Jimmie.

There was a spot on Rags's back that was difficult for him to reach, and it gave him a good deal of trouble, but he had managed to bite a good deal of the hair out of it. Beneath, Mrs. Hartshorn discovered the skin to be in a scabby and unhealthy condition.

"Well," said she, "this shouldn't be neglected. It may be mange, and that's serious. Let's have Tom look at it."

Tom came up at her bidding and examined Rags's back.

"Do you think it's mange, Tom?" asked Mrs. Hartshorn.

"I don't think so," said he. "It looks like heczema, like the Hairedales had last summer. 'E better 'ave some of that medicine, I fancy."

"All right," said Mrs. Hartshorn, "I still have some at the house, I think, that I got in case my dogs should need it. Eczema," she explained to the boys, "isn't exactly a skin disease. It is caused by the dog's general condition, and should be treated internally, though if you will rub zinc ointment on that spot it will heal more rapidly. The cure is first a good dose of sulphur and cream of tartar; you can get that in tablet form at the drug store. Then give him the pills I am going to get for you. They are a tonic and ought to fix him up all right."

"Only be sure not to feed him any corn meal," warned Tom.

"That's so," said Mrs. Hartshorn, "especially now that warm weather is coming."

Before the boys left that afternoon she gave Jimmie half a dozen soft pills and also a prescription for more. It read, "Sulphate of quinine, 1 grain; sulphate of iron, 2 grains; extract of hyoscyamus, 1 grain; with enough extract of taraxacum and glycerine to make a pill." It might be added that Jimmie used this medicine faithfully and the sore, itching spot at length disappeared from Rags's back.

Meanwhile the boys had arranged themselves ex-

pectantly on the front porch and the maid presently appeared with plates, napkins, sandwiches, crullers, and lemonade. Mrs. Hartshorn was a charming hostess and the boys waxed merry over their luncheon. Great piles of sandwiches disappeared as if by magic, and then there was chocolate ice cream and sponge cake. The dogs lay eying their masters enviously, all except the incorrigible Rags. He sat up and begged constantly, and even Mrs. Hartshorn could not resist the temptation to toss him a morsel now and then, which he caught with great deftness.

Just as they were finishing, Mr. Hartshorn drove up in his car.

“What have we here?” he cried. “An orphan asylum or a dog show?”

He got out of his car and ascended the steps, demanding his share of the luncheon. Those of the boys who had not already met him were introduced. Then he asked to be made acquainted with the dogs.

“What do you think of them?” asked Herbie Pierson, who was very proud of his imposing Great Dane.

“I’ll tell you after I’ve partaken of a little nourishment,” said Mr. Hartshorn. “You can’t expect a man to talk learnedly on an empty stomach, can you?”

He proceeded to do ample justice to his share of

the sandwiches and ice cream, while a jolly conversation was kept up, even the shyer boys entering in at last.

“Now,” said Mr. Hartshorn, as he finished his last spoonful, “let’s have a look at that Great Dane.”

He stepped down from the porch and approached Hamlet, who submitted to his caress with dignity. Then Mr. Hartshorn did strange things to him which brought a look of amazement into his eyes. He pulled back the dog’s hind feet and made him stand straight, measured his head with his hands, pulled down his lips, and thumped his ribs.

“A pretty good dog,” said Mr. Hartshorn. “A trifle off in the shoulders, perhaps, and a bit cow-hocked, but he has a good head. Ever show him?”

“No, sir,” said Herbie.

“Well, you ought to. We’ll see about that some time.”

“Won’t you tell us something about Great Danes and other dogs, Mr. Hartshorn?” asked Harry Barton. “Things like you told us about the terriers the other day.”

“Why,” said he, “I thought I must have given you such a dose of it the other time that you would want to run away from any more.”

“Oh, no, sir,” said Ernest Whipple. “We thought it was very interesting. We’ve talked it over a lot

since, and we want to know about all the other kinds of dogs, too. All the boys do."

"Well," said Mr. Hartshorn, "you never can tell what a boy will like, I guess. If you had to learn all that in school, I'll bet you'd hate it. But I don't want to overdo it. I'll tell you about just a few this time."

The boys crowded around him expectantly as he sat down again on the porch.

"The Great Dane," he began, "though once a hunting dog, a boarhound, is now classed among the non-sporting breeds, and I'll tell you something about those. They include the very biggest dogs—the mastiff, the St. Bernard, the Newfoundland, and the Great Dane. The smaller ones are the English bulldog, the French bulldog, the chow chow, the poodle, the Dalmatian, and the schipperke. The collies and other sheepdogs are also classed with the non-sporting breeds, but I'll save those for another time. Let me get a book or two, so that I'll be sure to get my information correct.

"Now then," he continued, when he had returned with his books, "I'll outline a few facts about each of these breeds, but in order to avoid sounding like a walking catalogue, I am going to omit a good many things like color, size, and weight. These things are very important in distinguishing the breeds, but they

aren't very easy to carry in your heads, and you can find them all set down in the dog books. I shall try to tell you only the interesting, picturesque things about each breed's history and character, and you can find all the rest in the books.

"Let's begin with the St. Bernard. He's the biggest of all. Who knows anything about the St. Bernard?"

"There's a piece in the Fourth Reader about them," ventured Theron Hammond. "They used to guide travelers in the Alps and rescue them when they were lost in the snow."

"And there was one named Barry," put in Harry Barton, "who saved the lives of forty people, and they set up a monument of him in Paris."

"Correct," said Mr. Hartshorn. "There's no breed more famed in song and story than the St. Bernard. It was developed long ago by the monks of the Hospice of St. Bernard in Switzerland, who trained their dogs for the purposes you have mentioned. So many of them were lost, however, that the breed got into a bad way a hundred years ago and had to be brought back by crossing with the Newfoundland and other breeds. As I said, it is one of the largest breeds, sometimes weighing as much as two hundred pounds—more than most men."

"Are there some good St. Bernard stories?" asked

Jack Whipple, who preferred anecdotes to descriptive particulars.

“A lot of them,” said Mr. Hartshorn, “but there seems to be a good deal of sameness about them. They tell of the saving of Alpine travelers and shepherds, lost in snowstorms or caught in crevasses in glaciers. Some of them are very thrilling. The best story I ever read about a St. Bernard, however, had nothing to do with mountaineering.

“This dog was the beloved friend and constant companion of the Count of Monte Veccios, a Venetian nobleman. Now it became very necessary to the Count that he should obtain certain favors from General Morosini, who was somewhat difficult of approach, in spite of the fact that he was in much the same position himself. In order to gain his own ends, the General had arranged in his palace a gorgeous banquet in honor of the Doge of Venice, from whom he hoped to gain important concessions, and he had caused his great banquet table to be laden with gold and silver plate and much fine Venetian glass.

“The Count, hearing of these preparations, screwed up his courage and called on General Morosini. He praised to the skies the table appointments, which pleased the General, but as soon as he began to plead his own cause, the General became cold and unyield-

ing and begged the Count to cease annoying him about these petty matters. As the Count left the General's palace, he turned to his faithful dog, with tears in his eyes, and said, 'You see, my friend, how badly I am used.'

"The St. Bernard was greatly affected by this, and he formed in his own mind a plan of revenge, since it was beyond his powers to secure justice. Unobserved, he stole back into the General's palace, and just as the Doge was arriving with his retinue, the dog seized the corner of the tablecloth in his mouth and dashed out of the house, upsetting the entire banquet and smashing most of the valuable glassware. I don't believe there is any moral to that story, but perhaps that won't spoil it for you.

"I don't believe I have any mastiff stories," continued Mr. Hartshorn, "but that breed must be mentioned in passing, as it is one of the very old and very famous breeds of England. The mastiff used to be popular here thirty years ago, but we seldom see any now, and sometimes I fear the breed is dying out. It's too bad, for he was a fine, powerful dog, brave and wise.

"Another fine dog that has gone out of fashion is the Newfoundland. There are still some good ones in England, but very few here. I suppose the Newfoundland has more rescues of drowning persons to

his credit than any other breed, and it's a shame to see him go. The breed originated on the island of Newfoundland a hundred years ago, and you will still see a dog's head on the Newfoundland postage stamps.

“The Newfoundland has a waterproof coat and is a wonderful swimmer, so that a good many of the anecdotes told about dogs of this breed have to do with their exploits in the water. For example, there is one of a man who fell off a narrow foot-bridge into a swift mill stream. The miller's dog promptly dived in and rescued him, and having accomplished this, coolly plunged in again to save the man's hat that was just about to be swept over the dam. There are several amusing stories told of Newfoundlands dragging bathers to shore, quite against their wills, because the dogs fancied they were in danger.

“A naval lieutenant owned a canary bird and a Newfoundland dog. While they were cruising in the Mediterranean, the bird escaped from the cabin and, flying out to sea, became weighted down with the spray and dropped into the water. The dog leaped overboard, and when he was hauled up on deck again, he dropped the bird out of his mouth, quite uninjured. Another naval officer who owned a Newfoundland was drowned when his ship was sunk near Liverpool. The faithful dog swam about over the spot for three days and three nights, searching vainly

for his master, before he would allow himself to be brought exhausted to land.

“Friendships between two dogs are very rare, but instances have been recorded, and in most of these a Newfoundland figures. At Donaghadee there was once a mastiff and a Newfoundland who were, for some reason, bitter enemies, and as both were powerful dogs, it was desirable to keep them apart. One day, however, the mastiff attacked the Newfoundland on the pier, and a terrific fight ensued. At length both dogs fell into the water and loosed their holds. The Newfoundland was soon on dry land, but the mastiff was a poor swimmer and appeared in danger of drowning. The Newfoundland, observing the plight of his recent antagonist, plunged in again and brought him to shore, after which the two dogs were the closest friends. Another Newfoundland at Cork became so annoyed by a small, troublesome cur, that at last he took him in his mouth and dropped him into the water. When the small dog was nearly drowned the Newfoundland rescued him, and was never annoyed by him again.

“But the Newfoundland has been the means of saving not merely drowning persons. In 1841 a laborer named Rake in the parish of Botley, near Southampton, in England, was buried in a gravel pit with two ribs broken. He was helpless and would

undoubtedly have died there if his employer's Newfoundland dog had not dug him out.

“William Youatt, who wrote two or three of the dog books in my library, tells of an experience he once had with a friend's Newfoundland dog named Carlo. Youatt and the friend and Carlo parted on the road to Kingston, the dog and his master turning off toward Wandsworth. Soon afterward Youatt was accosted by ruffians. He never knew what made Carlo come back to him, but the dog appeared at the critical moment and drove the men away. Carlo escorted Youatt to a safe place, and then, in the author's quaint words, ‘with many a mutual and honest greeting we parted, and he bounded away to overtake his rightful owner.’

“The Newfoundland has always been famous as the protector of children, and this is illustrated by an amusing story told of a Newfoundland that was owned by the chief engineer on H. M. S. *Buffalo*. The incident took place on an evening in 1858 at the Woolwich theater in London. In the third act of the play, ‘Jessie Vere,’ there was a violent struggle over the possession of a child. The dog, who had sneaked into the theater behind his master, flew to the rescue across the footlights, much to the consternation of all concerned.”

“My!” said Ernest Whipple, “there are certainly

a fine lot of stories about Newfoundlands. Are they all true?"

"Well," smiled Mr. Hartshorn, "I can't vouch for them all, but I believe that most of them are founded on fact, and some of them are undoubtedly quite true. Now let's see what the next dog is.

"The Great Dane is at the present time the most popular of the very large dogs. As you can see by looking at Hamlet, he is a powerful, graceful animal. The breed was used in Germany, I don't know how long ago, for hunting the wild boar and was introduced into England in the '80's as the German boarhound. You can see from this one what kind of dog it is. The ears are commonly cropped in this country, but in 1895 the practice was abolished in England for all breeds. I hope some day it will be abolished here. The fanciers think cropping makes the dog look smarter, but it's a silly, unnatural thing to do, when you come to think of it. I wish I didn't have to do it with my bull terriers, but they would never take prizes with long ears. I don't remember any Great Dane stories.

"Now we come to the smaller ones. Mike here is a very good English bulldog, though not so extreme a type as some of them. This breed, like the mastiff, is of British origin, and probably came from the same ancestry. He was trained for bull baiting and

later for pit fighting. Tramps and other people are afraid of bulldogs because of their frightful appearance, but as you can see, if you know Mike, they are often as gentle as lambs.

“The French bulldog is much smaller and he is different in many respects. He has big bat ears, for one thing. The chow chow is an interesting dog that comes from China. Perhaps you will be amazed when I tell you that this dog was originally bred and fattened by the Chinese to be eaten like pork and mutton. The tastes of the Oriental are certainly peculiar.

“The poodle, which was originally a German dog but which was developed chiefly in France, used to be better known than he is now. He is supposed to be the cleverest of all dogs and you will usually find poodles in troops of trick dogs.”

“It seems to me,” said Theron, “that I’ve read some stories about poodles.”

“Yes, there are a number of classic poodle stories,” said Mr. Hartshorn, “illustrating the cleverness of the breed. I am sorry to say that poodles have been trained as thieves’ dogs, and have been widely used by smugglers on the French frontiers, who trained them to carry lace and other valuable commodities across the border.

“The most famous of these stories is that of the poodle of the Pont Neuf, one of the bridges of Paris.

He was owned by a bootblack, who taught him to roll in the mud of the Seine and then run about among the pedestrians on the bridge, dirtying their shoes. This meant more business for the bootblack. An Englishman observed this performance and was much impressed by the dog's smartness in carrying out



Toy Poodle

his part. He offered the bootblack a good price for the poodle and took him back to London with him. But the poodle didn't care for his new life; apparently he had no wish to reform. Somehow or other he managed to stow himself away on a Channel boat and made his way back to Paris, where he returned to his former master and resumed his old occupation."

When the boys had finished laughing over this droll story, Mr. Hartshorn continued:

“The Dalmatian or coach dog comes from eastern Europe, and was bred long ago in Dalmatia, now an Austrian province. He was well known in England by 1800 and was used there as a stable dog and was trained to run with the horses and under the carriages. Here you will see them most often as mascots in fire engine houses. It’s queer how fashions run in those things. He is always pure white, evenly covered with round black or brown spots.

“The last of this group is the schipperke. I don’t believe you know him, for the breed isn’t very common here. The name means ‘little skipper,’ and the dog has long been a favorite with the captains of Flemish and Dutch canal barges. The schipperke has no tail to wag. There,” he concluded, “I guess I’ve filled you up with enough dog information for this trip. I don’t want to overdo it.”

“You couldn’t overdo it for me,” said Ernest Whipple. “Will you tell us about some of the other breeds another day?”

“And tell us more anecdotes?” chimed in Jack.

“I promise,” said Mr. Hartshorn.

Ernest, Harry, and Theron were boys of the type that love to collect facts and figures, and they had recently been doing some reading on the subject of

the breeds of dogs. They discussed the matter all the way home, becoming quite excited now and then over disputed points.

“Mr. Hartshorn said that Rags didn’t belong to any regular breed,” said Jimmie Rogers as the boys separated, “but I don’t care. There ought to be a breed like him, anyway, ’cause there isn’t any better dog anywhere. Rags is good enough for me.”

“That’s right,” cried the other boys in chorus. “You stick to Rags. He’s all right, whatever the books say. Good-by, Rags. So long, Jim.”

CHAPTER VIII

DOG DAYS

By June both Romulus and Remus were in full health again and Mr. Whipple admitted that they began to look like real English setters. They were puppies still, full of fun and mischief, but their coats had lost some of their fuzzy, silky character and their bodies had lengthened and filled out. They had gained a greater control over their muscles and in their gambols about the yard they had acquired considerable speed. Sam Bumpus came down again to look at them and pronounced them likely-looking youngsters.

“They’ve got some growin’ to do yet,” said he, “but they’re gainin’ bone and speed every day, and the first thing you know you’ll have two fine bird dogs, or I don’t know what I’m talking about.”

They also displayed increasing devotion to their masters and had begun to develop, to a certain extent, the qualities of watchdogs.

It was about this time that Jack Whipple made an extraordinary and alarming discovery. He noticed one day that Remus was having some sort of trouble

with his mouth, as though he had perhaps got a piece of bone wedged in his teeth. He worked his jaws in a laughable manner and poked at them with his paw. Then he shook his head, ejected a small white object, and appeared relieved.

Thinking it must be a piece of bone, Jack picked it up and examined it. It was a tooth! He called Ernest, and after poking about in Rome, they discovered another tooth in the sawdust beside the food dish. They proceeded to examine both dogs, and in Romulus's mouth they found another loose tooth which came out in Ernest's fingers.

"Why," cried Jack, "they're losing all their teeth. How will they eat? How can they do anything?"

Ernest was equally puzzled, and that evening they told their father about it. He also seemed perplexed.

"I'm afraid I can't help you," said he. "You'd better consult Tom Poullice or Sam Bumpus. Perhaps there's some disease that loosens dogs' teeth. Possibly it's the result of the distemper. I understand there are sometimes after-effects of that, such as deafness, and it may cause a dropping of the teeth. You'd better see about it before it goes any further."

The boys had been planning for some little time to take the two dogs up to Sam's shack, since they now seemed old and strong enough to stand the journey, and it would be good fun for all concerned.

So Ernest sent Sam word that they were coming, and on a bright, warm Saturday morning the four of them set out.

The sky was clear and blue, a light breeze tempered the warmth of the brilliant sunshine, and it was a joy just to be alive and out in the open. The boys had their hands full, for Romulus and Remus had never before enjoyed so much liberty, and they did not always answer promptly the recalling whistle. The world, this great, new world, seemed to hold so many sights and sounds and scents to interest a dog that their impulse was to keep going and searching and never turn back. But it was a pleasure just to watch the zest with which they investigated every thicket and hillock. As they trotted along, twisting and doubling and turning, their noses held now high, sniffing the breeze, now close to the ground, they seemed to develop something of that lithe grace of movement that characterized the actions of their mother and old Nan.

When they arrived at their destination, the dogs were at first much excited by the presence of so many others of their kind, but after a little while they were glad to take a long drink of water and to rest on the floor of the shack.

Sam, as usual, was smiling and cordial. "They're comin' on; they're comin' on," said he, patting the

young dogs and observing their sinewy limbs, their sensitive nostrils, and their soft, intelligent eyes. "Been teachin' 'em to hunt on the way up?"

The boys were forced to admit that they had made little progress with the vocational training of Romulus and Remus.

"Well, there's plenty of time for that," said Sam. "They've got to get the sense of the fields and the woods first. You get 'em so they'll come when they're called, and a little later on I'll have time to take 'em in hand and teach 'em the fine points of the game. How have they been, anyway? They're lookin' as sound as nuts."

"They've been very well," answered Ernest, "except for one thing. We don't know what's the trouble, but their teeth are dropping out."

"Their teeth——" began Sam, and then burst into a roar of laughter, in which the boys presently joined, though they did not know why.

"Don't you worry about them teeth," said he, when he could speak again. "I'll bet it wasn't so very long ago that Jack here had the very same trouble. Didn't you know that dogs lose their first teeth the same as boys do? Sure thing. Some folks are a good deal troubled about it and pull out the loose teeth for fear the dogs will swallow them, but it ain't likely to hurt 'em if they do. Just let 'em alone and nature will

look out for 'em. New and stronger teeth will grow in their places and then they'll be fixed for life."

The boys, relieved to find that the matter was not serious, laughed again.

"I guess this joke's on father, too," said Ernest.

This trip to Sam's shack was the first of a number of excursions thither which Sam seemed to enjoy as much as the boys and the dogs. And when vacation time came and every day was like Saturday, Ernest and Jack Whipple came to understand better what it really means to have good dogs for constant companions. It was in these days that visits to the swimming hole over by the brickyard began, and Romulus and Remus were taught to enjoy the water as much as their masters did.

This swimming hole, in fact, proved to be the accepted meeting place for most of the boys and dogs of Boytown, for it became a regular practice for the boys to bring their dogs and to invent various aquatic sports in which the dogs played an important part. Old Mike hated the water and could scarcely be induced to go in, but most of the others entered into the spirit of the game with zest. Little Alert proved to be a regular cork in the water, and even huge Hamlet splashed about in a dignified sort of way. But the general favorite was Rags. He could dive

for stones, retrieve sticks, and even stand up in the water, with his fore feet pawing the air in a manner to bring laughter to the soberest. And he had a way of devising sport of his own, not always respecting the sanctity of the boys' clothing.

I don't know how it is with other boys, but it is certain that the constant association with faithful four-footed comrades was good for the boys of Boytown. Boys are often thoughtless to an extent that verges upon cruelty. They love to tease and often find amusement in inventing new trials for a much-enduring cat or dog. But once let them get the idea of comradeship and protection firmly fixed, and not infrequently a sort of chivalry appears to develop in their natures.

At least it was so with these boys. They quarreled and disputed and occasionally fought, as boys will, but there was no more torturing of animals, and with this came less bullying of little boys and teasing of little girls. Each boy felt the responsibility of protecting his own beloved dog, and with this came a sense of protection toward all animals. Mrs. Hammond, Theron's mother, was wise enough to observe and take advantage of this, and she organized the boys into a sort of Humane Society, with meetings every two weeks, and a set of rules and objects. They were pledged to do what they could to see that no dumb animal was

abused, and more than once they were able to dissuade a brutal teamster from beating an overburdened horse. In only one quarter did they totally fail. Dick Wheaton would neither join the Humane Society nor would he mend his ways in regard to his treatment of Gyp. But at least he never attempted to abuse any other animal whenever any of the boys were about, after having received a good licking at the hands of Jimmie Rogers for annoying Rags. That taught him a much needed lesson.

If every boy in America could be taught to be as kind to animals as these boys were, and to interest himself personally in their treatment, this would be a better world to live in.

So the summer vacation days passed, with plenty of outdoor fun, the boys forming an ever closer comradeship with their common interest, and Romulus and Remus gaining in strength and wisdom every day. For the most part they were healthy dogs and gave their masters little concern on that score, though sometimes their tendency to get into mischief required attention, for Mrs. Whipple was not reconciled to their presence about her house and it was necessary to keep watch lest they offend beyond the chance of pardon. The day they brought Delia to the verge of tears by tearing a clean sheet from the clothesline and dashing with it about a muddy yard would have pro-

duced a disastrous crisis if Mr. Whipple had not once more intervened.

Once or twice the two dogs had to be doctored again for worms, and in August came the pest of fleas. This was a source of annoyance to both boys and dogs, and Mrs. Whipple, when she found it out, was in constant fear lest the insects be introduced into the house. When Ernest or Jack discovered one on their own persons at night they left no stone unturned to capture and decapitate it.

As to the dogs, they suffered not a little. Their long coats made a splendid breeding place for the parasites and they wore themselves thin with scratching. Fleas are not a pleasant thing to talk about, but all dogs get them, especially the long-haired kinds, and not even frequent visits to the swimming hole will eradicate them.

It was Sam Bumpus who told the boys what to do about it. One day, when they went up to visit him, he refused to let Romulus and Remus into the shack or near his kennels.

"They're full of fleas," said he as he watched the dogs scratching nervously, "and I don't want 'em to be droppin' 'em around where my dogs'll get 'em. I have trouble enough with the varmints as 'tis. You ought to get rid of 'em. If you don't, they'll hang on till November and the dogs'll be no good for huntin'."

“ But how do you get rid of them? ” asked Ernest.

“ Wash 'em in cresolin or cresoleum or whatever your druggist wants to call it. He'll know what you want when you tell him. Mix it with warm water and soapsuds and scrub 'em good. Then rub 'em dry. Do it outdoors on the grass. It's better than insect powder. It won't kill all the eggs, but it will drive the fleas off, and if you keep at it, and do it often enough, you'll get rid of 'em all. Besides, it gives the dogs some relief before the new ones can hatch. Better burn their beds once in awhile, too, to kill the eggs in 'em.”

The boys faithfully followed Sam's instructions and were pleased to find the trouble greatly abated.

It was in August, too, that they took Romulus and Remus for their first trip to Willowdale. They were anxious to learn what Mr. and Mrs. Hartshorn and Tom Poullice would think of their dogs, and they were always glad of an excuse to visit the bull terriers and Airedales and to listen to doggy talk.

Luckily, Mr. Hartshorn was at home on this occasion, though they paid their respects first to Tom and the kennels before going up to the big house. Tom had not seen the two setters since they had recovered from the distemper, and he was pleased to be frankly enthusiastic.

“ Well, I'll be blowed! ” he exclaimed. “ And are

these the same two dogs that I doctored in your barn last spring? They were sad enough looking pictures then. The bally rascals! They sure 'ave grown some. Hi'd like nothing better than to take 'em out some day myself on a bit of an 'unt. Look at the legs of 'em! Say, you've got two fine bird dogs there."

Naturally the boys were much pleased by Tom's praise of their beloved dogs, and they lingered for a time about the kennels while Tom pointed out to them the fine points in a setter's action and explained how their graceful, level gait enabled them to keep their noses out in front where they would catch the scent, and at the same time cover rough country at high speed.

"Hi've 'eard it said," remarked Tom, "that an 'unting pointer can travel at the rate of eighteen miles an hour and keep it up for two or three hours, and I guess a good setter's about as fast."

"My!" exclaimed Jack, joyfully, as they walked over to the house, "do you s'pose we've got the two very best dogs in the world, Ernest?"

"I don't know," said Ernest. "Maybe."

The ardor was cooled a trifle by Mr. Hartshorn. He examined Romulus and Remus in a minute, judicial, critical manner, and discovered a number of technical points in which they fell short of perfection.

“But,” he added, “they’re mighty good dogs, and you must remember that no dog is absolutely perfect from the show judge’s standpoint. And if these come from as fine a working strain as you have led me to believe, it is remarkable that they should measure up so well by bench-show standards. Some of the finest show champions are second-rate dogs in the field, and some of the best hunting and field-tried dogs couldn’t win a yellow ribbon on the bench. I should say that your dogs gave promise of developing both working and show qualities to a marked degree, and I shall watch their careers with great interest. You have a brace of fine dogs there, and no mistake.”

Whereat Jack and Ernest felt better.

“You promised to tell us something about setters and other bird dogs,” Ernest reminded him.

“Well,” said Mr. Hartshorn, “I’m not sure that I know so very much about them. I used to do a little shooting years ago, but your friend Bumpus undoubtedly knows a lot more about the game than I do.”

“Oh, yes,” said Ernest, “he does know a lot about hunting and training dogs, but I mean about the breeds themselves, their history and the sort of things you told us about some of the other breeds.”

“Well,” said Mr. Hartshorn, “I’ll do the best I can. The development of the setter is an interesting

story, but first we'll have to go back to the spaniels. Spaniels, you know, are still classed as shooting or gun dogs, and are used for that to some extent, and the setter's ancestor was a spaniel.

"The spaniel first came from Spain or France and there are still many kinds on the continent of Europe. But the spaniel has been known for a long time in England, too, and the kinds we know here are those of British development. Mrs. Hartshorn has already told you about the English toy spaniels, so I will omit those.

"In the early days, the breeds weren't divided up as they are to-day, but were known as large and small land spaniels and water spaniels. The oldest of the land spaniels of England now in existence is the Sussex spaniel. You won't see any in the United States, I think.

"The clumber spaniel you can see in our shows, but he also is more popular among the sportsmen and fanciers of England than here. He is the heaviest of the spaniels. The cocker spaniel is the most popular kind in this country. His name comes from the fact that he was used in England for many years for hunting woodcock. He is smaller than the others. The field spaniel is much like a large-sized cocker, weighing about twice as much. Finally there is the curly, brown Irish water spaniel, which is really more closely

related to the retriever and the poodle than to the other spaniels.

“ Though spaniels are sporting dogs, they have always been enjoyed quite as much for their companionship, and they have an enviable reputation for fidelity. There is a story told of a spaniel of the time of the French Revolution which reminds one of Greyfriars Bobby. This dog belonged to a magistrate who was condemned for conspiracy and was thrown into prison. By means of his coaxing and pretty ways, the spaniel at last won the heart of one of the jailers and managed to get in to his master. He never left him after that, even crouching between his knees when the magistrate was guillotined. He followed the body to its burial and tried to dig into the grave. Obligated at last to abandon hope of ever seeing his master again, he refused to eat, and died at length, of hunger and exposure, on his master’s grave.

“ Another sad story of devotion is that of a spaniel belonging to the gamekeeper of the Rev. Mr. Corseillis of Wivenhoe, Essex, England. This dog’s name was Dash, and he was his master’s constant companion at night, when he was able to render valuable service in helping to detect poachers. When the old gamekeeper died, nothing could persuade Dash to accompany his successor on his rounds. He divided his time between the grave and the room in which his master

had died, and at last he, too, died of a broken heart.

“Let me give you a more cheerful one before we pass on to the setters. Once when Mrs. Grosvenor of Richmond went to visit a relative who owned some pet cats, she took her Blenheim spaniel with her. The cats, who were selfish, spoiled creatures, were too many for the small spaniel, and they succeeded in driving him out of the house. But he refused to acknowledge defeat. He proceeded to establish an alliance with the gardener’s cat, a big, husky Tom, and when the time was ripe, the two of them attacked and routed their common enemy, after which the spaniel was let alone.

“Now we come to the setters. In some respects they are our finest gun dogs. They came from one of the old land spaniels that was taught to crouch when finding game and they were called setting spaniels until about 1800. Since then the breed has been greatly improved. There are three well-known varieties, English, Irish, and Gordon, all first-class dogs.

“A man named Laverack in Shropshire, England, was the one who did the most to develop the English setter. He bred them from 1825 to 1875 and produced the standard strain. Later a man named Llewellyn promoted the strain and added new blood.

You will still hear the names Laverack and Llewellyn applied to different types of English setters. This English variety is the most popular and numerous of the three.

“I don’t want to make any unpleasant comparisons, but to my mind the Irish setter is the handsomest of the family, though as a sporting dog he does not rank with the English setter. His shape is very nearly the same as that of the English setter, but his coat is always a wonderful red-brown, almost golden when the sun shines on it, often very dark, but with no black spots.

“The Gordon setter is the heaviest of the three and comes from a strain developed a century ago by the Duke of Richmond Gordon, a Scotchman. The color is always rich black and tan.

“These are not the only bird dogs, however. There are the retrievers and the pointer, besides some European breeds, but I’m going to save them for another time. I’ve got to get ready to catch a train now, and besides, I’m afraid of giving you this sort of information in too large a chunk.”

Mr. Hartshorn bade them good-by and went upstairs. The boys remained a few minutes longer with Mrs. Hartshorn, who had taken a great fancy to Romulus and Remus, and then they set off for home in the hot sun of the afternoon.

CHAPTER IX

THE TRAINING OF ROMULUS

ON the way back from Thornboro that day something happened that gave a new direction to the thoughts and aspirations of Ernest and Jack Whipple. They had gone somewhat out of their way to a woods road that was shadier and cooler than the highway and Romulus was nosing and sniffing about in the underbrush quite a little distance to the left. Ernest whistled, but Romulus apparently did not hear. He seemed to be darting about in the bushes with unusual eagerness.

“What has he found, do you s’pose?” asked Jack.

“Let’s go and see,” said Ernest.

The two boys and Remus turned out of the road and approached the spot where Romulus was hunting. Suddenly there was a whir of wings and a dark object flashed upward and disappeared among the trees.

For a moment Romulus and Remus both stood rigid, with heads and tails outstretched. Then they broke and disappeared in the woods. It was some little time before the boys could get them back again

and started along the homeward road. The boys, breathless with running, had not spoken to each other, but now Ernest said:

“It was some kind of a bird, Jack. Did you notice?”

“Yes,” said Jack. “Why, Ernest, they know how to hunt already.”

“I guess it’s instinct,” said Ernest. “And did you see them point? They really did, for a minute, just like Sam’s Nan, or the pictures in the books.”

“Oh, Ernest,” cried Jack, “we must take them hunting. Do you s’pose we could?”

“Sam could, anyway,” said the older boy. “He said he’d train them.”

The rest of the way home they talked of nothing but hunting and the wonderful achievements that were in store for the two dogs.

Mr. Whipple approved the plan to have Romulus and Remus trained. A good dog, in his eyes, was a dog that was good for something, and he recognized the value of a well-trained bird dog though he had no desire to see the boys become too fond of hunting themselves.

“All right,” said he, “take them up to Bumpus and let him train them, but you boys must promise not to ask to handle a gun yourselves. You’re not old enough, for one thing, and besides, your mother

doesn't approve of shooting. It's a dangerous business at best. Remember, now, no nonsense about guns."

The boys, willing to postpone that question till some future time, readily promised, and on a Saturday morning in September, soon after the reopening of school, they took the dogs up to Sam's shack.

"Remember," said Sam, "I ain't promisin' anything. You never can tell what kind of a bird dog a setter will make till you've tried him out. I've got a lot of other things to attend to this fall, too. But I'll do the best I can, and you mustn't be impatient if they ain't all finished off in two weeks. Now we'll take 'em out for their first lesson."

That first lesson proved to be a rather tedious affair to Ernest and Jack. Nothing was said about birds or guns, pointing or retrieving. Sam's chief aim was to get the dogs to obey his word and whistle as well as they obeyed those of the boys, and the latter were forced to keep silent while he gradually gained the mastery over the two lively young dogs. Sam displayed, in this, much greater patience than the boys did, but still it was pleasant to be out in the fields this fine September day and to watch the dogs as they came to respond more and more readily to the commands of their trainer. At first, indeed, there was but one command, expressed by a sharp whistle or by

the words "Come here, boy!" Sam seemed determined to add no further commands until he had secured unfailing and prompt obedience to this one. But, slow as the process was, it was really remarkable what progress was made in a few short hours.

At noon they took the dogs back to the shack to enjoy a rest and a dry bone apiece, while Sam cooked and served a delicious luncheon of buckwheat cakes, bacon, and cocoa. Then, after he had enjoyed a pipe or two and they had listened to some of his tales of dogs and hunting, they started out again.

This time Sam fastened a cord of good length to the dogs' collars, something they were not used to.

"I'll need to use this later on," said he, "and they've got to get used to the feel of it first. They've got to learn to stand it without pullin', and to answer the signals."

Again he exhibited extraordinary patience, for the dogs resented this unaccustomed restraint and seemed possessed to pull at their leads and try to break away. It took a good two hours to break them to this simple harness. Then Sam took it off and went all over the first lesson again, which at first the dogs appeared to have forgotten.

"Well, as the minister says, here endeth the first lesson," said Sam when the shadows of late afternoon

began to lengthen, and they turned back again toward the shack. The boys now realized that they were very tired.

“Do you think they’ll ever learn?” asked Jack, somewhat plaintively.

“Why, sure,” said Sam. “I’ve seen worse ones than these. They’re high spirited, as good dogs ought to be, and a bit heady, but they’ll learn. They’ve done very well, so far.”

Still doubting, but somewhat encouraged, the boys prepared to take their departure. In order that the training might go on uninterrupted it was necessary to leave Romulus and Remus in Sam’s care, and it is a question which felt the worse about the separation, the boys or the dogs. Ernest and Jack knew that their pets would be in good hands and kindly treated, but it was hard to say good-by. As for the dogs, they set up a howling and crying, when they found they were being deserted.

“They’ll soon get over that,” said Sam. “They’ll begin to take an interest in the other dogs pretty soon, and then they’ll feel more at home.”

Thus reassured, the boys started off down the road without their four-footed comrades, but the insistent wails that followed them were very heart-rending, and two big tears rolled down Jack’s round cheeks. And it was several days before they could get used to the

desolate, deserted look of Rome or become reconciled to the absence of their playmates.

They could hardly wait for the next Saturday to come, when they could go up again to Sam's shack and visit their beloved dogs. Romulus and Remus were overjoyed at seeing them again, and it was some time before Sam could get them quieted down sufficiently to take them out for another lesson. He had been training them during the week, and the boys now heard him addressing them with strange words. He placed their check-cords on again, and this time the dogs did not seem to resent it so much. Indeed, they seemed to look upon it as the preliminary of a good time, which, as Sam explained, was the idea he had tried to impress on them.

"Hie-on!" cried Sam, and the dogs started off at a bound.

"To-ho!" he called. This meant to stop abruptly, and this command the dogs, hoping for a good run, did not obey so readily. A quick tug at the check-cord reminded them of the meaning of the command, and soon they stopped more promptly at the words.

"Come in," said Sam, and the dogs approached him.

"Charge!" said Sam. "Down!" After several attempts the dogs reluctantly obeyed and crouched at his feet.

“Heel!” he cried, and after several repetitions of the order they took their places quietly behind him.

“They’re always a little slower the first thing in the mornin’,” Sam explained, “before they’ve run off some of their deviltry. They’ll improve as they go along.”

And improve they did. In the afternoon Sam took them out without the check-cord and kept perseveringly at them until they would “hie-on” and “to-ho” and “charge” and “heel” with reasonable promptness.

“By next week I hope to show you something more,” said Sam.

“When will you shoot over them and teach them to point?” asked Ernest.

“Oh, not for some time yet,” said Sam. “They’ve got to learn the a b c of it first. Next I shall try to teach them to answer my hand. First I’ll call and wave at the same time, and then just wave. Then they’ve got to learn to range—to go whichever direction I want ’em to and turn when I want ’em to. Then I’ll give ’em lessons in retrievin’.”

But before another Saturday had come around, Sam had discovered something—something which affected the whole future career of Remus.

Ernest and Jack had duties to perform that Saturday which engaged them the entire morning, and they were unable to go up to Sam’s until afternoon. Their

visit was consequently a short one and they had but little time to spend with Sam in the field. They found, however, that the training had been progressing satisfactorily. Sam was allowing the dogs to range in ever widening circles, and on the whole they were obeying his commands in a promising manner. They were beginning to retrieve objects, also, not as a hit-or-miss game after the manner of Rags, but in answer to the commands "Go fetch it," and "Pick it up." Moreover, the dogs were less homesick now that they had begun to take an interest in their occupations and to become acquainted with the other dogs. They seemed to understand, too, that Ernest and Jack had not utterly deserted them but might be expected to appear at almost any moment.

But when it came time to go home Sam detained them for a moment.

"I've got to tell you something," said he, scratching his chin and looking a bit unhappy, "and I don't believe you'll like it much."

"Oh," cried Ernest, "can't you keep the dogs?"

"I can keep Romulus," said Sam, "but I've got to ask you to take Remus back. I've given him every chance and I find he's hopeless as a bird dog. He learns quick enough—quicker than Romulus if anything. But he's got no nose, none at all, and a setter with no nose is about useless in the field. It would

be a waste of time to try to train him, and when we got on the birds he would only get in Romulus's way and spoil him. So I guess you'll have to take him back and let me go ahead with the good one."

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired Jack, struggling to hide his disappointment. "Can't he smell?"

"Oh, I s'pose he can tell spoiled fish when he gets it, but he don't catch the scent of anything on the air. I guess it was the distemper that did it. He had it worse than Romulus and it often spoils their noses when they have it hard enough. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped and it can't be cured."

For a few minutes Jack stood silent, pressing his lips together. Then suddenly he knelt down beside Remus and hugged him passionately.

"I don't care whether you've got a nose or not, Remus," he cried. "I don't want to go hunting, ever. Noses don't matter. You're the best dog in the whole world, anyhow."

And so they took Remus back with them that afternoon, leaving Romulus behind, howling mournfully for his brother.

Such reports as they received from Sam indicated that the training of Romulus proceeded with fair rapidity during the fall. They were not able to go up to his shack very often for one reason or another, and Jack, at least, was not so anxious to do so as he

had been. Remus lived in solitary luxury in Rome and was in some danger of being spoiled by the petting he received from his loyal master.

Romulus, so Ernest learned, could now retrieve at command and would bring back a dead pigeon or other bird without rumpling its feathers. He would also range in obedience to a wave of Sam's hand and was gradually learning to stand fast and hold his point when he flushed a covey of birds. Finally Sam took out his gun to shoot over him, and the rest of his training was to be chiefly that persistent practice which finally makes perfect.

It was decided that Romulus should remain with Sam until snow fell, but one night there came a scratching and a whining at the door and a series of peculiar short little barks so persistently kept up that they awakened both the boys. They slipped on their dressing gowns and slippers and stole downstairs.

At the door they found Romulus with a broken bit of rope tied to his collar.

"Why," cried Jack, "it's Romulus. See, he must have broken away."

"He came all the way home alone in the dark," said Ernest. "How do you s'pose he ever found his way?"

Romulus seemed to understand that it was not the time to make a noise, for though he kept leaping on

the boys in an access of delight and making little sounds in his throat that were almost human, he refrained from the loud, joyous barking that he would have indulged in if it had been daytime. Remus had heard him, however, and was making a considerable commotion in Rome. So the boys took Romulus quietly out to his brother, who greeted him with paw and tongue and voice, and bidding both dogs good-night, they went back to the house.

So it was decided that if Romulus so much desired his own home, he should be deprived of it no longer. Sam came down in a day or two to find out about it.

“I thought he’d probably run home,” said he, “but I wanted to make sure. I guess we’d better leave him here now. I’m pretty near through with him for this fall, anyway. You just bring him up once in awhile so I can take him out and not let him forget what I’ve learned him.”

Meanwhile the affairs of Boytown were going on much as usual. Autumn passed in golden glory, with nutting expeditions in October in which sometimes as many as a dozen boys and a dozen dogs joined forces. As they started out through the town streets, Mr. Fellowes, the news dealer and stationer, said it looked as though a circus had come to town.

Such things, however, were of common and regular occurrence. Only two episodes of that season deserve

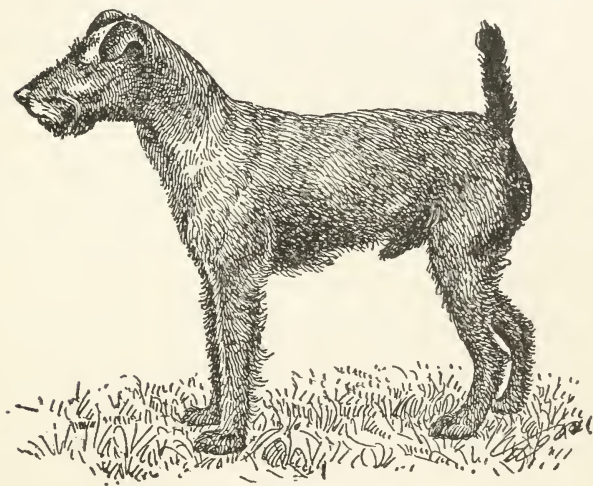
to be specially recorded. One was a dog fight which for a time brought the dog-owning fraternity of Boytown into ill repute.

For some time several of the boys had been bragging, as boys will, about the prowess in battle of their particular dogs, and this narrowed down at length to an unsettled controversy between Monty Hubbard and Harry Barton. Monty maintained that the Irish terrier was the greatest dare-devil and fighter in the canine world, and he quoted books and individuals to prove it. Harry, on the other hand, insisted that the bulldog's grit and tenacity were proverbial, and loudly asserted that if Mike once got a grip on Mr. O'Brien's throat, it would be good-by, Mr. O'Brien.

It is only fair to the boys to state that it was the Irish terrier that started the fracas on his own initiative. He was a scrappy terrier, always ready to start something, and it usually required considerable vigilance to keep him out of trouble. But it must be confessed that on this particular occasion his master did not exert the usual restraint.

It happened out on the road that Ernest and Jack so often took when they visited Sam Bumpus or Trapper's Cave. Mr. O'Brien had been annoying the other dogs for some little time, rushing and barking at them and inviting a friendly encounter. He was not vicious, but he loved a tussle. Finally Mike the bulldog,

usually so long-suffering, lost patience and turned on Mr. O'Brien with a menacing snarl that seemed to mean business. For a moment the Irishman stood still in surprise, while Mike, his head held low, waited with a stubborn look in his eyes.



Irish Terrier

That was clearly the time for interference, but I regret to say that instead of interfering, the boys grouped themselves about with feelings of not unpleasant anticipation. I further regret to say that Ernest Whipple was one of the most interested.

Suddenly Mr. O'Brien, recovering from his surprise, returned to the attack with an impetuous rush which

nearly bowled Mike over. But Mike was heavier than Mr. O'Brien and stood very solidly on his four outspread feet. He merely turned about and presented a terrifying front to his more active antagonist. Again Mr. O'Brien rushed, seeking a hold on Mike's big, muscular neck.

For a time Mr. O'Brien seemed to be having the best of it. He took the offensive and seemed to be on all sides of Mike at once. The bulldog's ear was bleeding and Harry urged him to retaliate.

Suddenly Mike raised his huge bulk and bore down the lighter dog beneath his weight. Then he began methodically seeking the vice-like hold that would have meant the last of Mr. O'Brien.

Just at that moment, however, a diversion occurred.

"Here, there, what are you doin'?" demanded a man's hoarse voice, and Sam Bumpus came striding into the thick of it. Without the slightest fear or hesitation, though such an act was decidedly not without danger, he darted in and seized the dogs by their collars, one in each hand, and displaying wonderful strength of arm he dragged them apart. If Mike had succeeded in getting his hold, if Sam had come up a minute later, he could not have done it. As it was, he held the snarling, struggling dogs at arm's length, shook them, and then ordered their masters to take them in charge and keep them apart.

Ernest had never seen Sam angry before; he was usually the embodiment of even-tempered good humor. But he was angry now. His jaws snapped and his eyes flashed, and he seemed to be itching to give somebody a good spanking. At last he spoke.

"I thought you boys was fond of dogs," he said. "I thought you made a great fuss about bein' kind to animals. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, settin' two good dogs on to fight each other. Don't you know no better? Dogs are built to fight, and they ought to know how to when it's necessary, but any man or boy that starts 'em fightin' for sport is a coward."

Without another word he turned and vanished into the woods. The boys made no comments, either, and I am glad to say that most of them were about as ashamed of themselves as boys can be. By common consent the afternoon's expedition was abandoned and the company dispersed.

But that was not all of it. The story of the dog fight leaked out, and there was more than one home in Boytown in which a boy was warned that if anything of that kind happened again there would be no more dogs in that family. And Monty Hubbard received something even more impressive than a lecture. Mrs. Hammond, when she heard of it, was wise enough to say nothing until the matter had

cooled down somewhat. Then she took occasion to set forth her views in a way that the boys never forgot, and there was never another encouraged dog fight in that town.

The other incident which I spoke of was the strange disappearance of Romulus. One morning he was gone and he did not return home all that day. Ernest searched for him in vain and went to bed that night with a very heavy heart. The next day Romulus did not appear, nor the next. Acting on his father's advice, Ernest placed an advertisement in the paper and offered a reward, but without result. Little by little Ernest was forced to give up hope, and a very disconsolate boy he was. Jack and Remus did their best to console him, but he grieved night and day. No one could suggest what had become of Romulus.

Then, on the evening of the fifth day, a slight scratching was heard at the door, and a low whine. Ernest, who was studying his lessons, heard it first. Dropping his book on the floor, he rushed out, closely followed by Jack and Mr. Whipple. There lay Romulus on the door mat, "all in," as Sam Bumpus would have said. He was so weak and weary that he could hardly rise, and the wonder was that he had been able to drag himself home. A piece of rope attached to his collar showed that he had broken loose from somewhere, and bleeding feet testified to the

distance he had come. Ernest lifted him in his arms and buried his face in the dog's shaggy coat, and Romulus responded as well as he could with a warm, moist tongue and a wagging tail.

After they had given him a dinner of warm broth and had made him comfortable in Rome, Mr. Whipple succeeded at last in dragging Ernest away.

"He'll be all right now," said Mr. Whipple. "He's exhausted, but he'll soon recover from that. He's a young dog, you know."

"But where could he have been?" wondered Jack.

"It's my belief that he was stolen," said Mr. Whipple. "Someone who knew he was a valuable dog stole him, but I doubt if we shall ever learn who it was. But he must have been taken some distance away. He looks as though he might have traveled thirty miles or more."

"How do you s'pose he ever found his way back?" asked Jack.

Mr. Whipple shook his head. "Dogs are wonderful creatures," said he.

CHAPTER X

WILLOWDALE DOGS IN NEW YORK

THERE are parts of Connecticut in which winter is likely to be a rather moist and miserable season, but Boytown was situated in the hills where it was colder and dryer. It lay in the snow belt, as Mr. Whipple used to say. Consequently, winter was, for these boys, a season which offered as many opportunities for outdoor sport as summer—coasting, skating, and all the rest of it.

A favorite pastime with Ernest and Jack Whipple was what they called snowshoeing. They wore no snowshoes or skiis, to be sure, but they pretended they did, and they enjoyed trudging off over the snow-covered fields and through the woods with their dogs, with their eyes ever on the alert for the tracks of birds and wild animals. It was Sam Bumpus who taught them how to distinguish these tracks, and whenever they found an unfamiliar one they took the news to him and learned what animal had made it. He showed them where a flock of quail had spent the night in a close circle on the lee of a stone wall or a corn shock and he told them about the quail's inter-

esting life history. He showed them how some birds hop and some, like the crow and the blackbird and the starling, walk like a man or a chicken. He taught them to know the tracks of the squirrel, the rabbit, and the white-footed mouse, and even the fox and the raccoon, and one day he showed them where an owl's wings had brushed the snow when he swooped down to catch a mouse whose lacy little trail ended abruptly. Jack thought that was a sad little story for the snow to tell.

Often they wanted no other object than merely to be out in the open, with the constant possibility of finding rare tracks, but sometimes they walked with a more definite purpose—to take Romulus up to Sam's for a little training to refresh his memory, or, when a longer trip was possible, to pay a visit to Tom Poul-tice and the Hartshorns. They were always welcome there.

It was on one of these visits in January that Mr. Hartshorn made good his promise to tell them something about the breeds of gun dogs other than setters and spaniels.

“I thought you must have forgotten about that,” said he. “What memories you youngsters have—for some things. Well, suppose we see how much we know about the pointer. He is the dog, you know, that contests with the English setter the title of most

popular and efficient gun dog. I won't attempt to settle the matter. Each breed has its loyal advocates, and at the field trials sometimes a pointer wins and sometimes a setter.

“The pointer is a wonderfully symmetrical, lithe, athletic dog, with remarkable nose, bird sense, and action. Like the setter he has been trained to point and retrieve. He strains back to hound origin, probably, but was developed as a distinct breed in Europe long ago, doubtless with the help of setter and fox-hound crosses. Some pointers are wonderfully stanch. I knew of one who held the same point without moving for an hour and a quarter, while an artist painted his portrait, and I once heard of one who caught a scent while halfway over a fence, and hung there by his fore paws till the birds were flushed.

“Then there are several varieties of retrievers that are also bird dogs. In this country we have the retrievers proper, the Labrador dog, and the Chesapeake Bay dog, though none of them are very common. They are all probably of spaniel origin.

“The Labrador dog is supposed to have come from Labrador, but we don't know much about his history before 1850, when he was introduced into England and was trained and used as a sporting dog. The wavy-coated retriever, called also the flat-coated retriever, became popular among British sportsmen and

fanciers about 1870. He has a wavy coat, longer than that of the Labrador dog. The curly-coated retriever, less common in England than the wavy, has seldom been shown here. He is characterized by short, crisp curls all over his body, with the exception of the head, strongly suggesting the presence of poodle or Irish water spaniel blood in his make-up. The Chesapeake Bay dog originated in Maryland and possesses many of the traits of the retrievers. He probably sprang from Labrador ancestors, crossed with tan-colored hounds.

“Finally we come to a very interesting dog, one that you would love if you knew him—the wire-haired pointing griffon. He is a new dog with us, but an old one in France, Holland, Belgium, and Germany. He is a splendid bird dog, useful for all kinds of game, and a natural pointer and retriever. He is medium-sized, symmetrical, and well built, with a wiry coat, and has a face something like an otter hound or an Airedale. And there you have all the prominent gun dogs.”

“What is an otter hound?” asked Ernest.

Mr. Hartshorn laughed. “You are insatiable,” said he. “Some day I’ll tell you about the otter hound and all the other members of the hound family, but not to-day. You’ve had enough.”

It was partly the prospect of gaining information of

this sort that made the trips to Willowdale so attractive to the boys, partly a genuine liking for Mr. and Mrs. Hartshorn, and partly the fun of talking with Tom Poullice and watching the Airedales and bull terriers. But more than all I think it was the homelike, hospitable character and doggy atmosphere of the big house. It was a place where everybody loved dogs and took as much interest in them as though they were people, and where any dog lover was welcome. Consequently, their visits there were more frequent than Mrs. Whipple thought was quite proper.

“You’ll wear out your welcome,” she warned. But somehow they didn’t seem to.

It was during these winter days that they heard a good deal of talk about dog shows, both from Mr. and Mrs. Hartshorn and from Tom Poullice. Tom, indeed, was as much interested in the show dogs as if they had been his own and he was never tired of talking of their achievements on the bench and of their possible future triumphs. Mr. Hartshorn owned a string of winners of both his breeds that were famous throughout the country and that included several great champions. Tom, who nearly always took the dogs to the shows and stayed with them, knew every little point about them as well as the points of their rivals.

“Of course, it’s a bloomin’ gamble,” he would say. “So much depends on whether your dog or the other one is in the best condition. That’s why I’ve been doing so much fussing over them this winter. You can’t be too careful. An upset stomach may mean a staring coat and may spoil a dog’s chances. And then again you may run up against a new judge with hideas of ’is own, and then all your reckoning goes to smash. It’s a great game, boys.”

And so they were wont to go out to the kennels and watch Tom grooming the dogs and listen to his wise talk about points and judging. These were busy days for him, for some of the biggest shows take place in the winter and the early spring, and he had to keep the dogs in constant condition.

It was from Tom that they learned the names of famous dogs of various breeds, of instances when great champions had been beaten by unknown newcomers, and of the rising and setting stars of dogdom, but it was from Mr. Hartshorn that they gained a clear idea of what a dog show was like. He described to them the crowded halls, the long rows of dogs of many breeds chained in little stalls on benches, the arrangement of novice and puppy and limit and open classes for the different breeds, and all the rest of it.

“The dogs are taken to the show ring in classes,”

said he, "and the judge for that breed sizes them up, feels of them, examines eyes, teeth, and hair, compares posture and spirit and all the other things that count, figures it all up according to a scale of points, and then hands out ribbons to the winners—a blue ribbon for first prize, a red one for second, and a yellow one for third. Cash prizes go with the ribbons usually. There are also special trophies for special winnings, such as the best American-bred dog of the breed, or the best brace, and there is the contest between the winners of the different classes in each breed. Finally, in some of the big shows, there is a special trophy for the best dog of any breed in the show. This contest is usually held at the end of the show, or perhaps before the packs of hounds and beagles are judged, and it is always an exciting time. Every exhibitor hopes to win one of the specials, but most of the dogs are trying for their championship titles."

"How do they win a championship?" asked Ernest.

"A dog becomes a champion," answered Mr. Harts-horn, "when he has won fifteen points in authorized shows. These points are granted according to the size of the show. At the biggest shows the winner of a first prize gets three points; at the smaller shows, where he has less competition, he gets two points or one point. An official record is kept of them all."

“The New York show is the biggest of all, isn’t it?” asked Ernest.

“Yes,” said Mr. Hartshorn. “It is usually held in Madison Square Garden in February—four days including Washington’s Birthday. It’s too long a time for the dogs to be benched, but there are so many of them that it is impossible to get through the judging in less time. Sixteen or eighteen hundred dogs are shown there, worth I don’t know how many thousands of dollars, and the crowds of spectators are big in proportion. You get an idea at one of those shows how many people are interested in dogs. The New York show is run by the Westminster Kennel Club, and because it’s the biggest of all its trophies are greatly coveted. The dog that is adjudged the best of all breeds at the New York show becomes the champion of champions of the United States.”

“Oh, my!” sighed Jack, “I wish I could see a dog show like that.”

“You will, some day,” said Mr. Hartshorn. “And who knows but that you may have a dog benched there and carry away some blue ribbons and a silver cup.”

“Anyway,” said Ernest, “you’ll tell us all about this next one, and what your dogs win, won’t you, Mr. Hartshorn?”

“You may depend upon that,” said he.

When the other boys learned what was afoot they all became mightily interested in the bench-show game and in the prospects of the Willowdale entries at New York. One or two of them had subscribed to papers devoted to the dog fancy and these were handed about until the boys had familiarized themselves with the names of some of the old champions and the newer dogs of whom great things were expected. Heated discussions ensued, but all were agreed in wishing luck to the Willowdale dogs.

They were a bit disappointed when they learned that Mr. Hartshorn had decided to send down only four of the bull terriers and five Airedales, but Tom Poullice explained the reason for this.

“It costs five dollars for each entry of each dog, and wot’s the use of entering dogs that don’t stand a chance? Ch. Earl of Norfolk is getting old and ’e’s all out of coat, and it wouldn’t be fair to ’im to show ’im that way. We’ve picked the ones we’re going to win with.”

When Mr. and Mrs. Hartshorn and Tom Poullice started out in the big car for New York, with two of Mrs. Hartshorn’s Poms on the back seat with her, they were followed by the envious longings of most of the boys of Boytown. But the boys did not have to wait for their return to learn about the results of the judging. They bought New York papers which

reported the show fully, and they devoured every word of the reports. Many of the familiar names appeared among the winners, and the Willowdale dogs captured their full share of the honors. Even Mrs. Hartshorn's Tip won two red ribbons, while that splendid bull terrier, Willowdale's White Hope, was adjudged the best American-bred dog of his breed exhibited by his breeder, and gathered up enough extra points to secure his championship title. But the climax in their rejoicing was reached when they read that the new Airedale, Bingo's Queen Molly, had gone right through her classes to reserve winners in an entry of over one hundred of the best Airedales in the United States.

It was, in short, a great four days for Willowdale. The Hartshorns returned on Sunday, having arranged for the shipment of the dogs on Saturday, and they graciously invited the whole gang up on the following Saturday to admire the conquering heroes and their shining trophies and to learn all about what happened from the lips of Mr. and Mrs. Hartshorn and Tom Poullice, who, by the way, wore a grin that appeared to have become permanent.

"Didn't I tell you that Molly was the genuine harticle?" was his frequently repeated comment.

It was unthinkable that, after all this, the boys should speedily lose interest. On the contrary, dog

shows remained the foremost topic of conversation for a month, until one day Herbie Pierson had an inspiration.

“ Say, fellers,” he exploded one morning, bursting in upon a group of his friends in front of the school-house, “ let’s get up a dog show of our own.”

Just then the bell rang, which was rather unfortunate for all concerned. The teachers found the boys strangely inattentive that day and preoccupied, and more than one of them had to be reprimanded for whispering or for passing notes.

As soon as they obtained their freedom they plunged at once into a discussion of Herbie’s fascinating plan, and in an incredibly short time they had arranged the essential details. The Easter recess was selected as the most fitting time for the Boytown Dog Show and a committee was appointed, consisting of Herbie Pierson, Harry Barton, and Ernest Whipple, to select a suitable place and make the necessary arrangements.

After considerable discussion it was decided that the Morton barn would make an ideal show hall, provided they could gain Mr. Morton’s consent. It was one of the largest barns in the town proper and it was for the most part unoccupied, Mr. Morton having disposed of his horses when he bought his car.

Mr. Morton was the president of the First National

Bank, and a person of great dignity and importance, of whom the boys stood somewhat in awe. But they had set their hearts on getting his barn, and so they screwed up their courage and called on him at his home one afternoon after banking hours.

He turned out to be not such a formidable personage after all. In fact, he was amused by the diffidence of the delegation that called on him, and even more amused when Harry Barton, who had been chosen spokesman, outlined their plan and requested the use of his barn.

“I’ll let you hold your show in my barn on two conditions,” said he, after asking several questions. “First, you must promise to clean up thoroughly after it’s all over. Second, will you allow me to enter Li Hung Chang in competition?”

Li Hung Chang was the blue-gray chow that followed at Mr. Morton’s heels wherever he went, spent his days at the bank, and never had a word to say to any other dog. To this request the committee granted a ready and joyful request. And it gave them another idea—to invite the adult dog owners of Boytown, as well as the boys, to exhibit their dogs.

A meeting of the Humane Society was called to receive the report of the committee’s success and to arrange further details. It was voted to charge an entrance fee of fifty cents for each dog shown and

twenty-five cents admission for spectators, the proceeds to be donated to the local chapter of the Red Cross of which Mrs. Hammond was an active member.

Since there were hardly two dogs in Boytown of the same breed, it did not seem possible to arrange for classes as in the big shows, so it was decided to make it a free-for-all contest, with first, second, and third prizes. Another committee was appointed to obtain these prizes from Boytown merchants and to secure the services of Mr. Hartshorn as judge.

Mr. Hartshorn, when approached on the matter, quite readily gave his consent, and the boys did not have great difficulty in obtaining the prizes when they explained that the show would be for the benefit of the Red Cross. In fact, Mr. Pierson, Herbie's father, who was a jeweler, was unexpectedly generous. He promised a silver cup for the first prize—not a large one, but real silver—to be engraved later with the name of the show, the date, and the name of the winning dog. The boys were so enthusiastically grateful for this that they expressed the hope that Herbie's Hamlet might win the trophy himself.

For six months past Ernest Whipple had been delivering evening papers for Mr. Fellowes, the news dealer, and had become quite a close friend of his employer's. This was due to the fact that Mr. Fel-

lowes had once had a brindle bull terrier that had met an untimely death and whose memory ever remained fresh in his heart. The dog's name had been Bounce, and Mr. Fellowes found in Ernest a willing listener to his tales of Bounce's sagacity, courage, and fidelity. He was a genuine dog lover and enjoyed having Ernest bring Romulus in to see him, for the boy's dog nearly always accompanied him on his paper route. Mr. Fellowes had become much interested in the activities of the Humane Society and had become acquainted with most of the dogs of Boytown, and when Ernest told him about the plan for a show he expressed a wish to have some part in it. Ernest was not a member of the prize committee, but when he reported that Mr. Fellowes wished to donate a dog collar, it was unanimously voted to accept it as second prize. The third prize was a twenty-pound box of dog biscuit offered by Mr. Dewey, the grocer.

CHAPTER XI

THE BOYTOWN DOG SHOW

THE Boytown Dog Show was scheduled for Wednesday of Easter week, and the days preceding it were busy ones for the members of the Boytown Humane Society. They called on every owner of a dog in town, both boys and grown-ups, and succeeded in obtaining entry fees from a good proportion of them. In the end, they had twenty-six entries, ranging from Herbie Pierson's Great Dane down to Mrs. Peabody's little Peke, and they saw to it that every one of these dogs was benched on the day of the show.

On Monday morning the citizens of Boytown were amused to find tacked to trees, billboards, and telephone poles in different parts of the town a score or more home-made posters announcing the show, and advertisements appeared in the local papers. The posters were somewhat crudely done, perhaps, in red and black ink, but they left no doubt as to their import, and it is safe to say that there wasn't a single resident of Boytown who did not soon know of the coming exhibition. The posters read as follows:

BOYTOWN DOG SHOW!

Morton's Barn, Henry Street.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12.

9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Come and see the finest dogs in Boytown. 26 dogs—21 breeds. First, second, and third prizes will be awarded to the best dogs. Mr. Merton Hartshorn, proprietor of the famous Willowdale Kennels, will act as judge. Judging will begin at 2.30 P.M. Prizes will be awarded at 4 P.M.

ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

The proceeds will be given to the
Red Cross.

The question of Dick Wheaton gave the boys a little trouble. They didn't like Dick, he was not a member of the Humane Society, and some of the boys thought he ought to be barred out because of his well-known disposition to be unkind to animals. Besides, he had been openly making fun of the whole proceeding. Being divided in the matter, they sought Mrs. Hammond's advice.

"I should let him enter Gyp if he will," said she. "It can't do you any harm, and it may help to get Dick a little more interested in dogs and in the Humane Society. Besides, it isn't Dick that's going to

be benched, but Gyp, and you haven't anything against Gyp."

Put in that way, it did seem unfair to bar out an unoffending dog, who deserved nothing but sympathy, just because his master was not popular. So Gyp became one of the twenty-six. Mr. Hartshorn refused to consider bringing down any of his dogs, and the boys were rather glad of that, for it would hardly be a fair competition if the ordinary dogs of Boytown were obliged to compete with the winners of Willowdale. It was too much like introducing professionals into an amateur contest.

"Besides," said Mr. Hartshorn, "it would be highly improper for a judge to have to judge his own dogs. It isn't done, you know."

So that matter was satisfactorily settled. Mrs. Hartshorn was invited to enter her toys, but she declined on the ground that this was a Boytown show and they were Thornboro dogs. As for Sam Bumpus, he said that a shoemaker had best stick to his last, and that a trainer of gun dogs had no business to be mixing up with bench shows.

Meanwhile, the original committee had been busy getting the show hall into shape. Enough boards were obtained from here, there, and everywhere to make two long benches, one along each side of the barn, stoutly built and standing about two feet from the

floor. These were divided off by partitions into enough stalls to accommodate all the dogs entered, and a coat of whitewash made the whole look clean and neat.

At the inner end of the barn the amateur carpenters erected a ring of posts, connected by a rope. This was where the judging was to take place. Finally, a cashier's booth was made out of a large dry-goods box and placed at the entrance, and Theron Hammond was elected to stand there and receive the admission fees, as he was the treasurer of the Humane Society. Frank Stoddard, who had no dog to show, but who was as much interested as any of them, was appointed to purchase tins for drinking water and to keep them filled during the show.

The last thing they placed cedar shavings from the planing mill in each of the stalls, arranged hooks to fasten the leashes to, and tacked to the wall above each place a card bearing the name, breed, and owner of the dog that was to occupy it. So far as possible, they arranged the dogs in accordance with their size. When it came to Rags's card, they were a bit puzzled, for Mr. Hartshorn had told them that Rags didn't belong to any recognized breed. But it didn't seem fair to Rags to leave the space blank, so they invented a name for his breed—wire-haired American terrier.

On the morning of the great show Jack Whipple awoke early and jumped out of bed.

"Ernest!" he cried, and there was gloom in his voice.

"What is it?" asked Ernest, sleepily.

"It's raining," said Jack.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Ernest.

But they hurried through their breakfast, nevertheless, and taking Romulus and Remus they hastened down to Morton's barn. They found that the other members of the society were equally unafraid of a little rain, but they were all a bit depressed. The prospect for a successful show did not seem very bright. However, since all the arrangements had been made, the boys decided that the only thing to do was to go ahead. Other exhibitors arrived, some of them planning to spend the day with their pets, but it was ten o'clock before Theron Hammond took in a single admission fee. Furthermore, Mrs. Peabody and one or two other timid exhibitors had failed to put in an appearance, and special messengers had to be despatched to fetch them.

It was just as well, perhaps, that the boys had this extra time to put on the finishing touches, for the dogs were not used to this sort of confinement and made a good deal of trouble before they could be quieted. Then a special shelf had to be built for the display

of the prizes. The boys were so busy, in fact, that they hardly noticed that the rain had ceased. About eleven o'clock Theron gave a glad cry.

"The sun's coming out," he announced. "And here comes a gang of people."

From that time on the spectators arrived in a steady stream, until the barn became quite crowded and the dogs were much excited. The members of the society acted as ushers and entertained their visitors with more or less learned lectures on the different breeds. And for the most part the spectators appeared to be hugely pleased with the whole performance, boys and dogs included.

But the center of attraction turned out to be a dog that everyone knew didn't stand a show for even third prize. It was comical old Rags. He seemed to be enjoying the show more than anybody else in the place and to feel that the Red Cross needed his services as an entertainer. He was ready with uplifted paw to greet every visitor that stopped in front of his bench and he never failed to bring a smile to the face of the least interested. You couldn't see Rags without loving him, his eyes were so merry, his smile so broad and warm, his crooked ears so absurdly fascinating. He got as much patting and petting that day as some dogs get in a lifetime, and it seemed to him, at least, that a dog show was a most excellent

kind of institution. Some of the dogs didn't take to it in so kindly a manner. Mr. O'Brien, in fact, became quite ill tempered before the day was over.

To say that Jimmie Rogers was pleased is not overstating the truth. He was prouder of Rags than if he had won all the silver cups in Christendom, and he kept busy most of the day putting Rags through his many tricks.

The boys went home to dinner in relays, and by two o'clock the crowd was even larger. They were curious to see what the judging would be like. Mr. and Mrs. Hartshorn and Tom Poullice arrived in the automobile, and after they had inspected the dogs, many of whom knew them, Mr. Hartshorn announced that the judging would begin.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he. "If you will kindly give me your attention, and if Monty Hubbard will be good enough to sit on Mr. O'Brien's head, I will explain the manner in which the judging will be conducted. When I call out the names, the owners will please bring their dogs to the ring. I will inspect them in groups of five. I will make a note of the best dogs in these groups, and will then ask to see some of them a second time in order to determine for certain which are, in my judgment, the best dogs."

Beginning with Hamlet, he called for the first five dogs in the row, and proceeded thus until, in the last

group, six were judged. He went at it in a business-like manner, examining each dog carefully, and making jottings in a notebook. When asked about his basis for judging the dogs, he promised to explain that when he announced the winners. Each owner held his or her own dog in the ring, making him walk past the judge when so requested, and it all went smoothly until the third group came to be judged. Then, before anyone knew what had happened, the overwrought Mr. O'Brien had made an angry lunge at Li Hung Chang, and there was something doing in the show ring. The chow was not lacking in courage and returned the attack, while the other three dogs struggled vainly to mix in. Some of the ladies in the audience screamed, and it required the combined efforts of Mr. Hartshorn, Mr. Morton, Tom Poulitice, and Monty Hubbard to separate the antagonists and straighten things out again. Mr. O'Brien was unsatisfied and snarled ominously, but it made him look all the more spirited during the judging. After that there were no untoward events to mar the occasion.

By the time Mr. Hartshorn had had some of the dogs up a second and even a third time it was nearly four o'clock, the hour set for announcing the winners. The place was crowded now, and not a little speculation was heard as to the judge's probable decisions. Among the boys, at least, this interest in the outcome

amounted to tense excitement, in which some of the grown-ups were not ashamed to share.

At length Mr. Hartshorn came to the rope and addressed the gathering.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” said he: “you are all waiting, I know, to learn the names of the winning dogs, but first I think I ought to offer a few words of explanation. Let me say that we have some very good dogs here to-day. They might not measure up to the standard set in the big shows, but they are very good representatives of the various breeds. Since it is necessary to compare dogs of different breeds instead of dogs of the same breed in judging, it is not altogether easy to reach a decision on comparative merits. I can only rely upon my best judgment and will ask you to be indulgent with me in case you do not agree with my choice.

“In judging dogs at a show, we do not take into consideration the personal character or intelligence of a dog, but chiefly his physical characteristics. He must not appear stupid, and he must show the qualities of character attributed to his breed. A sleepy terrier, for instance, cannot win in a show. Beyond that, however, it is a matter of what is called type. Authorities have carefully gone over the points that are typical of each breed and have written them out in what are called the standards. Winning dogs must

conform very largely to the type described in the standard, and the more of the established points he can show in perfect form, the higher will be his score in selecting his position among the winners. I cannot take your time to describe all these points in each case, but simply state that my judging is on that basis.

“It is an arbitrary method, I grant you, and there are good people who protest against judging dogs in accordance with their physical features, not taking into account the qualities of heart and brain that we really care for in a dog. But that is the fancier’s way of getting at it. If we did not have arbitrary and approved standards to work toward in breeding, every breeder would work out his own personal ideas, and we would have a strange assortment of sizes and shapes and no predominant type in any breed. It is the work of the fanciers that has produced the marked differences between the breeds and that keeps them from degenerating into a sorry lot of mixed mongrels, until we should not be able to tell a collie from a St. Bernard.

“I trust that this brief explanation will give you an idea of the basis of my judgment in this show. I have given the preference not to the wisest and most capable and most affectionate dogs, but to those that most nearly approach the approved standards of their breeds. I will now ask to have the following dogs

brought to the ring : Mr. Sanderson's German shepherd dog, Rupert of Hentzau; Mrs. Peabody's Pekingese spaniel, Chi Yen; Herbert Pierson's Great Dane, Hamlet; Harry Barton's English bulldog, Mike; Montague Hubbard's Irish terrier, Mr. O'Brien (keep him on a short leash, Monty); Jack Whipple's English setter, Remus."

All of these dogs have been previously mentioned except Rupert. Both he and his master were newcomers in Boytown, and the big, strong, active dog, with his wolfish look, his erect ears, and his brave, bright eyes, had attracted a good deal of attention at the show. When the six dogs had been brought again into the ring, Mr. Hartshorn continued his discourse.

"I believe," said he, "that all of these dogs should receive honorable mention, or, as we call it at the shows, the V. H. C.—very highly commended. They all possess points of excellence, but all fall short in some particulars. Rupert of Hentzau looks like a perfect dog, but if you were to compare him with the best of his breed you would see that he is a little too short in the head, too flat-sided, and too leggy. Chi Yen measures up pretty well, but she hasn't a good color and her coat isn't quite as profuse as it should be. Hamlet's feet and ankles are bad. This is often the case with big dogs that grew fast when they were puppies. Their bones do not strengthen fast enough

to bear their increasing weight, and the result is apt to be flat feet, turning out, and bent ankles. Hamlet is a bit thin, too, but is otherwise a good Dane. In the English bulldog classes, the preference is generally given to the extreme types. A dog with wider elbows, deeper chest, and a heavier jaw would beat Mike easily. Mr. O'Brien has Irish terrier character a-plenty, but he is a bit too large and coarse, as the expression is, and his coat is too long and soft and too light in color. Remus will make a fine dog some day, I believe, but he has had hard luck thus far and he hasn't grown up quite evenly. He needs strengthening in the shoulders and he is out of coat. His tail is a bit stringy. With proper care, I believe these defects can be obviated. I take pleasure in conferring the V. H. C. on these six dogs."

They were led out of the ring amid the applause of the spectators, which somewhat softened the disappointment of their owners in not taking prizes. When Mr. Hartshorn called for the three dogs that were to receive the honors of the show, the applause increased. In answer to their names, Theron Hammond, Ernest Whipple, and Dick Wheaton brought their dogs proudly to the ring. Mr. Hartshorn took the handsome silver cup from its shelf and held it up where all might see.

"It gives me great pleasure," he announced, "to

confer the first prize upon Alert, Boston terrier, owned by Theron Hammond."

Theron stepped forward, blushing violently and smiling broadly, and took the trophy from the hands of the judge. Then he stooped down impulsively and picked Alert up, hugging him in his arms, to which demonstration Alert replied by gently chewing his master's ear. When the hand-clapping had died down, Mr. Hartshorn continued:

"I will not spoil this triumph by pointing out Alert's defects. He would very likely meet his superiors in one of the big shows, for the Boston terrier entries are always very large, but I don't think he would be entirely out of the running in a novice class. I understand he is a registered and pedigreed dog, and he certainly shows evidences of good breeding. In my judgment he comes closer to his breed's standard than any other dog in this show.

"The second prize, this handsome dog collar, is won by Romulus, English setter, owned by Ernest Whipple. He is a litter brother of Remus, but he is better developed and has a better coat. He is a first-class specimen of the Llewellyn type, and though there are a few points in which he falls below the strict bench-show standard, he is a splendid setter.

"The third prize, which will perhaps be better appreciated by its recipient than any of the others, is a

box of dog biscuit. I hope, however, that it will not form his sole diet, as he is doubtless accustomed to a more varied and palatable menu. This prize is won by Gypsie, smooth fox terrier, owned by Richard Wheaton. Gyp is a little off type in some respects,



Boston Terrier

but I have decided that, according to my score of points, he is the third best dog in the show.”

Mr. Hartshorn bowed and withdrew, while Mrs. Hartshorn remarked to a friend that she didn't believe he had ever made such a long speech before in his life. The spectators crowded around the winners to congratulate the three boys and to pat and admire their dogs. More than one person in that barn had his

or her eyes opened that day for the first time to the points of excellence of dog-flesh. Still, there were some who stepped back to the bench where Rags sat, an uncomprehending spectator, and assured him that he was the best dog in the show after all, and that he would have received the silver cup if they had been the judges. Ernest and Theron had never known a happier day of triumph, and even Dick Wheaton, who had received his prize with a supercilious smile, appeared to be a bit softened for the time being and to show some pride in his ownership of the much-abused Gyp.

There were, indeed, some heart-burnings among the losers. Herbie Pierson, for one, had had high hopes of Hamlet. But they had all agreed to accept the outcome like good sports and they could not remain long despondent in the face of the success of their show. As for Jack Whipple, the youngest exhibitor of all, he displayed a spirit that the others would have been ashamed not to follow. He was frankly pleased at the success of Romulus, and stoutly asserted that Remus would have his big day yet. Mr. Fellowes was as much pleased as Ernest was, and privately confided to him that he was glad Romulus didn't get first prize, as he would have been disappointed to see any other dog wearing that collar.

The people were beginning to file out of the barn,

after a final tour of the benches, when Mr. Hartshorn, standing beside the cashier's booth, once more called for order.

"As you know," he said in his strong voice, "the proceeds of this show are to be given to the Red Cross, and you may be interested to learn just how much has been netted for that good cause by to-day's unique effort on the part of the Boytown Humane Society. The treasurer, Theron Hammond, has been busy with arithmetic for the past twenty minutes and has an announcement to make."

Theron was suddenly stricken with stage fright, but he did not attempt to make a speech. He merely read the figures of his report.

"Entry fees for 26 dogs," he read, "\$13.00. Attendance, 242. Gate receipts, \$60.50. Total receipts, \$73.50. Advertising, \$8.00. Other expenses, \$2.67. Total expense, \$10.67. Net proceeds, \$62.83."

"I wonder," remarked Mr. Hartshorn to his wife, "if a dozen women could knit \$62.83 worth of mufflers in one day."

The exhibitors began taking their weary dogs home and the boys started the cleaning-up process that was part of their bargain with Mr. Morton. And so the great day ended.

The only fly in the ointment of Ernest and Jack Whipple was the fact that, although their father had

been an enthusiastic spectator throughout the greater part of the afternoon, their mother had not seen fit to attend. She was very busy, she said, and anyway, dogs did not particularly interest her.

Next morning the two local papers contained full accounts of the show, to the extent of a column or more, and they treated it as one of the season's events of Boytown, giving the names of all the dogs and their owners and a complete report of the awards, besides the treasurer's report. One of them even published an editorial praising the work of the Humane Society and suggesting that the town should be proud of its boys and its dogs. Mr. Whipple and the boys devoured the contents of these papers eagerly before breakfast. After breakfast they found Mrs. Whipple reading one of them in the sitting-room.

"What are you reading, mother?" asked Mr. Whipple, but she was so absorbed that she did not answer for a time.

At length she murmured, half to herself, "Hm! I don't see yet why Remus didn't get a prize."

Whereat, it must be related, Mr. Whipple turned and winked at the boys in a most undignified manner.

CHAPTER XII

CAMP BRITCHES

SPRING came, and with it more training for Romulus, until Sam pronounced him a fairly well-broken bird dog. May drifted into June and June into July. Another school year came to a close and another long vacation period began. The great dog show was now a thing of ancient history and things were a bit slow in Boytown. It appeared essential to the happiness and welfare of numerous boys and dogs that something new should be undertaken.

It was Jimmie Rogers who suggested it, though there were a dozen active, eager minds ready to seize upon the idea and develop it. They were sitting on the bank of the swimming hole near the brickyard, resting after an hour's swim and warming themselves in the sun. The dogs were either wandering restlessly about in search of new adventures, or were stretched out at their masters' feet. The boys were somewhat languidly discussing the events of the Glorious Fourth just past, and bemoaning the fact that another one would be so long in coming.

"Fourth o' July's all right," remarked Jimmie,

“but I think the most fun in the whole world is camping out.”

“Ho!” scoffed Harry Barton. “When did you ever go camping out?”

“I camped out one night with my father in an old shack over Oakdale way,” asserted Jimmie.

“That isn’t camping out,” said Harry. “Camping out is living in a tent in the woods all summer, catching your own fish and cooking your own grub and—and everything.”

“Did you ever do that?” demanded Jimmie.

Harry was forced to admit that he never did.

“Gee, I wish we could all go camping out this summer,” said Ernest Whipple. “It would be great fun to take the dogs along.”

“Well, why can’t we?” inquired Jimmie.

Many of the boys held inwardly a well-founded notion that there would be serious parental objections to a plan of this kind, but their ready imaginations caught fire at the idea and they were soon in the midst of a lively discussion of plans that gradually settled down from the wild and fantastic to the faintly feasible. When they separated that afternoon it was with the hopeful belief that they were going to organize a camping expedition.

The expected parental opposition developed promptly and decidedly, but when a dozen American boys get

their hearts set on anything short of discovering the North Pole something is sure to happen. They did not quickly abandon their rosy project and they set about conquering the opposition by means of a determined siege.

The chief point of objection, of course, which indeed appeared insurmountable, was the natural belief on the part of parents that it would not be safe or wise to let their boys leave home and go camping out without the guardianship of some older person. No arguments could be invented to prevail against this. But help came from an unexpected quarter.

Theron Hammond's older brother, Alfred, a student at Yale and a steady, reliable sort of fellow, was spending his summer at home and was finding Boytown a bit dull after the activities of Junior year at college. One evening, when Theron had broached the subject for the fortieth time and his father had once more given a firm refusal, Alfred put in his oar.

"Aw, father," said he, "let him go and give us a little peace in the house. It won't hurt him."

"But, Alfred," said his father, "you know very well it would never do to let those boys go off alone. None of the parents would permit it."

"Suppose Horace and I went with them," suggested Alfred. Horace Ames was a classmate of Alfred's

who was also languishing in summer idleness in Boytown.

That put another face on the matter entirely. It must not be supposed that the victory was won at once, however. It required two weeks more of the siege to win capitulation all along the line. But the boys conquered at last. They liked and admired the college students and accepted their alliance with enthusiastic acclaim. Alfred talked it over with his chum, and the more they discussed it the more they felt that the conducting of this boy-and-dog camp would be great fun. Horace had brought home with him from New Haven the ugliest-looking and gentlest-tempered bulldog ever seen in the streets of Boytown. His name was Eli and Horace vowed he would give Eli the pleasure of camping out with the other dogs of Boytown. Eli was in training as a football mascot, and Horace asserted that a summer experience of this sort was just what he needed.

As their interest in the project grew, Alfred and Horace decided to take an active part in the campaign, and they called personally on every one of the doubting parents. Little by little they won them over until at last the success of the plan was assured. Mrs. Whipple was the last to give way, but Mr. Whipple had already been enlisted in the cause and he proved, as ever, a loyal advocate.

“You must remember, mother,” said he, “that Jack is eleven years old now.”

“Yes,” said she, dubiously. In her eyes Jack was still a rosy-cheeked baby.

“It is never too soon for boys to gain self-reliance,” said Mr. Whipple. “This camp will do Jack a lot of good, and Ernest, too. They’ll have to hold their own on a common footing with the other boys, which is what they must do in later life. And Alfred and Horace are as reliable and trustworthy a pair of young fellows as I know. They won’t let anything happen to our boys.”

So at last even Mrs. Whipple granted a reluctant consent, and fourteen boys, besides the two older ones, were at last enrolled as members of the expedition. At first it had been understood that the camp was to include only members of the Humane Society, and would be a sort of club outing, but Mrs. Hammond suggested that the invitation be extended to include also any boy in town who owned a dog, on the ground that this might serve to recruit new members for the society. Alfred seconded this.

“The more the merrier,” said he.

So the invitation was sent abroad and had already been accepted in two cases when the troublesome question of Dick Wheaton again arose. The boys didn’t want Dick at the camp, and Dick evinced no interest

in the project, but the bars had been let down and there seemed to be no good excuse for not admitting Dick. Mrs. Hammond advised them to invite him, but before they had done so, the matter was taken out of their hands; the difficulty was solved for them.

One night Gyp, tired of his ill treatment, heart-broken, hopeless of ever being able to win his master's true affection, and doubtless seeking a happier home, ran away and was never again seen in Boytown. So Dick, since he no longer owned a dog, was automatically eliminated, much to the relief of those who did not want him. It seemed a just retribution that he should lose the creature that loved him so, but it is doubtful if Dick cared very much.

"I only hope," said Mrs. Hammond, when she was told about it, "that this will teach Dick a lesson and that poor Gyp will find a good master and pass the rest of his days in peace and happiness. He is a dear, loving little dog, and he deserves it."

Including Eli, there were fourteen dogs in the party, which was more than had at first been counted on, for not all the members of the Humane Society were dog owners, though the outsiders all had to be. It happened in this way: Frank Stoddard had long been pleading with his parents to be allowed to have a dog, and at last they surrendered and gave him one on his

birthday. Mr. Stoddard believed in doing nothing by halves and so he purchased a really fine young collie, sable and white, named MacTavish, and usually called Mac for short. So Frank had a canine companion for the camp and his cup of joy was full.

And there was still another new dog in town. Elliot Garfield's uncle, who knew of the boy's earnest desire to own a dog, sent him early in August an Old English sheepdog. The uncle wrote that he was going to travel a bit, and that if Elliot would guarantee to give his dog a good home, he might have him for his own. You may believe that Elliot was not slow in agreeing to that proposition. It was a pedigreed dog, named Darley's Launcelot of Middlesex. That was a name no one could be expected to use in calling a dog, and even Launcelot seemed a bit strange. So Elliot, who possibly lacked originality, rechristened him Rover.

Most of the residents of Boytown had never seen an Old English sheepdog before, and Rover attracted not a little attention on the street. Some people even laughed at his big round head, with hair over his eyes, and his shambling gait and lack of a tail, but they soon got used to him and came to admire his wonderful gray and white coat. And Rover turned out to be one of the jolliest dog companions in Boytown. He loved the water, and when he got his coat thor-

oughly wet he seemed to shrink to half his normal size. He was really not much bigger than Romulus, but when his hair was dry and all fluffed out he looked as big as a Newfoundland.

With Rover and Mac added to the party, it began to look like a pretty big affair, as indeed it was. Alfred and Horace entered into the spirit of the thing with zest and arranged for the tents and general equipment. They had both been camping in the Adirondacks, and they knew just what was needed. So they drew up a list of the things each boy must provide for himself—warm blankets, a bag to be stuffed with sweet fern for a pillow, mosquito netting, and an aluminum plate, bowl, and cup for each boy, a dish for his dog, knives, forks, spoons, etc., besides the requisite clothing and toilet articles. It was all done very systematically.

There was one thing that bothered Alfred and Horace, and that was the cooking. They ordered a store of supplies, the boys having all contributed to a fund for that purpose, but that did not solve the problem of three meals a day. The boys had been inclined to pass over this detail somewhat lightly, but Alfred and Horace knew from experience that feeding a dozen hungry boys was no joke, and they didn't intend to have their vacation spoiled by the necessity of turning to themselves and doing all the work.

One day Mr. Morton stopped Alfred Hammond on the street and asked him how the plans for the camp were progressing.

"Everything is going finely," said Alfred, "except for two things. We shall have to postpone our start for a day or two because the tents haven't come yet. Then there's the question of the cooking. I'm blessed if I know how that gang of youngsters is going to be fed."

Mr. Morton stood and thought a moment.

"Maybe I can help you out," he said at length. "I'm just starting off on a little vacation myself, and I've been wondering what I'd do with Moses." (Moses was Mr. Morton's colored man-about-the-place.) "I haven't enough to keep him busy during my absence and it wouldn't do for him to fall into habits of idleness. How would you like to take Moses along with you, and guarantee to keep him out of mischief? He was once an assistant chef or something in a summer hotel, and I believe he's a first-rate cook. His services would cost you nothing, because I have to keep up his wages anyway. I'd be mighty glad to know that he was being kept busy."

"Say, that's mighty white of you, Mr. Morton," said Alfred. "Moses for ours. He's just what we need."

So that matter was settled. Mr. Morton explained

to Moses just what was required of him, and Moses became a not unwilling member of the party.

The tents, which had been ordered from New York, came at last. There were two of them, good-sized ones, each capable of accommodating seven of the younger boys and one of the older ones. Horace Ames had a small tent of his own which would serve for Moses. On the appointed day the boys congregated at the Whipples' stable, each bringing his personal equipment strapped up in his blanket. The camp site that had been chosen was at Mallard Lake, about nine miles from Boytown, and two wagons with drivers had been engaged to convey the outfit.

Presently one of these wagons appeared, containing Moses, Alfred, Horace, the tents, a stack of old lumber, a box of cooking utensils, and a second-hand kitchen range, besides a number of boxes containing provisions. When the boys had heaved their personal belongings aboard it made a big load. Then the human part of the expedition loaded itself into the second wagon, with much laughter and skylarking, and the party was ready to start. The dogs were allowed to run alongside, and a lively pack they were. Mrs. Whipple, with a look of anxiety still on her face, came to the gate to wave good-by.

They arrived at Mallard Lake about noon, and after unloading and sending back the wagons, they sat down

to partake of the picnic lunch that each had brought with him. Then came the task of pitching camp. It was no small thing to accomplish before dark, but there were many hands to engage in it and efficient leadership.

The camp was located in some pine woods that ran down close to the shore of the lake. On the other side of a little cape was a sandy beach that looked like a good swimming place. Across the lake there were two or three farmhouses, where the leaders had arranged for supplies of milk, eggs, butter, bread, and baked beans. All the available floating craft on the lake had been hired, and three rowboats and a canoe lay drawn up on the bank. A little way back in the woods was a spring of clear, pure, cold water for drinking purposes, and a pool where the milk and butter could be kept fresh.

The leaders told the boys, however, that they would have to wait another day before indulging in an exploration of the surroundings of the camp. There was much to be done before night, and all must get to work. The two tents were pitched on a little rise of ground back from the water, and each boy was set to work gathering balsam boughs for his bed. These were strewn a foot thick on the ground inside the tents and the blankets were spread upon them, each boy being assigned his place. They also stuffed their

pillows with balsam, waiting till another day to gather the fragrant sweet ferns in a near-by pasture. Each boy also cut stakes and drove them into the ground about his bed to hold his mosquito netting. Ropes were strung overhead to hold clothing, and there were two lanterns for each tent.

Moses, meantime, had pitched his own tent and made his own bed, and now they all turned to to help him knock together a rough shack to serve as cook house and pantry. Then a long dining table and benches were built and a frame erected over them on which was spread an old awning. The range was set up in the cook house, the provisions were stored away, firewood was cut, and Moses started preparations for supper. Soon a fragrant smoke was issuing from the stovepipe, which before long was mingled with the smell of frying bacon and other things cooking that made every boy acutely aware of his appetite. Still Alfred and Horace kept them at work, cleaning up around camp, laying a stone foundation for a campfire, and erecting a lean-to shelter for the dogs in stormy weather, for it was voted not to allow the dogs to come into the tents.

Moses made good his reputation as a cook, and a prodigious amount of provender disappeared at supper that night. The boys were in high spirits and so were the dogs. The latter, not yet accustomed to their new

surroundings, and not realizing that they were to stay there, were restless and excitable and gave some trouble, but they were at last persuaded to quiet down. It was decided to tie them to the lean-to for a few nights until they should learn the rules and regulations.

After supper, while the boys were gathering brushwood for a campfire, Jimmie Rogers hoisted the camp ensign, which created a roar of laughter. I must explain about this ensign and the name of the camp.

Some time before they had discussed the subject of naming the camp, but could agree on nothing. Mrs. Hammond had suggested Camp B. H. S., the letters being the initials of the Boytown Humane Society. This did not fully please the popular fancy, and yet they did not like to discard Mrs. Hammond's suggestion. They began trying to find a word or words in some way made up of B. H. S. Alfred Hammond suggested Camp Beeches. That sounded something like B. H. S., he said, and they would very likely find beech trees about the camp. They adopted this name for want of a better one, until Jimmie, in a moment of inspiration, changed it to Camp Breeches. This name really had no very deep meaning, but somehow it tickled the boys and it stuck, being still further revised in process of use to Camp Britches. The ensign which Jimmie tied to a sapling in front of the camp was an old pair of boy's trousers.

It would require a whole book to tell of all the episodes that went to make up the life of Camp Britches during the next week, of the fishing and swimming, the exploring expeditions and berrying parties, of how the boys built a landing wharf for the boats and a diving raft, and how they divided up the routine duties of the camp. Some of these episodes were glorious fun; some were not so pleasant; taken all together they made up a memorable experience. Moses proved to be a master at making griddle cakes and other good things, and once or twice a boy ate not wisely but too well, and required the attention of the camp physician, Horace Ames. But for the most part they were healthy and happy, and incidentally they learned many things about looking out for themselves.

One night a thunderstorm broke, a veritable cloudburst, and the boys had to put on their bathing trunks and go out and dig deeper trenches around the tents to keep the water from running in and soaking everything. On another occasion a high wind blew one of the tents down on its sleeping inmates, causing more fright than damage.

Perhaps the best part of it all was the evening campfire. By that time the boys were physically sufficiently weary to enjoy resting, and, the pangs of hunger being well satisfied through the ministrations of Moses, they

would light their pile of brushwood and lie about it, wrapped in blankets on the cool nights, and watch the flames and fondle their dogs, and gossip drowsily. Sometimes there was story telling, at which Albert Hammond was an artist. And one afternoon Sam Bumpus came by special invitation, walking all the way from his shack, and that evening they had stirring tales of moose and deer hunting in Maine.

Then, of course, there were always the dogs. Sometimes it seemed as though there were too many of them, and it was necessary to make each boy strictly accountable for the actions of his own. Mr. O'Brien was a constant source of trouble and unrest, and there were times when it almost seemed as though they would have to send him home. Still, everybody liked Mr. O'Brien, after all. Wicked as he was, he was as smart as a whip and he had a way of worming into your affections in spite of you. Romulus and Remus had to be watched because of a tendency to go roaming off together on hunting expeditions of their own. Rags was, as ever, a general favorite and heaps of fun, and Rover, the Old English sheep-dog, proved to be almost as playful and humorous. He was wonderfully active for a dog who appeared to be so clumsy. He could hold his own in a scrap, too, as Mr. O'Brien learned to his sorrow. In aquatic sports, Rover shone.

Speaking of the dogs, there came a night when one of them nearly upset the entire camp. It was the handsome collie, MacTavish. He strayed away from camp in the evening and managed to get into trouble with a little animal that is sometimes found in the woods whose method of defense is peculiar. It was a black and white skunk. MacTavish returned, very unhappy, just as the boys were getting to sleep. Seeking help and consolation in his distress, he entered the tent where his master lay. In less time than it takes to tell it every inmate of that tent was out in the open air. Moses and Horace took the collie down to the lake, washed him as thoroughly as they could with strong tar soap, and then tied him out in the woods where the poor unfortunate's howls disturbed the camp's rest all night. They could not send him home, and it was two or three days before he was entirely fit for human companionship again.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PASSING OF RAGS

CAMP BRITCHES was pitched on a Wednesday, and the first week flew by on winged feet. On the second Saturday an event occurred which the boys had been looking forward to with anticipation. Mr. Hartshorn came in his car to spend Sunday at the camp. He brought none of his dogs with him, which was a source of regret, but he was a most welcome visitor, nevertheless.

The boys feared that the appointments of their camp might not be quite elegant enough for a man like Mr. Hartshorn, but he fitted in as though he had been brought up to just that sort of thing and said it was all bully. Frank Stoddard moved out and crowded into the other tent, and a special bed was laid for the visitor. Moses outdid himself in planning his Sunday menu.

Mr. Hartshorn arrived too late to be shown about the lake that day, but supper was a jolly meal and a new interest was added to the campfire hour that night.

Mr. Hartshorn had shown considerable interest in MacTavish and Rover, both of whom he pronounced

to be fine dogs, and this led to a general discussion of sheepdogs and their kin.

“I wish you’d tell us something about bob-tails, Mr. Hartshorn,” said Elliot Garfield. “I really don’t know a thing about them, and I ought to, now I’ve got one.”

“Please do,” echoed Ernest Whipple. “You promised you’d tell us about the shepherd breeds sometime.”

“Well,” said Mr. Hartshorn, laughing, “it’s pretty near bedtime, anyway, so if I put you to sleep it won’t much matter. For my own part, though, I’d rather listen to another of Alfred’s stories.”

The night was chilly, so he went to his car and got his auto robe, wrapped himself up in it, lighted a cigar, and settled himself comfortably beside the campfire.

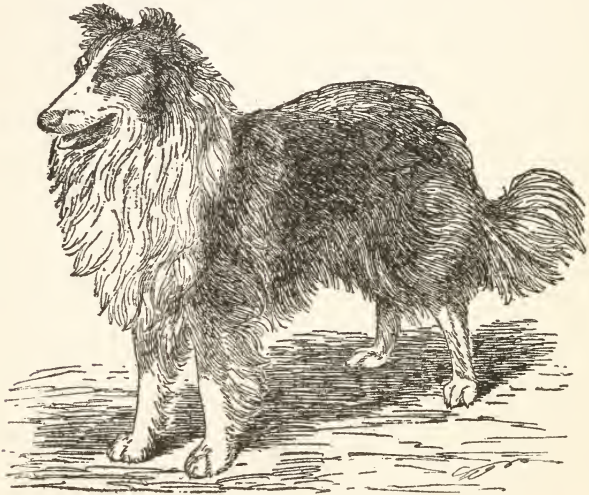
“You may have noticed,” he began, “that some breeds of dogs seem to possess more individual character than others. Foxhounds, for example, seem to me a good deal alike. That is because they live and work mostly in packs. It is the constant association of a single dog with his master that develops the traits of personality in him. No dogs have had this personality more highly developed than the shepherd breeds, for they have been the shepherds’ personal companions, often their only companions, for gen-

erations. They are, therefore, most interesting dogs to know and to talk about.

“Of these shepherd breeds the best known is the collie. It is, in fact, one of the most popular and numerous of all the breeds. The modern collie, of which Mac here is a good example, has been developed for beauty, as a show dog and companion rather than a working dog, but he is a direct descendant of the old working collie of the Scottish Highlands, which has been a distinct breed and has been used as a shepherd's dog for centuries. The old working collie or shepherd dog, which is still numerous in Scotland, is a splendid utility animal of great intelligence and initiative, brave as a lion, and trained to guard sheep.

“Though a straight development without much crossing with other breeds, the modern collie is almost a different variety, with a narrower head and muzzle, better pointed ears, and a fuller and finer coat. From the fancier's point of view he is a great improvement on the working dog, and he certainly is handsomer, but in my own humble opinion the fanciers are well-nigh ruining the splendid character of one of the best breeds of dogs ever given to man. For one thing, they have made the head so narrow and snipey, imitating that of the Russian wolfhound, that they have left insufficient room in the skull for all the brains the old collie used to possess. And with this fineness of

breeding has come some uncertainty of disposition. The modern collie isn't usually given a chance to learn the things his forefathers knew, so how can we expect the same mental development? Mac, I am glad to say, is not of the extreme type. He would doubtless



Collie

be beaten in the shows, but he is a better dog, for all that. The older type used to be more common here, but has gradually been driven out by the show type which began to be taken up about 1880.

“The Scotch are great people for dog stories, and a good many of their tales are about collies. Bob, Son of Battle, was an old-fashioned collie. Many of

the anecdotes that are told as true stories deal with the breed's wonderful sagacity in caring for sheep. There was the Ettrick Shepherd's famous collie Sirrah, for example. He could undoubtedly do amazing things with sheep. One night something scared the lambs, and they started off for the hills, dividing into three groups. The shepherd called his dog and his assistant and started out in the hope of rounding up at least one of the groups before morning. But the night was dark and the hills a wilderness, and the two men were at last forced to give up the attempt until daylight. At dawn, when they started out again, what was their astonishment to see Sirrah coming in with the lost lambs—not one group only, but the whole flock. How he managed to get one group after the other, no one could ever say, but between midnight and dawn he rounded them all up alone, and not one was missing.

“This herding instinct is very strong in the collie. I once met a modern collie in Des Moines, Iowa, who, because he had no sheep to attend to, busied himself with the chickens, and he would never consider his day's work finished until he had carefully herded all the Rhode Island Reds into one corner of the poultry yard, and all the Plymouth Rocks into another.

“Cases are on record of collies that were taught to steal for their masters, by systematically driving off

sheep from neighboring flocks. Many stories deal with the collie's intelligence in fetching help to a man or animal in danger. One collie brought in a flock of half-frozen hens, one by one, that had strayed away from the barnyard and got caught in a blizzard. He carried them tenderly in his mouth, depositing them in a row before the open fire. Another collie brought home a strayed horse by the bridle.

"Shepherd collies are wonderful with the sheep, but the so-called house collie is often more generally wise and adaptable. Hector, a son of Sirrah, was such a dog, and his master, a Mr. Hogg of Ettrick, has told many amusing stories about him. He was always getting into mischief, and Mr. Hogg's mother vowed he should never go visiting with her, for, as she put it, 'he was always fighting with other dogs, singing music, or breeding some uproar or other.' But with all that, he was so intelligent, and seemed to understand so many things in advance, that she used to say, 'I think the beast is no canny.'

"His master's father was one of the church elders of the place, and at one time accepted the post of precentor. He knew only one tune well—'St. Paul's'—and this he used to give out twice each Sunday. To save the congregation from too great a dose of 'St. Paul's,' the son agreed to relieve him of his duties. But here Hector, accustomed to his master's

company on Sundays, objected. He would follow him to church, and when he heard his master's voice inside, he would raise his in the churchyard, much to the amusement of the shepherds and the country lassies. 'Sometimes,' said Mr. Hogg, 'there would be only the two of us joining in the hymn.' The result was that he was forced to resign, and the church was obliged to carry on as best it could with the old precentor and 'St. Paul's.'

"Hector exhibited strange motives and peculiar logic sometimes. He was jealous of the house cat and hated her, but he never touched her or threatened to do her any harm. He merely kept a suspicious eye on her, pointing her as a setter points a bird. He used to join in family prayers, and just before the final 'Amen,' he would leap to his feet and dash madly about, barking loudly. It was easy to understand how he knew when the 'Amen' was approaching, but why the excitement that followed? 'I found out by accident,' wrote Mr. Hogg. 'As we were kneeling there, he thought we were all pointing Pussy, and he wanted to be among the first at the death.'

"Next we come to Rover's breed. Old English sheepdog is its official name, but I think it might better be called the bob-tailed sheepdog to distinguish it from the original smooth sheepdog of England. In many respects it is quite unlike any other breed that

comes from England. He was formerly used by English drovers as a cattle dog, but we know little of his history. The bob-tail is the hairiest of the large dogs and one of the most striking of all breeds in appearance. Some of the puppies are born tailless, while others have their tails removed within a few days after birth. The bob-tail is an active, swift, intelligent dog and, as you know if you have watched Rover, very playful and very expressive with his paws. Having no tail to wag, he wags his whole hind quarters to let you know he is pleased or friendly.

“The German shepherd dog has had a remarkable boom since its introduction here in 1912. It is an old breed in Germany and its appearance strongly suggests wolf blood in its ancestry. Originally a shepherd’s dog, and still used as such, this breed has shown itself remarkably adaptable to police dog work and has been used in the war more than any other breed. The German shepherd dog is not as gently affectionate as some breeds, but is intelligent, active, alert, brave, and loyal.

“I think I should also speak of the Belgian sheep-dog, partly because we are all interested in Belgium these days, and partly because we have begun to get a few of these dogs over here. They are said to be even cleverer police dogs than the Germans. A few have been successfully used over here by police de-

partments of New York and vicinity, and a few fanciers have become interested in the Groenendaele variety and have exhibited specimens in the Westminster show."

"What do police dogs do?" inquired Herbie Pierson.

"I have never seen them at work on the other side," said Mr. Hartshorn, "but I understand they are a recognized part of the police service in many cities of France, Austria, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. They are said to do wonderful things, such as rounding up gangs of thieves, trailing criminals, and saving drowning persons, including would-be suicides. In this country their usefulness has been rather the prevention of crime. I have visited the dog squad in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. There they are muzzled and are not expected to attack people. They are taken out at night with the patrolmen and scout around in back yards and anywhere that a burglar or hold-up man might be lurking. The criminals don't like that idea, and they have kept away from that section pretty consistently. I believe these dogs have also found persons freezing in the snow. Airedales have been tried out as well as Belgian and German shepherd dogs. For trailing criminals and finding lost persons, the bloodhound is most commonly used in this country, but I believe some rather remarkable

feats of trailing have been accomplished by Belgian sheepdogs at Englewood and Ridgewood, New Jersey."

"They are used mostly as ambulance dogs in the war, aren't they?" asked Harry Barton.

"Yes," said Mr. Hartshorn. "You have probably seen pictures of them bringing in a wounded man's helmet, to guide the stretcher bearers to where he lies. They are also used as messengers and for sentry duty in the listening posts, where they are much quicker than the men to detect the approach of a raiding party or an enemy patrol. I could tell you some interesting and thrilling stories that I've heard about these war dogs, but I for one am getting sleepy and I'd like to try out that balsam bed and see if I like it."

There was a little less skylarking that night out of respect to the honored visitor, and so everyone got a good rest and was up betimes in the morning. After breakfast Mr. Hartshorn asked to be shown about the country near the camp, and everybody joined in the expedition, including the dogs.

"I suppose these dogs are all pretty well acquainted with one another now," said Mr. Hartshorn, "but I must say it is wonderful how well they get along together. It all shows the power of human companionship. Kennel dogs like mine couldn't stand this sort

of thing for an hour. It must be that Rags and Rover keep them all good-natured."

Sunday passed quietly and pleasantly and then came another evening campfire. Some of the boys begged Mr. Hartshorn to tell them about more breeds of dogs, but he laughingly refused.

"Sometime I'll tell you about the hound and greyhound families, but not now. You've had enough," said he. "Besides, I came here to loaf, not to teach a class. Let's have one of Alfred's stories."

"I'm afraid I've told them all," said Alfred. "I've tried to think of more, but I guess there aren't any."

"We've all told our stock of stories," said Horace. "You're the only one with a fresh supply. I guess it's up to you, Mr. Hartshorn."

"The trouble is," said he, "I'm no story teller, but I'll read you something, if you'd like to hear it. I have quite a library of dog literature, both fact and fiction, and I've tried to collect every good thing that has been written about dogs. I selected two stories that are fairly short and brought them along, thinking there might develop a need for entertainment of that kind. Would you like to hear them?"

A shout of unanimous approval went up. Two of the boys ran to Mr. Hartshorn's car for the books, and another brought a lighted lantern and placed it on a box at his elbow. Then they grouped themselves

about the fire again and listened with absorbed attention while he read them two of the best short dog stories in his collection—"The Bar Sinister," by Richard Harding Davis, and "Stikeen" by John Muir.

"My! Aren't those fine!" exclaimed Ernest Whipple.

"Haven't you any more?" begged Elliot Garfield.

"No," said Mr. Hartshorn, "I'm sorry to say I haven't any more with me, but I shall be glad to lend my books to any of you boys who will promise to return them. They are very precious. I'd like nothing better than to introduce you to the dogs of literature. They're a great lot."

Then he proceeded to tell them something of the best known of these books—"Bob, Son of Battle," Ouida's "A Dog of Flanders," Jack London's stories, and a number of others.

"But I think," he concluded, "that the one I like best of all is the true story of a little Skye terrier named Greyfriars Bobby, one of the most faithful dogs that ever lived."

"Oh, please tell us about him," begged Frank Stoddard.

"No," said Mr. Hartshorn, "I would only spoil the story. You must read the book for yourselves. It will give you something to do next winter when you

can't go camping out, and I can promise you a rare treat."

The next morning Mr. Hartshorn was obliged to leave, and everyone was up bright and early to see him off. He thanked them all for one of the jolliest week-ends he had ever spent, and promised to invite them to a campfire of reminiscence at Willowdale sometime. Then he got into his car and started the motor.

I presume he had never taken part in so boisterous a departure. The rough woods road was difficult enough to drive in at best, and the boys and dogs crowded about the car, shouting and barking their farewells. In spite of all Alfred and Horace could do, some of the more venturesome jumped upon the running boards and rode a little way, while the dogs, catching the spirit of excitement, dashed about in front and everywhere. Alfred and Horace rushed in to quiet the confusion, but before they could get the boys and dogs in hand a sharp yelp of pain sounded and poor old Rags lay, a helpless, pathetic figure, in the wheel rut behind the car.

No one knew, in the confusion, just how it had happened. Mr. Hartshorn had been driving as slowly and carefully as he could under difficulties. A moment before Rags had been barking riotously and leaping at the hand of his master who stood perched

precariously on the running board. Now he lay, mute and motionless, all the joy gone out of him, his eyes raised in dumb pleading to his master's face.

A sudden hush fell over the noisy crowd. Even the dogs seemed to know that something dreadful had happened. Mr. Hartshorn stopped his car and leaped out. Jimmie Rogers was kneeling on the ground beside his beloved dog, his face very white, and Rags was feebly trying to lick his master's hand.

Jimmie did not weep or cry out, but when Mr. Hartshorn came up, there was a pleading look in the eyes he lifted to the man's face which was much like the look in the eyes of the dog. Jimmie did not ask any questions. He only moved over a little while Mr. Hartshorn leaned over and tenderly felt of poor Rags's broken body.

"I must have gone square over him with both wheels," said he. "Poor little Rags! I wouldn't have done it, old boy, if I'd seen you. You know that, don't you?"

The dog's forgiving tongue gave him his answer. Mr. Hartshorn did not scold the boys, but they all knew they had been to blame, and no amount of scolding could have made them feel any more remorseful. They stood about in silent shame and dread. The irrepressible Mr. O'Brien trotted up to see what it was all about, sniffed at Rags, and then

walked slowly away, raising questioning eyes to his master's face.

When Mr. Hartshorn arose he was winking very hard and biting his lip.

"Is he much hurt, sir?" asked Horace.

"I'm afraid so," said he. "We must get him away at once. Jump into the car, Jimmie, and come along with me."

He made a soft bed of the auto robe on the floor of the car, lifted Rags tenderly in his arms, and laid him on it.

"Watch him, and keep him as comfortable as possible," he directed Jimmie.

That was all that was said, and the car started off again, leaving grief and woe at Camp Britches.

Mr. Hartshorn lost no time in getting back to Boytown, though he was careful not to subject the suffering dog to the pain of rough riding. At Boytown he jumped out and telegraphed to Bridgeport to command the attendance of the best veterinary surgeon in the state. Then they sped on to Willowdale.

They took Rags out to the little building that was used as a dog hospital and made him as comfortable as they could. Mrs. Hartshorn herself brought him a dish of water which he lapped gratefully. He bore his pain heroically, but he was suffering terribly, and

Tom Poullice thought best to administer a merciful opiate. Then he made a thorough examination.

"There's ribs broke," he said, "and I guess 'e's 'urt hinternal."

"Then there's nothing we can do?" asked Mr. Hartshorn.

Tom shook his head sorrowfully.

After awhile the effects of the drug wore off and Rags opened his eyes. Tom put his hand on the dog's heart and shook his head dubiously.

"I'm afraid 'e's going, sir," said he.

Mr. Hartshorn placed his arm about Jimmie's heaving shoulders and drew him toward the dog, who seemed to be begging for one last caress of his master's hand. Mrs. Hartshorn put her handkerchief to her eyes and hurried out.

The surgeon arrived soon after noon, but it was too late. Rags had died in Jimmie's arms.

CHAPTER XIV

THE COMING OF TATTERS

AFTER the unfortunate episode that resulted in the accident to Rags, it was as though a cloud rested over Camp Britches. There was no heart for merrymaking. And when at last the sad news came of Rags's death, it seemed as though all the joy had gone out of life. If you have never been a boy, you do not know how quickly a mood of hilarious jollity can be followed by one of deep depression. The plan had been to continue in camp for four or five days more, and some of the boys had been begging for a longer extension of the time, but now no one seriously objected when Alfred and Horace proposed breaking camp and going home. Every boy in camp had loved Rags next to his own dog, and even Moses went about in an atmosphere of melancholy.

Sadly they hauled down Jimmie's humorous ensign and pulled up the tent pegs. It seemed like a different crowd of boys from that which had so joyously arrived in the wagons but two short weeks before.

On a sunny hillside half a mile south of the brick-yard there grew, at the edge of the woods, a beautiful

little grove of dogwoods, which in May was always a fairyland of snowy blossoms that almost seemed to float in the air. In this peaceful spot it was decided to bury the poor, broken body of Rags. I doubt if there has ever been a funeral in Boytown that was attended by more sincere mourners. Harry Barton and Monty Hubbard spent an afternoon, immediately after their return from camp, making a simple little casket of whitewood which they stained a cherry color. It did not seem fitting that so gay a little dog as Rags should be laid to rest in a black one. They lined it with soft flannel, and Jimmie himself, trying hard not to cry, placed the stiff little body inside, still wearing the old, worn collar, and nailed down the top. Theron Hammond and Ernest Whipple were appointed to act as bearers.

The Camp Britches boys were not the only ones who joined in that sorrowful little procession to the dogwood grove. Jimmie's mother was there, quietly weeping, for she had loved Rags like another child, and with her were two or three of her neighbors. Mr. Fellowes closed up his store and silently joined them, and there was a little knot of girls with mournful faces, who had also known Rags and loved him. Mr. and Mrs. Hartshorn came over from Willowdale and, leaving their car in the town, followed the little casket on foot with the rest.

There was no clergyman present to read Scripture or to pray, but I think the mourners were none the less devout. The whole ceremony, in fact, was carried through in almost utter silence. It had been thought best not to bring dogs who might not behave themselves, but Mike and Hamlet were there, for they could be depended upon, and it seemed fitting that Rags's canine friends as well as his human friends should be represented.

A grave was dug in the sand and the little casket was lowered into it. Beside it Jimmie placed the battered tin dish that Rags had used and a much-chewed ladder rung that had been his favorite play-thing. The girls threw in some flowers and then the earth was shoveled in again and the little company returned home.

I hope the loyal soul of Rags was where it could look down and see that his old friends cared and had come to do him honor. At least his life had been a happy one and free from any guile. And he was not soon forgotten. Not long afterward there appeared at the head of the little mound beneath the dogwoods a simple headstone, the gift of Mrs. Hartshorn, and on it were inscribed these words:

HERE LIES RAGS
The Best-Loved Dog
in Boytown.

For some little time the cloud remained over Boytown and there was little disposition to take any active part in canine affairs. But youthful spirits cannot long remain depressed, and as the autumn days approached, one of the boys of Boytown, at least, discovered a new interest in connection with dog ownership. That was Ernest Whipple.

For some time Sam Bumpus had been talking, somewhat vaguely, of the possibility of testing out the powers of Romulus in the field trials, and Mr. Hartshorn himself had occasionally mentioned this. Ernest subscribed to a popular kennel paper, and early in September he began reading about the All-American trials to be held at Denbigh, North Dakota, and other similar events. The names of famous dogs were mentioned, both pointers and setters, and there was much speculation in the paper as to the prospects of winning. The thing fascinated Ernest, but it was all a bit unintelligible to him. He wanted to learn more about this sport that seemed to be followed by such a large and enthusiastic number of people, and to find out the way of getting Romulus into it. So one day he and Jack took their dogs and walked to Willowdale, for the express purpose of getting the desired information.

Tom Poullice was the first person they encountered, and he confessed himself to be rather ignorant as to the conduct of American field trials.

“I’ve seen many of them in Hengland,” said he, “and a great game it is. Get a bunch of fine bird dogs out in the fields in the fine weather, with a big crowd following them, and maybe a bit of wagering going on be’ind the judges’ backs, and the dogs all eager to be after the birds, and every one of them in the pink, and you’ve got a fine sport, men. The dogs seem to know, too, and they go in for all’s in it. But just ’ow they run the trials over ’ere, I can’t say. You’d better ask Mr. ’Artshorn. ’E used to own bird dogs once, and I’ll warrant ’e’s been all through it.”

They found Mr. Hartshorn in his den, but he very gladly laid aside the work he was doing and asked good-naturedly what the trouble was now.

“We’ve come to ask you to tell us about field trials,” said Ernest.

“Well, that’s a rather big contract,” laughed Mr. Hartshorn. “I suppose I could talk about field trials all night. I’ve seen some thrilling contests in my time. Just what is it you would like to know?”

“We want to know what a field trial is, how it is run, and what the dogs do,” said Ernest.

“Well,” said Mr. Hartshorn, “a field trial is more than a mere race. It’s a real sport in which all the powers of a bird dog are brought into play. It’s a competition on actual game—prairie chickens or quail,

usually. The dogs are sent out to find the game and point, with the judges and handlers and the gallery, as the spectators are called, following. In the big trials there are three or more separate events. One is called the Derby stake, for dogs under two years of age. Then there is the All-Age stake, which is the biggest one. Finally there is the Championship stake, for dogs specially qualified, and the winning of that brings with it the highest honors in the bird-dog world.

“The order of running is decided by lot, and the dogs are put down in pairs. They start off after the birds and work for a stated length of time, after which the judges decide which of the two dogs won, the decision being based on speed, form, steadiness, bird-work, and everything else that goes to make up the bird dog’s special power. Then these winners are tried together until the best and the second best, called the runner-up, are chosen in each of the stakes. It takes a good dog to win one of these stakes, for he has to run more than once and his work must be consistent. Purses are offered by the clubs as prizes, amounting to several hundred dollars at the big events.

“Occasionally there are other stakes, such as novice stakes and events in which dogs are handled only by their owners. In the big events the great dogs are usually handled by professionals, who take the dogs right

down the circuit and win all the prizes they can. The trials begin in September in Manitoba and North Dakota, on prairie chicken, and are followed by big and small events in the Middle Western states, Pennsylvania, and finally in the South. The biggest of all is held in December or January at Grand Junction, Tennessee, every year. Here the All-America Field Trial Club holds its classic event, in which the winner of the Championship stake is pronounced the amateur champion of the United States for one year, winning also a large purse and a handsome silver trophy."

"Have you ever seen one of those trials?" asked Jack.

"Several times," said Mr. Hartshorn. "I have seen some of the most famous pointers and setters that ever lived run at Grand Junction and win their deathless laurels."

"I suppose Romulus wouldn't stand a chance there," said Ernest, a bit wistfully.

"Perhaps not, at first," said Mr. Hartshorn, "though you never can tell. It's a pretty expensive matter, getting a dog ready and putting him through one of those trials, even though the prizes are large. But there are smaller ones, and it is possible to try a dog out nearer home the first time, with less risk and expense. During the spring there are many trials held by local clubs throughout the East."

“Couldn’t Romulus be entered in one of those?” asked Ernest.

“I don’t know why not,” said Mr. Hartshorn. “I’ll look it up and let you know. Meanwhile, tell Sam Bumpus what you’re up to and have him keep Romulus in shape this winter.”

“I suppose Remus couldn’t run,” said Jack.

“I’m afraid not, my boy,” said Mr. Hartshorn, kindly. “Nose is one of the prime requisites, and Remus hasn’t the nose, as you know.”

“I don’t care,” said the loyal Jack. “I’d rather win at a bench show, anyway.”

When Ernest told Sam Bumpus about the plan, that worthy was much interested. He made a special trip all the way to Willowdale to consult Mr. Hartshorn, and between them they worked out a plan. Sam was enthusiastic now as to the superior abilities of Romulus as a bird dog, and he presently took him in hand for special training to improve his form and the other qualities that count in the trials. Off and on all winter Sam took the dog out, patiently and persistently drilling him. Sometimes Ernest went along and he was amazed by the intelligence and speed which his good dog displayed. When spring came again Sam announced that there was nothing more that he could do to improve the form and capacity of Romulus.

“I’ll back him against any bird dog in the state of Connecticut,” said he, proudly.

But before I tell how it fared with Romulus at the trials, I have one episode to relate, the only happening of that winter which needs to be recorded. For the rest, the weeks passed without any momentous event, with the boys in whom we are interested growing ever a little older and wiser. And this particular thing was not of great importance, perhaps. It did not greatly affect the boy-and-dog life of Boytown. But it did affect Jimmie Rogers, and Jimmie, since the death of Rags, had been the one lonely, pathetic figure in the group. It would be a shame not to tell of the thing that happened to him.

One day in early December Dick Wheaton appeared on Main Street, dragging a forlorn-looking little dog by a string. He was a smooth-coated dog of the terrier type, a rich chocolate brown in color, with an active body and a good face and head, but anybody could see he was only a mongrel. No one knew where he had come from and Dick did not take the trouble to tell where he had found him.

In his present state the dog showed none of the alert, eager character of the well-born terrier. He held his tail between his legs and he cringed abjectly. This seemed to amuse Dick Wheaton. He made little rushes at the dog and laughed to see the terror in

his eyes. He found entertainment in tapping the dog's toes with his foot and watching him pull back on the string. Wearying of this, he began maltreating the helpless animal more cruelly.

Mr. Fellowes saw all this from the window of his store, and his blood boiled within him. Unable to stand it any longer, he started out of his shop to protest, when he saw Jimmie Rogers come running along.

There could be no doubt as to Jimmie's purpose. His lips were tight set and his eyes were blazing. He came close up to Dick and seized his arm.

"Quit that!" cried Jimmie between his clenched teeth.

Dick was taller and heavier than Jimmie and he was not unaccustomed to bullying boys of Jimmie's size. He shook off the hand and grinned insolently.

"What's the matter with you, Mr. Humane Society?" he asked.

"I'll show you, if you don't leave that dog alone," said Jimmie.

For answer, Dick gave the string a jerk. It was tied tightly around the dog's neck, and it hurt.

"Whose dog is this, I'd like to know," said Dick in a taunting tone.

Jimmie wasted no more breath in words. He snatched the string out of Dick's hand and faced him defiantly. Dick, now angry in his turn, made a lunge

for the string. Mr. Fellowes couldn't see who struck the first blow, but in a moment the two boys were fighting desperately, Jimmie making up in fire and determination for what he lacked in size and strength.

Mr. Fellowes felt that he was called upon to interfere. It would hardly do to let a fight like this go on right in front of his shop, on the sidewalk of Main Street. Besides, other people were hurrying up and it might end in serious trouble.

Just then Dick managed to break free long enough to give the poor dog a vicious and entirely uncalled-for kick, as though he were in this way scoring an advantage over his opponent. The little terrier rolled over and over on the sidewalk, yelping in pain and terror. Then he found his footing and dashed blindly into Mr. Fellowes's legs.

The shopkeeper stooped and picked up the frightened little stray and took him into the store, where he did his best to soothe and comfort him, and it was wonderful how promptly the little chap responded and licked the kind man's hand. It may have been the first time he had ever tasted the milk of human kindness, but instinctively he understood and looked up confidently into this stranger's eyes with an expression of gratitude.

Meanwhile, a little knot of men and boys had gathered out in front of the shop. It so happened that

they were persons who would rather witness a fight than stop it, or it may have been that there were some of them who hoped that for once Dick Wheaton would get his deserts. At any rate, it was a real fight, with no quarter, and it would have been a cold-blooded person indeed who could not admire the pluck of Jimmie Rogers. His nose was bleeding and his breath came in sobbing gasps, but he kept at it with unabated fury. Three times Dick Wheaton threw him, and three times he jumped to his feet and went for Dick.

The fighting of boys is no more to be encouraged than the fighting of dogs, but there seem to be times in the affairs of boys as well as of men when nothing but fighting will serve. The only way to cure a bully is to thrash him, and if anyone ever had a justifiable motive for fighting it was Jimmie Rogers.

At length Dick's blows appeared to be growing weaker. Jimmie, unable often to reach his face, had been pummelling him consistently on the vulnerable spot at the lower end of the breastbone, regardless of the punishment he himself received, and these tactics were beginning to tell on Dick's wind. His lips were parted, his eyes staring, and his face took on a strange mottled look. He began to strike out weakly and to concern himself chiefly with parrying Jimmie's troublesome blows and protecting his stomach.

With lowered guard, Dick staggered uncertainly backward, and Jimmie, rushing in, dealt him a smashing blow on the mouth that sent him reeling. Tripping over the door stone of Mr. Fellowes's store, he fell heavily, and lay there, with his arm crooked over his face, awaiting he knew not what final *coup de grace* in an attitude of abject surrender.

Men rushed in now, but Jimmie was satisfied. He shook off their hands and walked, somewhat unsteadily, into the store, and Mr. Fellowes closed the door behind him. Someone picked Dick up.

"Well, I guess you've had enough," said this unsympathetic person.

Dick Wheaton slunk off home without replying.

Mr. Fellowes did not refer to the fight. He did not think it proper to praise Jimmie, for he did not believe in boys fighting, but he could not resist a feeling of proud satisfaction.

"Want to see the dog?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jimmie in a tremulous voice. He was almost crying with weariness and he was doing his best to wipe the blood off his face and brush the dust off his clothes.

"Let me help you," said Mr. Fellowes, kindly.

While he was bathing Jimmie's face, the boy felt a pair of little paws reaching up on his leg, and a cold little nose thrust into his hand. He stooped down and

patted the little head. The tail came out from between the dog's legs and wagged joyfully. Impulsively Jimmie caught him up and hugged him close. It seemed a long time to Jimmie Rogers since he had felt the moist caress of a loving tongue, and the thing went straight to his lonely heart.

During all the fighting he had steadfastly held back the tears of pain or anger, but now, weakened as he was by his exertions and the after effects of excitement, he burst into tears, burying his face in the little dog's warm, soft coat.

"Oh, little dog, little dog, you're going to be mine!" he cried.

Mr. Fellowes said not a word. While caring for the dog during the fight, he had been thinking what a fine thing it would be to keep him, to fill the place so long left vacant by the death of his Bounce. But now, as he watched Jimmie, he made the sacrifice. This should be Jimmie's dog. The boy had fairly won him. Mr. Fellowes understood how he felt; he, too, had lost a dog. So he merely stroked the dog's head and said, "What shall you call him?"

"Tatters," said Jimmie, and still carrying the dog tenderly in his arms, he started out of the shop. At the door he turned back, with the flash in his eye again. "And I'd like to see anybody try to take him away from me," he said.

"I guess nobody will," said Mr. Fellowes, smiling, and Jimmie bore his burden proudly home.

It was wonderful what a change a few days of kindness and good feeding wrought in Tatters. He never became the favorite that Rags had been, but he was a good dog, not without excellences and wisdom of his own, and Jimmie loved him. And the change that came over Jimmie was hardly less marked. With another dog for his own he was himself again, and everyone rejoiced with him. On Christmas Day Mr. Fellowes saw to it that the dogs' Santa Claus presented Tatters with a fine new collar.

CHAPTER XV

ROMULUS AT THE TRIALS

MR. HARTSHORN found, upon investigation, that the nearest field trials were those at Bedlow, where the Field Trial Club of Eastern Connecticut held its annual meet in April. It was not usually a large affair nor prominent among the field trials of the country, but Mr. Hartshorn thought it would be just about the right place for Romulus to make his first appearance as a contestant for field-trial honors. Though not a large affair, it was by no means insignificant, for there were some good dogs in that part of the country and one or two kennels from which had sprung dogs that had won a national reputation. Romulus was pretty sure to have opponents worthy of him.

April 15th and 16th were the days set for the event. Mr. Hartshorn communicated with the secretary of the club and made the necessary arrangements. Ernest Whipple filled out the entry blanks and they were properly filed. Unfortunately, Romulus was just a few months too old now to be entered in the Derby, but Ernest was not displeased by the necessity of seeking bigger game, and Romulus was entered in

the All-Age or Subscription stake. A purse of \$50 was offered for the winner and \$30 for the runner-up.

April 14th dawned mild and bright, and about noon Sam Bumpus appeared with Romulus, whom he pronounced to be at the top of his form after a bit of light finishing off the day before. Sam was to go along to handle the dog. He had not had much experience at field trials, but Mr. Hartshorn had given him full instructions, and if anybody could get winning action out of Romulus it was Sam. Mr. and Mrs. Whipple had agreed to let Ernest and Jack go in care of Mr. and Mrs. Hartshorn, and both boys were full of excitement of the prospect. Mr. Whipple came out to ask Sam a few questions and I am inclined to think that even Mrs. Whipple shared a little of the excitement. Sam, as usual, refused to come into the house, saying that he preferred to eat his sandwiches in Rome, but he was glad to accept a cup of hot coffee and some cake which Delia took out to him.

Soon after dinner Mr. and Mrs. Hartshorn appeared in their big car and the boys hurried out to join them. They sat together on the front seat, while Sam, Ernest, Jack, and Romulus were bundled into the back seat, with the suitcases and Sam's gun. It was a tight squeeze, but it was a jolly party that set forth, waving good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Whipple, Delia, and the disconsolate Remus.

“It does seem too bad to have to leave poor Remus, doesn’t it?” said Mrs. Hartshorn.

“That’s all right,” said Jack. “His day’s coming. You’ll see.”

As for Romulus, he was wildly excited by this unusual experience, and treated the residents of Boytown to a continuous barking, in which Tatters and Mr. O’Brien and one or two of the other dogs joined, running beside the car until it was well out of town. Then Sam managed to quiet Romulus.

They arrived at Bedlow about dinner time, and Sam at once disappeared with Romulus, saying that he wanted to see that he had a good dinner and a place to sleep. The others went up to their rooms and washed up. Sam did not reappear, and the boys began to be a bit anxious.

“Don’t worry,” said Mr. Hartshorn. “He’s a queer duck, Sam is. But I fancy he would be uncomfortable if he stayed with us, and we might as well let him have his own way. I’ll venture to say we won’t see him again till morning, but we can be sure of one thing: Romulus will be well looked after.”

Mr. and Mrs. Hartshorn and the boys had their supper in the dining-room of the hotel, and all about them they heard dog talk. After supper they all went to a movie on Mr. Hartshorn’s invitation, for he said

that if they didn't get their minds off the trials for a little while they would not sleep that night.

It was, in fact, some little time before Ernest and Jack could get to sleep in their strange surroundings, but at length sleep came, and the first thing they knew Mr. Hartshorn was knocking on their door and bidding them get up. They dressed quickly and hurried down to breakfast, where they found even more people than there were the night before. Outside there were many automobiles and some horses, and here and there a dog was to be seen, blanketed and receiving unusual attention.

"I don't know where Sam slept last night," said Mr. Hartshorn. "It may have been in the stable for all I know. I didn't ask him. But he's all right, and so is Romulus. Sam saw to it that the dog got a good rest, and he was up bright and early this morning, taking Romulus out for a short walk to limber him up."

After breakfast they all piled into the car and started for the fields a few miles outside of town where the trials were to be held. The sky was overcast, but Mr. Hartshorn said he didn't think it would rain. There was little wind, and Sam pronounced it ideal weather for the contest.

"I hope it won't rain," said he, "because a wet coat bothers a setter and gives the pointers the advantage."

There were a number of cars on the road before and behind them, and now and then a man galloped past on horseback.

“Looks like a pretty good gallery,” said Mr. Hartshorn.

When they arrived at the grounds, Mr. Hartshorn told the boys they had better remain in the car with his wife, while he and Sam consulted with the officials. After awhile he returned and announced that Romulus had been paired with another setter named Dolly Grey.

“I can’t find out much about her,” said he. “At least, she’s not one of the famous ones, so it oughtn’t to be too hard for Romulus. The Derby will be run off first, so Romulus won’t be called on until afternoon. Sam has taken him off into the woods to keep him quiet.”

In spite of the fact that Romulus did not figure in the Derby, it proved to be an absorbing and exciting event to the Whipple boys. Two by two the young dogs were called out and sent off in whirlwind races after the cleverly hiding birds. Sometimes no birds were discovered, and then it became merely a contest of speed and form in ranging until the judges changed to fresh ground. Every now and then, however, one of the dogs would catch the tell-tale scent, whirl about to some clump of grass or thicket, and come to a rigid

point, his less successful opponent trailing him and backing him up. Behind them followed the judges, handlers, and gallery, some in automobiles, some in traps, some on horseback, and some afoot.

It turned out to be a fine day after all, and the dogs, eager and swift, made a pretty sight among the old pastures and stubble fields. For the most part they were kept away from the woods where it would be difficult to judge of their performances.

A halt was called at noon to eat lunch and rest the dogs. Already the constant shifting of ground had carried them far from Bedlow and the men who were afoot were tired. The dogs were wrapped in blankets and were kept as quiet as possible, most of them being in wagons. Mrs. Hartshorn got out the luncheon kit and the boys found that they were famously hungry. Sam appeared during the luncheon hour, to find out how things were going, and Mrs. Hartshorn persuaded him to eat something with the rest. Romulus, he said, seemed to be in good shape, and on no account must anybody give him anything to eat.

About 1:30 the judges called for the final contest in the Derby. A small lemon-and-white female setter named Dorothea was pitted against a somewhat overgrown blue belton of the same species. At first it seemed as though the advantage lay with the bigger, stronger dog, whose name was King Arthur. He kept

well in the lead in the ranging, but the wise ones noted little Dorothea's superb form and said nothing. Little by little she crept up on King Arthur, and at length she swerved sharply to one side and pointed at a clump of alder bushes. King Arthur had missed the scent entirely. The birds were flushed and the dogs shot over, for that is the custom. Then the judges, after a conference, declared the Derby closed and Dorothea the winner. The party from Boytown saw a young woman rush out from among the automobiles and throw her arms around the little setter.

"That must be her mistress," said Ernest. "I bet she's happy."

The boys were so much interested in all this that they did not realize that the All-Age stake had already been commenced. Two pointers went galloping across the field and the contest was on. From that moment the boys kept their eyes fastened to the successive pairs of racing dogs, trying to appraise their skill and form and to compare them with Romulus. It was a better contest than the Derby, with more birds found, and it was evident that Romulus had opponents worthy of him. One interesting contestant was a beautiful Irish setter, whose red coat glistened like gold in the sunshine. He did well, beating his opponent, but he did not qualify for the finals.

At last Romulus was called, and with him the setter

Dolly Grey. She was a mild-looking animal, but once loosed she led Romulus a merry chase. Both dogs were a bit heady at first and did a deal of running without accomplishing anything, but at length Sam, with his patient whistle, got Romulus straightened out and Dolly Grey also settled down to business. She found the first birds, but after that Romulus beat her to two coveys in rapid succession, and Romulus, to the great joy of his master and Jack, was declared the winner.

“Didn’t he do splendidly?” said Mrs. Hartshorn as Sam came up with the panting dog.

“Waal,” said Sam, “he might have done worse and he might have done better. He wa’n’t up to his top form, but it was his first trial. I expect he’ll do better in the finals. It was lucky he wa’n’t paired with one of the best dogs, or he might have been out of it now. As it is he’s got a chance, and I think it’s a pretty good one. I heard one of the judges say some nice things about him.”

“Do you think they’ll get to the finals this afternoon?” asked Mr. Hartshorn.

“I don’t think so,” said Sam, “but I’ve got to stick around. They may want to see Romulus work again.”

They did try him out once more toward the end of the day, and this time Sam seemed to be better pleased. Romulus won his heat handily against a

bigger dog. Meanwhile, however, everyone was commenting on the superb work of a pointer with a chocolate brown head and markings named Don Quixote, and even the boys could see that he was a past master at the game. He went at it as though he knew just how to make the winning move, and he did it every time.

“He ought to be in the championship class,” said Mr. Hartshorn. “He’s an old-timer, and if Romulus can beat him it will be a great triumph.”

Time was called as the shadows began to lengthen, and the crowd, tired, hungry, and happy, returned to the hotel at Bedlow. At dinner everyone was speculating as to which two dogs would be chosen to compete in the finals, and Ernest was sure that the name of Romulus was heard as often as that of any other dog except Don Quixote. In response to the popular demand, the judges held a conference that evening and chose the two who would compete for final honors on the morrow. Crowds gathered in the lobby to ascertain the outcome of this conference, and when at last the judges came out everyone was a-tiptoe with expectation. One of the judges walked over to a bulletin board and pinned up a piece of paper. It read: “The dogs chosen by the judges to compete in the final heat of the All-Age stake tomorrow morning are Don Quixote, pointer, owned

by the Rathmore Kennels, and Romulus, English setter, owned by Mr. Ernest Whipple. The trials will start promptly at 9.30."

A cheer went up all over the lobby, and Ernest and Jack, strangely enough, found tears in their eyes.

"That means," said Mr. Hartshorn, "that unless Romulus is in some way disqualified, he wins second place at least, and to become runner-up in the All-Age stake at his first trial is a big honor, even if he isn't the winner. I tell you this because I don't want you to be too much disappointed if Don Quixote beats him. The pointer is a fast, rangy dog, an old-timer that knows all the tricks of the game, while Romulus, for all Sam's fine training, is still green. Let's not expect too much."

That evening Mr. Hartshorn did not even suggest a movie to take the minds of the boys off the great event of the morrow; he knew it would do no good. He told them stories of historic events in the field-trial game, and then sent them to bed. They talked excitedly together for an hour after that, but at last sleep claimed them, for they were really tired, and running dogs filled their dreams.

An even larger crowd followed the dogs to the trial grounds next morning, for there were some who were interested only in the Championship stake, though they were glad to witness the finish of the All-Age.

The day was fine and Sam pronounced Romulus to be in first-class trim.

This time the setter seemed to understand what was required of him. He strained at his leash, and when at last he was set free at the command of the judges, he was off like a shot, neck and neck with the pointer, and the gallery cheered.

Old field-trial fans told Mr. Hartshorn afterward that they had never witnessed a prettier contest than that one. The pointer was cool and collected, but full of strength and spirit. When there was any leading done at all, he generally did it. But there was a certain spontaneous fire and energy in the running of Romulus that caught the fancy of the spectators. And Sam's careful drilling began to tell. Romulus settled down to the steadiest kind of work; his form was perfect and beautiful to watch; his scent was sure and keen.

The second move brought the dogs to a very birdy spot, and the points became frequent. In this department of the work it was nip-and-tuck between the two dogs. No one could say that either had a quicker nose than the other or responded more promptly to the scent. Sometimes one dog would be first on the point, sometimes the other. It was largely a matter of luck, for the birds lay on both sides of a series of fields, and the dogs ranged from side to side, circling

and quartering in a manner to delight the heart of a sportsman.

If Romulus had a fault it was overzeal. He covered more ground than was absolutely necessary.

"He is doing wonderfully," said Mr. Hartshorn. "I am only afraid he'll run himself off his feet. This is bound to be a protracted contest, the dogs are so nearly equal in every way, and endurance is the quality that is going to tell in the end."

As the race continued, those who were familiar with the signs observed that Romulus was weakening. The more methodical pointer kept up his steady, fast lope unflagging, but Romulus showed an increasing inclination to drop behind.

"I'm afraid this can't last much longer," said Mr. Hartshorn. "The pace is too hot for Romulus. If he had had more experience he would know how to save his strength for the last ten minutes. As it is, it looks as though the pointer had the reserve power."

Suddenly Don Quixote seemed to tap a new supply of strength and speed. He dashed to the right, and then circled swiftly around to the hedgerow of wild shrubs at the left of the field, and all so swiftly that poor Romulus was left well behind. As they watched, they saw the setter stumble. He recovered himself, but stood trembling with weariness and nervous tension. Sam's shrill whistle sounded and Romulus

gathered himself together again, but his feet seemed to drag; he had lost speed.

Ernest Whipple was almost beside himself with excitement and fear of defeat. A hush fell over the gallery as they watched this last manœuvre of the dogs, and Ernest's voice sounded loud and distinct as he shouted, "Go on, Romulus! Go on!"

The setter heard. He knew that voice and he loved it well. Sam's whistle, which he had become accustomed to obey, had become monotonous in his ears; it no longer served to put energy into his flagging limbs. But here was a new call, a call that demanded the last atom of his devotion and will and strength. He raised his head and looked about for an instant, his lower jaw quivering. Then he seemed to draw together and bound away like a steel spring released. Straight ahead he went, cutting across the track of the pointer and circling around clean in front of him. Don Quixote, surprised by the suddenness of this rush, hesitated and looked a bit dazed. The awful strain of the contest was telling on him, too, and the setter's burst of speed upset his equilibrium.

While the pointer still trotted along in a wavering course, as though in doubt whether to lead or to follow, Romulus caught a scent from the bed of a little brook almost under the pointer's nose. He whipped about like a flash and froze to a statuesque point that

would have made a perfect picture for an artist. The pointer, still bewildered, did not even back him up.

The umpire's whistle sounded and the handlers called their dogs in. Sam picked up the trembling Romulus bodily and carried him to the Hartshorn car.

"He's all in," said Sam. "He used the last ounce he had. What a heart!"

Jack began fondling the setter's ears, but Ernest was eagerly watching the little group about the judges. At last a man on horseback came riding up. He was smiling.

"My congratulations," said he. "Your dog won, and I never hope to see a pluckier finish."

The forenoon was already half over and so the Championship stake was begun immediately, but the occupants of the Hartshorn automobile had no eyes for it. They could have told you nothing about what happened, though they learned afterward that it was an exciting contest in which some of the best dogs in New England took part. They were engrossed in their own triumph, and if ever a dog stood in danger of being spoiled, it was Romulus. Sam wore one of the broadest grins the human face is capable of and Ernest found his emotions quite beyond expression.

The party left early, before the Championship stake was finished, and they made a triumphal entry into Boytown. The last part of the way they were accom-

panied by a noisy convoy of cheering boys and barking dogs, and the town knew what had happened long before it read the stirring account in the papers.

In due course Ernest received a handsome silver trophy, engraved with the now famous name of Romulus, and Mrs. Whipple appeared to be as proud of its appearance on the mantelpiece as any of the others. There was also the fifty dollar purse, from which Ernest was obliged to deduct a considerable amount for entrance fee and other expenses. The rest he tried to force upon Sam in payment for his invaluable services, but Sam would not hear of it.

"Why," said Ernest, "you earned ten times as much as that."

"I didn't earn anything I didn't get," said Sam. "I raised that pup and I'm as proud of him as you are. I'm satisfied."

So Ernest put the balance in the savings bank as a fund for financing similar undertakings in the future.

"A great dog, that Romulus," said Mr. Whipple, when it was all over. "I always did believe he'd cut a figure somehow. It's a pity Remus isn't in his class."

He didn't mean Jack to overhear him; he had no wish to hurt the boy's feelings. But Jack did overhear and came promptly into the room.

"That's all right," said he. "Remus will have his day yet. He'll show you."

CHAPTER XVI

THE MASSATUCKET SHOW

DURING the winter the Willowdale dogs had again won bench-show honors in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, and Mr. Hartshorn and Tom Poultrice were now getting some of them in shape for the smaller outdoor shows of the summer season. Several of the boys made a pilgrimage to Thornboro one day early in June and found Tom engaged in combing the soft, puppy hair out of the coat of one of the young Airedales.

“Why do you do that?” asked Elliot Garfield.

“It does seem foolish, doesn’t it?” said Tom. “Well, you see a Hairedale is supposed to ’ave a short, stiff coat, and if you put one in the ring with a lot of this soft ’air on him, the judge won’t look twice at ’im.”

“Are you going to show this one?” asked Ernest Whipple.

“Yep,” said Tom. “’E goes to Mineola next week. It’ll be his first show. I don’t know what his chances are. Mineola usually has a lot of good dogs. It’s

near New York and it's one of the biggest of the country shows. We usually try out the youngsters and the second-string dogs on these summer shows and keep the best ones for the big winter shows. Then we 'ave a chance to see 'ow they size up. If a dog wins ribbons enough in the summer shows we figure he's qualified for the big ones next winter. Sometimes a dog can win his championship without ever seeing the inside of Madison Square Garden. He has to be shown a lot of times, that's all, and win pretty regular."

"It isn't so hard to win at the summer shows, is it?" asked Theron Hammond.

"Oh, my, no," said Tom. "Sometimes when the classes are small it's a cinch. Take a rare kind of dog and he's apt to 'ave no competition."

"I wonder if any of our dogs would have a chance at one of the summer shows," said Jack, with suppressed eagerness in his voice.

"I don't know why not," Tom responded.

That started the boys thinking and talking, and a week later they trooped out to see Mr. Hartshorn about it. Half the boys in town had decided that they wanted to show their dogs, and Mr. Hartshorn was at first inclined to discourage them all.

"It's quite a job, taking dogs to a show and caring for them there, and it costs something," said he.

“ You have some good dogs—in fact, they’re all fine fellows—but not many of them are of the show type. You would find the competition somewhat different from that in Morton’s barn. I don’t believe your parents would thank me for encouraging you to enter dogs that haven’t a good chance at the ribbons, and I’m sure I would hesitate to be responsible for looking after a gang of you.”

“ But couldn’t a few of the dogs be tried? ” asked Jack Whipple.

Mr. Hartshorn looked into the lad’s eager, bright eyes and smiled.

“ Perhaps, ” said he. “ Let me think it over. ”

As a matter of fact it was Mr. Hartshorn’s desire not to seem to show favoritism that made him speak that way. For his own part he would like nothing better than to see Remus and one or two of the other dogs have a try at the ribbons, and his wife urged him to give them a chance. The outcome of it was that most of the boys were dissuaded, with quiet friendliness, from attempting the useless venture, while five dogs were eventually entered in the show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, to be held at Welden, some fifty miles from Boytown, in July. These five were Romulus, Remus, Alert, Hamlet, and Rover. These Mr. Hartshorn thought would stand the best chance of winning something. The Old English sheepdog

was entered under his original name of Darley's Launcelot of Middlesex, and for once Elliot Garfield was proud of the name.

Mr. Hartshorn knew he had quite a handful of boys and dogs to look after, but Mrs. Hartshorn said she would help, while Tom Poullice took sole charge of the half-dozen Willowdale dogs that were also entered.

The Willowdale dogs were shipped ahead in crates, as usual. So was little Alert. The masters of the other four dogs, however, objected to a form of confinement which the dogs couldn't understand, and it was arranged that the boys should take the dogs with them in the baggage car. Theron Hammond courteously offered to accompany Mrs. Hartshorn in the coach and Tom Poullice took an earlier train, so the baggage car party consisted of Romulus, Remus, Hamlet, Rover, Mr. Hartshorn, Ernest and Jack Whipple, Herbie Pierson, and Elliot Garfield. It was fortunate that only half a car-load of baggage was traveling that day, or they might not have been able to crowd in. As it was, they managed to find seats on various boxes and trunks and made themselves fairly comfortable. The dogs, with their masters for company, were content, after the first sense of strangeness had worn off.

"I understand," said Mr. Hartshorn, after the train

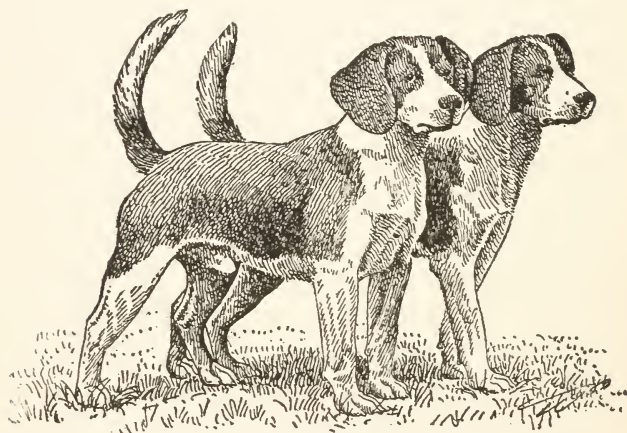
had started, "that about five hundred dogs are entered, so it ought to be a fairly representative show. It won't be like New York, of course, but you ought to have a chance to see good dogs of most of the well-known breeds. And the dogs at an outdoor show are usually happier and less nervous than if they were cooped up for two or three days in a crowded hall and compelled to spend their nights there. There are really serious objections to the big indoor shows. More danger of spreading distemper and other diseases, too, than at the outdoor shows."

"Do you think we will see any of the famous champions there?" asked Herbie.

"Yes," said Mr. Hartshorn, "I believe some of the crack Sealyhams and wire-haired fox terriers are entered, and there's sure to be a good showing of Boston terriers. Alert will be in fast company.

"The wires are always worth seeing," said he, after a pause. "It was a white bull terrier that won best of all breeds in New York last winter, but during the last half-dozen years wire-haired fox terriers have won two-thirds of the first honors. The breeders seem to have nearly achieved perfection with this variety. Matford Vic, Wireboy of Paignton, Wycollar Boy, and several others have been almost perfect specimens. But you never can tell. Their day may be passing, and for the next few years it may

be Airedales or bulldogs, or almost any other breed that will force its way to the top. That's one of the interesting features of the dog-show game. Then sometimes you find all predictions upset, and all the big dogs beaten by a greyhound or an Old English sheepdog. There's always a chance for everybody."



Beagles

As the train pulled up at a station somewhere along the line a man entered the baggage car with a brace of beagles on a leash. Nice little dogs, they were, with friendly eyes and beautiful faces.

"Is the baggage man here?" asked the man.

"I haven't seen him lately," said Mr. Hartshorn.

"Is there anything we can do for you?"

"Why, yes," said the man. "I'm sending these dogs down to Welden. There'll be someone to call for them there. You look as though you might be bound for that place yourselves, and if you could keep an eye on these dogs it would be a great favor."

"We'll do so with pleasure," said Mr. Hartshorn.

"What are their names?" asked Ernest.

"Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," he answered. "I'm entering them as singles and as a brace, and I think I stand a pretty good show."

The baggage man came along, and by the time the owner of the beagles had arranged for their shipment the train was ready to start again.

"It's lucky you were here to take them," said the man, "or I shouldn't have been able to send them this way. Good-by and good luck."

"Good-by," they shouted, and proceeded to get acquainted with the beagles.

"They're like small hounds, aren't they?" said Jack.

"Yes," said Mr. Hartshorn, "they are really hounds."

"Oh," said Ernest, "that makes me think. You never told us about the hound breeds, and you said you would sometime. Couldn't you do it now?"

"Let's see," said Mr. Hartshorn, opening his grip. "Ah, yes, here it is." He took out a small paper-

covered book containing the standards of the different breeds. "I always mean to take this with me to the shows. Without my books I can't always remember the facts, but with the help of this I guess I can make out.

"Now there still remain the hound and greyhound families to be covered. They are both hounds, in a way, but they have been distinct for centuries. They are both very old types of dogs.

"We will begin with the bloodhound because he's the biggest. There are a lot of people who have got their ideas about the bloodhound from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and there are places where you aren't allowed to keep a bloodhound because the breed is supposed to be so dangerous and ferocious. But that is a great injustice. The true English bloodhound is not the mongrel beast that was used in slavery days, but is a finely developed and reliable dog. Contrary to the general belief, the modern bloodhound is not ferocious, but gentle and affectionate, almost shy. He is a wonderful trailer and has often been successfully used to find both criminals and lost persons, but he does not attack them when he finds them.

"The otter hound is an English dog not common with us. He has a unique appearance, something like a bloodhound in a rough coat, with a face not unlike that of an Airedale terrier or a wire-haired pointing

griffon. He is a steady and methodical hunter, sure on the trail, a strong swimmer, brave, patient, and affectionate.

“The foxhound is the most popular sporting dog of England, his history being bound up with that of British hunting. I guess you know what a foxhound looks like. The American Kennel Club recognizes two separate classes of foxhounds, the English and the American. The latter is, of course, native bred, and is somewhat smaller and lighter in bone than the English hound. The so-called American coon-hound is a dog of the foxhound type and of foxhound origin, bred carelessly as to type, but trained to hunt the raccoon and opossum.

“The name harrier was first given somewhat indiscriminately to all English hunting hounds before the foxhound was highly developed. Later the harrier was developed as a separate breed for hunting hares. It is now rare in England and there are almost no harriers in the United States. The beagle is like a smaller, finer foxhound, and has the same ancestry. He is a good, all-round sporting dog, and a good-looking fellow, as you see, with a solid build, a rugged appearance, and a fine face.

“The dachshund (don't call it dash-hund) is a canine dwarf best known for his absurdly disproportionate appearance, but he is a most attractive, service-

able little dog. He was evolved long ago from the hounds of Germany for the special work of hunting the badger. His bent forelegs and queer proportions are really deformities scientifically bred. The dachshund has a wonderful nose and is a good worker with foxes as well as with ground animals, though his peculiar build best fits him for the latter. He is a clean, companionable house dog, affectionate and spirited. The basset is a short-legged French hound resembling the German dachshund, to which it is doubtless related. We are not familiar with the breed in this country. It looks like a large dachshund with a bloodhound head."

"Do you know any good hound stories?" asked Jack, who was fondling the long, velvety ears of the two beagles.

"Not many," said Mr. Hartshorn. "Most of the foxhound stories I have heard have illustrated the sagacity and cleverness of the fox rather than that of the hound. There are also one or two stories that show that the hound has a strong homing instinct like that of some of the other breeds. The only foxhound anecdote of an amusing nature that I recall is told of one that was owned by a strict Roman Catholic. Whenever Lent arrived, this dog always ran away and paid a round of visits on Protestant acquaintances until Easter ushered in a period of more

varied menus at home. This hound was not trained with a pack but was kept as a single pet, which accounts for his marked personality, more like that of a terrier than of a hound.

“I have read a number of accounts in the newspapers describing rescues by bloodhounds. I remember one was about a Brooklyn girl who wandered away from a hotel and was lost on a mountain in Vermont. A famous bloodhound was brought over from Fairhaven and was allowed to smell of a handkerchief belonging to the girl. He took up her trail at the village store and followed it along roads where horses and automobiles had been, through two other villages, and into the woods, and he at last found the girl on the verge of exhaustion far up the mountain-side.

“Another bloodhound in California found a lost child at the edge of a cliff in a dense fog and drew him back from the precipice just in time. Most of the bloodhound stories are of that nature, though there are some that have to do with the trailing of criminals.

“One of the classic stories of literature is that of the hound of Montargis. He may have been a St. Hubert hound, or one of the other French hounds, though I have always suspected that he may have been a *mâtin* or dog of the Great Dane type. But the

breed is a matter of minor importance. The main features of the story are somewhat as follows:

“There were once two officers of the King’s body-guard in France named Macaire and Montdidier. Fast friends at first, they became bitter enemies and rivals, and one day in the Forest of Bondi, near Paris, after a violent quarrel, Macaire drew his sword and slew Montdidier and buried his body in the woods.

“Now Montdidier owned a faithful hound who came to search for him. He traced him to the grave and there he remained until he was nearly famished. The poets would have us believe that the dog reached the conclusion that his master had been slain, that he discovered the scent of the murderer, and that he set out in quest of vengeance. At any rate, he went to the home of a friend of his dead master’s and was given food. He attached himself to this household but went often to the grave.

“Of course, Montdidier’s comrades soon missed him and his absence was reported to Charles V, the King. Foul play was suspected and the King ordered an investigation, but no evidence was forthcoming. Meanwhile Montdidier’s friend had also become suspicious and one day he followed the hound to the grave. Observing the dog’s actions, he surmised what must be there. He reported the matter to the King

who had the body exhumed and discovered marks of violence.

“On several occasions after that the hound attempted to attack Macaire but was prevented from doing him injury. He was entirely peaceable toward everybody else, so that these circumstances were noticed. Guardsmen remembered that Macaire and Montdidier had quarreled and suspicion fastened itself upon Macaire. The King was told of all this and he himself observed the actions of the hound when he was brought near his master’s murderer.

“In those days it was sometimes the custom for judges to settle a dispute by ordering the contestants to fight a duel. King Charles decided to adopt this method in an effort to determine whether or not Macaire was guilty, and he ordered a trial combat to take place between the man and the dog at the Château of Montargis on the Isle of Notre Dame, Paris. The man was given a stout cudgel as his only weapon, while the dog was provided with an empty cask into which he might retreat if too hard pressed.

“The battle was a terrible one, Macaire fighting for his life and the dog to revenge his dead master. The hound paid no heed to the blows that were rained upon him, but attacked blindly. At last he got a firm grip on the man’s throat and hung on. Macaire,

weakening and terrified, begged to be rescued and confessed his guilt. The dog was dragged away at last and the gallows robbed him of his revenge."

"Whew!" exclaimed Herbie Pierson. "Some story! Got any more like that, Mr. Hartshorn?"

"Half a dozen of them," replied Mr. Hartshorn with a laugh, "but they'll have to wait till another time, as I believe we are nearing our destination. For the same reason I must postpone telling you about the dogs of the greyhound family. Here we are, boys."

Tom Poullice was waiting for them at the Welden station and so was the man who had come for the two beagles. Under Tom's guidance they walked out to the fair grounds, which were only a mile away. This was to be the scene of the show, and there were already a number of dogs and crates about.

"I've arranged to stay out 'ere," said Tom. "There's an 'ouse where I can sleep, and I can look after all the dogs."

They looked around the grounds a bit. Mr. Hartshorn found the superintendent of the show and had a few words with him, and then they all returned to town, leaving the dogs in Tom's care. They were all well acquainted with him and did not feel that they were being left among total strangers.

They registered at the hotel, which they found to

be overcrowded. An extra cot was placed in one of the rooms, and Ernest, Jack, and Elliot were assigned to it. They did not consider the situation to be any hardship. They enjoyed a good dinner in the dining-room and then gathered in Mr. Hartshorn's room for a talk.

After discussing dog shows some more and speculating as to the outcome of the morrow's contests, Ernest, whose thirst for dog learning was insatiable, reminded Mr. Hartshorn of his promise to tell them about the breeds of the greyhound family.

"The greyhound proper," said he, "is of course the first to be considered. It is perhaps the oldest distinct type of dog now in existence. Likenesses of greyhounds are to be seen in relics of Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman sculpture, and the type has altered surprisingly little in seven thousand years. It was developed for great speed from the first and was used in the chase. Unlike the other hounds, the dogs of the greyhound family hunt by sight and not by scent.

"The whippet is merely a smaller greyhound, but has been bred as a separate variety for upward of a century. On a short course the whippet is faster than a racehorse, covering the usual 200 yards in about 12 seconds. Whippet racing as a sport has never taken hold in America and we have compara-

tively few of the breed here. You have already been told about the Italian greyhound. It belongs to the greyhound family but is classed as a toy.

“Although speed is the thing for which the greyhound is most famous, stories have been told which illustrate the breed’s fidelity and sagacity when his master makes a comrade of him. I will tell you one of these tales. A French officer named St. Leger was imprisoned in Vincennes, near Paris, during the wars of St. Bartholomew. He had a female greyhound that was his dearest friend and he asked to have her brought to him in prison. This request was denied and the dog was sent back to St. Leger’s home in the Rue des Lions St. Paul. She would not remain there, however, and at the first opportunity she returned to the prison and barked outside the walls. When she came under her master’s window he tossed a piece of bread out to her, and in this way she discovered where he was.

“She contrived to visit him every day, and incidentally she won the admiration and affection of one of the jailers, who smuggled her in occasionally to see her master. St. Leger was at last released, but his health was broken and in six months he died. The dog grieved for him and would not be comforted by any of the members of the household. At last she ran away and attached herself to the jailer who had

befriended her and her master, and with him she lived happily till the day of her death.

“Now we come to one of the grandest breeds of all—the Irish wolfhound. It is a breed of great antiquity and of great size and power. The Latin writer Pliny speaks of it as *canis graius Hibernicus*, and in Ireland it was known as *sagh clium* or wolf dog. For in ancient Ireland there were huge wolves and also enormous elk, and the great dogs were used to hunt them. These hounds were even used in battle in the old days of the Irish kings.

“Two classic stories are told of the Irish wolfhound. One is of the hound of Aughrim. There was an Irish knight or officer who had his wolfhound with him at the battle of Aughrim, and together they slew many of the enemy. But at last the master himself was killed. He was stripped and left on the battlefield to be devoured by wolves. But his faithful dog never left him. He remained at his side day and night, feeding on other dead bodies on the battlefield, but allowing neither man nor beast to come near that of his master until nothing was left of it but a pile of whitening bones. Then he was forced to go farther away in search of food, but from July till January he never failed to return to the bones of his master every night. One evening some soldiers crossed the battlefield, and one of them came over to see what manner

of beast the wolfhound was. The dog, thinking his master's bones were about to be disturbed, attacked the soldier, who called loudly for help. Another soldier came running up and shot the faithful dog.

"The other story is that of devoted Gelert which you may have heard. Robert Spencer made a poem or ballad of it."

"I've never heard it," said Jack Whipple.

"Nor I," said Elliot Garfield.

"Well," said Mr. Hartshorn, "it's a rather tragic story. Put into plain and unadorned prose, it runs something like this: Gelert was an Irish wolfhound of great strength and great intelligence that had been presented by King John in 1205 to Llewelyn the Great, who lived near the base of Snowdon Mountain. Gelert became devoted to his master and at night 'sentinel'd his master's bed,' as the poem has it. By day he hunted with him.

"One day, however, Gelert did not appear at the chase and when Llewelyn came home he was angry with the dog for failing him. He was in that frame of mind when he met Gelert coming out of the chamber of his child. The dog was covered with blood. Llewelyn rushed into the room and discovered the bed overturned, the coverlet stained with gore, and the child missing. He called to the boy but got no response.

“ Believing that there was but one interpretation for all this, Llewelyn called Gelert to him and in his wrath thrust his sword through the dog’s body. Gelert gave a great cry of anguish that sounded almost human, and then, with his eyes fixed reproachfully on his slayer’s face, he died. Then another cry was heard—that of the child, who had been awakened from sleep by the shriek of the dying dog. Llewelyn rushed forward and found the child safe and unscratched in a closet where he had fallen asleep. The father hurried back to the bloody bed, and beneath it he found the dead body of a huge gray wolf which told the whole story. In remorse Llewelyn erected a tomb and chapel to the memory of faithful Gelert and the place is called Beth Gelert to this day.”

There was a suspicious moisture about more than one pair of eyes as Mr. Hartshorn finished this narrative, and he hurried on to less tragic matters.

“ The Irish wolfhound is to-day a splendid animal,” said he, “ and the breed deserves to be better known in this country. It has had an interesting history. There was a time when it nearly died out in Ireland, and the modern breed was started with the remnants some fifty years ago, with the help of Great Dane and Scottish deerhound crosses. The new breed was not thoroughly established, however, until the latter part of the last century. As a made breed, so called, it is

a remarkable example of what can be accomplished by patient, scientific breeding. The Irish wolfhound is a big, active, sagacious, wonderfully companionable dog, muscular and graceful, and as full of fun as a terrier.

“The Scottish deerhound is similar in most respects to the Irish wolfhound, but is lighter, speedier, and less powerful. They have a common ancestry, though the two breeds were distinct as long ago as the twelfth century. The breed was a favorite with Sir Walter Scott.

“The Russian wolfhound, known in Russia as the borzoi, is one of the most graceful and aristocratic of all the breeds, combining speed, strength, symmetry, and a beautiful coat. He has been used for centuries in Russia for hunting wolves and has been bred as the sporting dog of the aristocracy.”

“It makes a dog show a lot more interesting to know something about the different breeds,” said Ernest Whipple.

“Of course it does,” said Mr. Hartshorn. “And if I am not mistaken, I have told you something about almost every breed that you will ever be likely to see at a dog show or anywhere else.”

Soon afterward they separated for the night.

CHAPTER XVII

THE TEST OF REMUS

THE Boytown party was at the fair grounds long before the show opened the following morning, and you may be sure the dogs were glad to see their masters, though they had been well cared for by Tom.

Though technically an outdoor show, there was room for all the dogs in the commodious cattle-show sheds in case of rain. The weather promised to be fair and warm, however, so only the smaller dogs and some of the larger short-coated ones were benched inside, where they had plenty of room and plenty of ventilation. The collies and Old English sheepdogs were tied in a row in the shade of some maple trees at one side of the grounds, and the rough-coated terriers, the setters, and some of the other breeds were also outside. The boys found the places reserved for their dogs and saw to it that they were properly and comfortably benched.

When the show opened and the spectators began to arrive, the Boytown dogs were at first nervous and excited and could not bear to have their masters leave them. After an hour or two, however, they became

accustomed to their surroundings, and leaving them in charge of Tom Poullice, the boys made the rounds of the show under the guidance of Mr. Hartshorn.

It was a most interesting experience for them. Some of the breeds were of course familiar to them, and Mr. Hartshorn called attention to their points and showed how some of the dogs back home fell short of conforming to the requirements of the standard. In some instances they recognized breeds that Mr. Hartshorn had told them about but which they had never seen before. There were, for example, a Scottish deerhound, an Irish water spaniel, and some cairn terriers. As Mr. Hartshorn had predicted, there were noteworthy entries of Sealyhams, wire-haired fox terriers, and Boston terriers, and particularly interesting exhibits of bulldogs and chows. There was one dog that puzzled them—a white dog with fluffy coat and bright eyes. The catalogue stated that it was a Samoyede.

“What is a Samoyede, Mr. Hartshorn?” asked Herbie Parsons. “I don’t think I ever heard of that kind.”

“That’s so,” said Mr. Hartshorn. “I guess I never told you about the Arctic breeds. This is one of them. They’re not very common.”

There were individual dogs, too, that demanded special attention, friendly dogs that wanted to shake

hands and be patted and that begged the boys to stay with them. This encouraged loitering and made the circuit of the benches quite a protracted affair. Mr. Hartshorn had warned them about approaching the dogs without an introduction.

“There are always some dogs that aren’t to be trusted,” said he, “and as the day wears on and they get more and more nervous, they may snap. It’s always well to be cautious at a dog show, no matter how well you understand dogs. Never make a quick motion toward a dog or try to put your hand on the top of his head at first. Reach your hand out toward him quietly and let him sniff at the back of it. Then you can soon tell whether he invites further advances or not.”

The boys became so absorbed in trying out this form of introduction that it was noon before they had finished visiting all the benches. Mrs. Hartshorn insisted on having luncheon.

“I’m hungry if no one else is,” said she.

The five boys suddenly discovered that they were hungry, too. Mr. Hartshorn led them to a restaurant on the grounds and ordered the meal. It might have been better, but the boys were not critical. When they had finished eating they went out and sat for a little while in the shade of some trees, not far from the collies, and watched the people.

“Now I’ll tell you about those Arctic breeds,” said Mr. Hartshorn, “and get that off my mind.”

It was very warm, and they were all glad of a little chance to rest. It is tiring to walk around a dog show and one becomes more weary than one realizes. The boys stretched themselves out on the grass and listened to Mr. Hartshorn’s words mingled with the barking of the dogs in all keys.

“It won’t take very long to tell about these northern breeds,” he began. “Their natural habitat is in the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions of Asia, Europe, Greenland, and North America. They are probably related to the Arctic wolf and they are generally used in those countries as sledge dogs.

“The spitz dog found his way down from the cold countries long ago, but he still retains some of his racial characteristics. The proper name for the one occasionally seen here is the wolfspitz. He is the largest of the spitz family, of which the Pomeranian is the miniature member.

“The Samoyede or laika is the sledge dog of northern Russia and western Siberia and was used by Nansen in his explorations. Next to the wolfspitz, the Samoyede is the most attractive and domestic of the Arctic breeds and has acquired some popularity among American fanciers, especially the white ones.

“The Norwegian elkhound is used as a bird dog

as well as for hunting big game in Scandinavia. It is not a hound at all, but a general utility dog of the Arctic type, dating back to the days of the Vikings. A few have been shown in this country.

“The Eskimo dog is larger than the Samoyede and is nearer to the wolf in type. He has long been known as a distinct breed, being a native of Greenland and northern Canada, and was used by Peary, the Arctic explorer. The breed has occasionally been shown in the United States.

“There are also a number of loosely bred sledge dogs in North America, including the Canadian husky and the malamutes and Siwash dogs of Alaska. The husky, is a powerful dog, weighing 125 pounds or more, and is the common draught dog of Canada. He is said to be the result of a cross between the Arctic wolf and the Eskimo dog.”

“He sounds rather unattractive to me,” said Mrs. Hartshorn.

“Well, he is, as a pet,” said her husband, “but he is a wonderfully useful animal in his own country. Is everybody rested now? I imagine we’d better be going back. I want to be on hand when they judge the Airedales.”

The party rose and trooped back to the sheds. At intervals during the afternoon they visited their own dogs and before night they had finished their rounds

of the show, but a good share of the time was spent in the vicinity of the judging rings. These were two roped-off enclosures on the open lawn, with camp chairs arranged about them for the ladies. At all times there was a goodly gathering about the rings of people whose interest was in the outcome of the judging. Considering the fact that there was no lively action like that of a field trial or an athletic contest, it was remarkable how much excitement could be derived from these quiet competitions. When a favorite dog was given the blue ribbon there was much hand-clapping and a little cheering, and the boys heard very little complaining or rebellion against the decisions of the judges. Dog fanciers are, for the most part, good sports.

The Airedales were judged among the first, and as usual the Willowdale dogs, skilfully exhibited by Tom Paultice, bore off their fair share of the honors. Soon the Boston terriers were called for. This was Theron Hammond's big moment, and when Alert was awarded second prize in the novice class Theron was warmly congratulated by friends and strangers alike, for there were a lot of good dogs shown and, as Mr. Hartshorn had said, Alert was in fast company.

Rover, as Darley's Launcelot of Middlesex, had an easier time of it, for only eight Old English sheep-dogs were benched and none of the famous kennels

were represented here. There were only three dogs in the novice class, and as the other two were second-rate dogs, Rover won first place. He also won third in the open class, but was beaten out by better dogs in the winners contest.



Old English Sheepdog

Hamlet, however, didn't win anything. His forelegs weren't straight and the judge took special note of them. He had better dogs against him, and the better dogs won. It was a fair contest, but Herbie was bitterly disappointed.

"Never mind, Herbie," said Jack Whipple, con-

solingly. "I bet Hamlet is a better dog to own than any of them. That's what I said about Remus when they said he hadn't any nose."

And Herbie, not to be outdone by the younger boy, plucked up spirit and bore his defeat manfully.

It was a two-day show, and the judging of the bird dogs, hounds, and some of the other breeds was put over to the second day. Ernest and Jack, therefore, still had their exciting time ahead of them, but the whole party was tired with so much walking about and watching, and they were glad to turn their dogs over to Tom's care and return to the hotel, with another day of it before them.

"Have you told us about all the breeds there are?" asked Ernest that evening in Mr. Hartshorn's room.

"I believe I have," said Mr. Hartshorn, "except some little known foreign ones."

"Oh, please tell us about those," pleaded Ernest.

Mr. Hartshorn laughed. "You're bound to know it all, aren't you?" said he. "There are a number of European, Asiatic, and Australasian breeds, some of which are very interesting, but you will probably never see any of them and I haven't a list of them with me. When we get back to Boytown, if there are any of you boys that would like to look up these uncommon breeds, just to make your dog knowledge complete, I shall be very glad to lend you a book

which contains them all. For instance, there's the German boxer which has sometimes been shown in this country, and the Pyrenean sheepdog whose blood is to be found in several of our large breeds, including the St. Bernard and the Irish wolfhound. There are other European sheepdogs and hunting dogs, Asiatic greyhounds, and some queer hairless freaks. When you've looked those all up you'll know more about dogs than most naturalists do."

"Then if the breeds are all used up, I suppose the anecdotes have all been used up, too," said Jack.

Mr. Hartshorn looked at his watch. "Well, no, not quite all used up," said he. "I have thought of two or three more, and I guess we've got time for one of them to-night. It is about a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis in Paris, a man named Dumont. He had a very smart dog, but I don't know what kind of dog it was. Perhaps a terrier or a poodle. This dog was great at finding hidden articles. One day Dumont was walking with a friend in the Boulevard St. Antoine and was bragging about his dog. The friend would not believe his statements, so they laid a wager, the master claiming that the dog could find and bring home a six-livre piece hidden anywhere in the dust of the road.

"So the piece of money was hidden in the dust when the dog was not looking, and they went on a

mile farther. Then the dog, whose name was Caniche, was told to go back and get the coin, and he promptly started. The friend wished to wait and see how it would come out, but Dumont said, 'No, we will proceed. Caniche will bring the money home.' They accordingly went to Dumont's home and waited, but no dog appeared. The friend asserted that the dog had failed and claimed the wager, but Dumont only said, 'Be patient, *mon ami*; something unexpected has happened to delay him, but he will come.'

"Something unexpected had indeed happened. A traveler from Vincennes came driving along in a chaise soon after Dumont and his friend had passed that way, and his horse accidentally kicked the coin out of the dust. The traveler, seeing it glisten, got out and picked it up, and then drove on to his inn.

"When Caniche came up the money was, of course, not there, but he picked up the traveler's scent and followed his chaise to the inn. Arriving there and finding his man, Caniche proceeded to make friends with him. The traveler, flattered by this attention, and being fond of dogs, said he would like to adopt Caniche, and took him to his room. The dog settled down and appeared to be quite content.

"When bedtime came and the man began to undress, Caniche arose and barked at the door. The man, thinking this was quite natural, opened the door

to let him out. Suddenly Caniche turned, seized the man's breeches, which he had just taken off, and bolted out with them. There was a purse full of gold pieces in the breeches, and the traveler dashed after the dog in his nightcap and *sans culottes*, as the French say. Caniche made for home with the angry man after him.

"Arriving at Dumont's house, Caniche gained admittance and deposited the breeches at his master's feet. Just then the owner of the breeches burst in, loudly demanding his property and accusing Dumont of having taught his dog to steal.

"'Softly, softly,' said Dumont. 'Caniche is no thief, and he would not have done this without a reason. You have a coin in these breeches that is not yours.'

"At first the stranger denied this, and then he remembered the coin he had picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine. Explanations followed, the breeches and gold were restored to the traveler and the six-livre piece was handed to Caniche, who returned it to his master with the air of one who had fulfilled his duty. Dumont's friend paid his wager and Dumont opened a bottle of wine, and they all drank to the health of the cleverest dog in France.

"Whether that is a true story or not you must judge for yourselves. I have told it as it was told to me, and I prefer not to vouch for it."

Laughing over this story, and thanking Mr. Hartshorn for telling it to them, the boys trooped off to bed.

So far as Ernest and Jack Whipple were concerned, all the interest of the second day of the Massatucket Dog Show centered about the judging of the English setters. They had been studying the entry carefully, and though there were some champions entered in the open and limit classes, and though Mr. Hartshorn pointed out to them the superior qualities of several of these dogs from the fancier's point of view, it seemed to the boys that Romulus and Remus were as good as any dogs there.

"Don't set your hopes too high," cautioned Mr. Hartshorn. "They will be pitted against some good dogs, and I don't want to see you too greatly disappointed. One has to learn to lose in the dog-show game more often than one wins."

"Anyway," said Ernest, "I haven't seen anything in the novice class that can beat them."

At last the hour arrived for the judging of the setters. The puppy class was disposed of first, and then the novices. Ernest and Jack led their own dogs into the ring, with numbers pinned to their coat-sleeves. The two dogs behaved beautifully, holding up their heads and standing at attention, as their masters had patiently taught them to do. They were both in good condition, their eyes bright and their coats

soft and glossy. It was quite evident to the spectators about the ring that the other dogs in the novice class were not to be compared with them. Ernest and Jack were quite unconscious of the fact that they were being observed as much as the dogs and that there were some people present who admired their bright eyes as much as those of Romulus and Remus. But it was the judge of this class that held their fixed attention.

He was a brusque, dour-looking man, without a smile for anybody, but he had a reputation for strict impartiality and for a true judgment of dog-flesh. It did not take him long to reach his decision. With no word of congratulation he handed Jack a blue ribbon and Ernest a red one, and ushered them out of the ring.

“The Remus dog has the best head and most shapely body,” was all that he said.

But the spectators clapped and showered congratulations upon the boys, and they were very happy.

“I knew it, I knew it!” cried Jack in an ecstasy of triumph. “Nose doesn’t count in the show ring, and Remus is, in every other way, the best dog in the world. I told you he’d have his day. Good old Remus!”

And right before all those people he leaned down and hugged his dog and kissed him on the silky ear.

But that was only the beginning. Remus also took first in the open class, which was more than Mr. Hartshorn had hoped for, and Romulus took third. And when it came to the final contest of the winners, Remus won reserve to Ch. The Marquis, a dog that had won his spurs in the biggest shows in the country. He was the only dog in this bunch that could beat Remus, and there were those who affirmed that in another year Remus would defeat him.

Ernest showed himself to be a good sport and was glad that Remus had won. Jack communicated his high spirits to the other boys, and by the time the afternoon was over they were in a hilarious mood and eager to bring their trophies back to Boytown. They forgot their weariness, and as the spectators began to leave the grounds, and it was proper to release the dogs, they started off pell-mell, across the central oval of the race track, boys and dogs together, shouting and barking in a gladsome chorus. It was a goodly sight for some of the grown-ups to see, and they paused to watch the frolic.

"I'm so glad Remus won," said Mrs. Hartshorn, smiling upon them all.

"Yes," responded her husband, "Jacky deserved it. He has stood by his dog through thick and thin."

As the boys and dogs came romping back, Mrs. Hartshorn observed, "Youth is a wonderful thing."

“Sometimes,” said her husband, “I think it is a greater thing than wisdom.”

Perhaps a vision of her own youth came back to her, for she leaned against her husband’s arm and softly quoted:

“When all the world is young, lad,
And all the fields are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey, for boot and horse, lad!
Around the world away!
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.”

CHAPTER XVIII

ON HULSE'S POND

A WEEK or so after the Massatucket Show, when Ernest Whipple's kennel paper arrived, he and Jack scrutinized it eagerly for the account of the show. The man who reported it had a great deal to say, in more or less technical terms, about a good many of the dogs. He seemed to pride himself on his ability to pick future winners and he was rather free with his predictions. Romulus he mentioned favorably in passing, referring to his enviable field-trial record. But to Remus he devoted an entire paragraph.

"This dog," he wrote, "owned by Master Jack Whipple, is a twin brother to the afore-mentioned Romulus. Barring a slight weakness in the loins and a look of wispieness about the stern, he was set down in good shape and easily defeated the other novices. He has the classic type of Laverack head, and this had much to do with his being placed reserve to Ch. The Marquis in the winners class. He is a young dog, and with proper treatment he should figure in the primary contests of next winter. We predict a bright future on the bench for this Remus."

Incidentally the boys were pleased to learn that Tippecanoe and Tyler Too had won the prize for the best brace of beagles in the show, besides some individual honors, and they rejoiced for their bright-faced little acquaintances of the baggage car.

The triumph of Remus was not short-lived. The residents of Boytown learned through the local papers what had happened, and began to look with a new interest upon these boys and their dogs as they passed along the streets. Romulus came to be pointed out to strangers as a coming field-trial champion, and Remus as a famous bench-show winner. Such dogs were something for the citizens of any town to be proud of. And there were not a few persons who gained thereby a new interest in dogs, to the lasting betterment of their characters.

As the autumn days came on, Ernest began to feel the call of the woods and fields, and begged to be allowed to have a gun and go hunting with Sam Bumpus. He was now a tall, good-looking lad of fifteen, and he felt himself quite old enough to become a hunter. Besides, what is the use of owning a fine bird dog if you don't hunt with him?

Mrs. Whipple strongly objected, for she was afraid of guns, and at last a compromise was reached. Ernest was to be allowed to go hunting with Sam provided he would not ask to own or use a gun until he was

sixteen, and reluctantly he consented to this arrangement. Jack, who was still only twelve, had not yet caught the hunting fever, and since he owned a dog that could not hunt anyway, he was content to remain at home, while Ernest spent his Saturdays afield with Sam.

Sam Bumpus, during the past three years, had grown to be a less lonely man. Through the boys he had made friends in town, and people began to look upon him as less queer and to recognize his sterling virtues. And all that made him happier.

"It was a lucky day for me," he once said, "when I brought those puppies down in my pockets."

"It was a luckier day for us," responded Ernest with warmth.

Now, tramping together 'cross country with their dogs, they became even closer friends, and there was implanted in Ernest's character a certain honesty and a love of nature that never left him. And withal, it was great fun.

Then came another winter, and one day, during the Christmas vacation, Mr. Hartshorn invited the whole crowd of boys up to his house to enjoy an indoor campfire. Mrs. Hartshorn, as usual, spread her table with a wealth of good things to eat, and after the dinner they all gathered in the big living-room, where huge logs were blazing and crackling in the fireplace.

"I only wish," said Ernest Whipple, "that there were more breeds of dogs for you to tell us about, Mr. Hartshorn. I always enjoyed those talks so much."

"Do you think you know all about all the breeds now?" asked Mr. Hartshorn, with a smile.

"Well, no," confessed Ernest, "but I know something about them all, and I have one or two good books to refer to. I guess there's always more to be learned about everything."

"That is true," said their host, "and fortunately there are always good things being written about dogs by men who know them. I never let a chance go by to add to my own fund of dog lore."

Alfred Hammond and Horace Ames, who were home from college for the holidays, were present at the campfire, and Alfred was now loudly called upon for a dog story, Mr. Hartshorn insisting that he had told every one he knew. Finally Alfred acceded to the demand.

"I ran across two anecdotes the other day which may fill the bill," said he. "I think they are both about collies, but I am not sure. The first is about a Scotchman and his dog Brutus. The Scotchman, having gone far out of his way in a storm, stopped at a lonely house and asked for a shelter for the night. The owner of the house admitted him and showed

him to a chamber, and the Scotchman, being very weary, prepared to go to bed.

“ Brutus, however, was not so readily satisfied with his strange surroundings and proceeded to investigate. At length he returned to his master and began tugging at the bedclothes. The Scotchman was at last sufficiently aroused to follow the dog out of the room and down the stairs, and Brutus led him to the door of a closed room and sniffed at it very cautiously. Light which made its way through the cracks indicated that the room was occupied. The Scotchman could find no hole to peep through, but much to his surprise he heard several voices, for he thought that he and his host were alone in the house.

“ He placed his ear to the door and heard enough to make him believe that his life was in danger. He was a brave man, and prompt action seemed necessary. Suddenly he pushed open the door and rushed in, surprising half a dozen men. They reached for their weapons, but the traveler was ready first. With his pistol he shot his host and cracked another over the head. Brutus, meanwhile, attacked so vigorously and to such good purpose that the man and his dog were able to escape uninjured. He afterwards learned that the house where he had sought hospitality was the resort of a gang of highwaymen.

“ The other story is rather tragic, but I guess I'll

tell it, as it's the only one I have left. A traveling merchant in England was riding along on horseback, when he dropped a bag containing all his money. He was quite unconscious of his loss, but his dog had seen the bag fall. The dog began to run in front of the horse's head, barking, and dashing back along the road, but the merchant, who must have been uncommonly stupid, I think, did not understand the meaning of his strange actions. The dog became more insistent, as the man urged his horse ahead, barking in an unusual tone and snapping at the horse's feet.

“The merchant, who apparently did not know dogs very well, began to fear that he was going mad. ‘Mad dogs will not drink,’ he reflected. ‘At the next ford I will watch, and if he does not drink I must shoot him.’

“Of course, the dog was much too anxious and excited to drink at the next ford, and his master shot him. After riding on a little way the man began to be troubled with doubts and misgivings, and he turned his horse about. When he reached the ford again, the dog was not there, but the man traced him back along the road by the marks of his blood.

“The merchant found his dog at last, lying beside the money-bag, protecting his master's property with his last gasp. Remorsefully the merchant stooped down and begged the dog's forgiveness. The faithful

animal licked his hand and looked up at him with eyes that seemed to say, 'It's all right, my master. You didn't understand.' "

No more stories being forthcoming, the talk soon drifted to other things. The boys vied with one another in telling of instances which illustrated the superior courage, intelligence, and faithfulness of their own dogs, and then fell into reminiscence. They talked of the awakening of interest in the dogs of Boytown and what it had meant to each of them, of the activities of the Boytown Humane Society, of the Boytown Dog Show in Morton's barn, of the days at Camp Britches and the death of beloved Rags, of the Eastern Connecticut field trials and the winning of Romulus, of the Massatucket Dog Show and the triumph of Remus, and of all the good times the boys and their dogs had had together. They quoted Sam Bumpus's quaint sayings and Tom Poullice's good advice about the care of dogs, and they told dog stories that they had read.

"I don't see how anybody can help loving dogs," said Elliot Garfield.

"There are men who hate them, though," said Mr. Hartshorn. "American sheep growers, for example, are bitterly opposed to dogs, and many of them would like to see the canine race annihilated. And it must be admitted that the dog forms the greatest obstacle

in the path of increasing the important sheep-raising industry in the United States. Dogs do kill sheep, and there's no denying it."

"I thought there were laws to protect the sheep," said Ernest Whipple.

"There are," said Mr. Hartshorn. "Some of them are good and some of them are bad. Some of them place it in the sheep man's power to take the law into his own hands and act as judge, jury, and executioner on the spot, which of course is all wrong. But unfortunately the best of the laws do not protect the sheep. The state may pay damages, but that does not restore the slain sheep."

"I don't see what can be done, then," said Theron Hammond, dolefully.

"For one thing," said Mr. Hartshorn, "more study should be put on these laws before they are passed. They should not be drawn up by either partisans of the dog or of the sheep. They should aim to eliminate ownerless dogs and to make all owners responsible for the acts of their dogs. On the other hand, the sheep owners should not be allowed to collect damages unless they can show that they have taken due precautions on their own part, such as the erection of dog-tight fences. A man has to keep up his fences to keep his neighbor's cows out of his corn, or he has no redress. Why shouldn't a sheep owner be com-

pelled to do likewise? But the real cure for the menace of the sheep-killing dog is more dog. The American sheep men don't seem to have learned the lesson that the past has tried to teach them. For centuries the trained shepherd dog has been the protection of the flock in all sheep-raising countries, and is so to-day in Great Britain, Europe, and Australia. I don't believe there are a dozen first-class trained shepherd dogs in this country, except in the Far West. In Scotland there are more dogs to the square mile than there are in the United States, yet the Scotch don't try to legislate the dog out of existence. The Scotch shepherd never thinks of taking out his flock without his trained collie, and the result is that few sheep are killed either by stray dogs or wild animals. When the American sheep growers learn their lesson from the shepherds of other countries, overcome their prejudice against the dog, and adopt the method that has been successfully employed for centuries in other countries, they will solve this problem, and not until then. I hope to see the day come when the sheep man is numbered among the dog's best friends here as he is in Scotland."

A lively discussion followed, and then, still talking dogs, the boys trudged home in the moonlight, over the crisp snow.

A few days later the whole crowd was out skating

on Hulse's Pond. A week of clear, cold weather following a thaw had made ideal skating, and Boytown was making the most of it. There were a number of young men and girls out and a few older devotees of the sport, but the boys and their dogs had full possession of one end of the pond. Here a game of hockey was in progress, which was somewhat interfered with by the activities of Tatters, who had grown into a fine, lively, sport-loving dog. He seemed to think the game was arranged for his special benefit, and he chased the puck to and fro across the ice wherever it went. Another general favorite was Rover, who never tired of racing with the skaters and particularly enjoyed pulling the younger children about on their sleds. These small children had another name for him—Santa Claus—and he indeed looked the part. Others of the dogs were enjoying the sport, too, though Romulus and Remus showed a tendency to leave the ice and go scouting off on imaginary trails in the neighborhood.

Suddenly, while the fun was at its height, a sharp cry arose from the upper end of the pond where the brook ran in. It was different from the other shouts and cries that rang out over the ice; there was terror in it. The loud, insistent barking of Tatters immediately followed.

The hockey game was interrupted, and everyone

looked toward that end of the pond to see what could be the matter. Tatters was running excitedly about the edge of a hole where the ice had broken in, and in the black water appeared the head and shoulders of little Eddie Greene, who had ventured too near a dangerous spot and had broken through the thin ice.

The sounds of merrymaking suddenly ceased, and there was a general rush in that direction. The bigger boys threw themselves flat on the ice and tried to reach out to Eddie with their hands, but the ice cracked alarmingly beneath the weight of so many of them, and they dared not approach too close.

“Get back, boys, get back!” cried Theron Hammond, who was always a leader. “Get back, or we’ll all go in.”

They saw that such a catastrophe would only make bad matters worse and obeyed the command. Only Theron and Harry Barton remained to try to reach the frightened little fellow, and they could not get near him.

The water was deep, and Eddie was struggling wildly to keep from going under the ice, which broke off wherever he grasped it.

“Keep calm, Eddie,” called Theron, but Eddie was terrified and could not keep calm. His head went under once, and he seemed to be weakening. Meanwhile Ernest Whipple and one or two of the others had

kicked off their skates and had run off in search of boards or fence rails to throw across the hole, but there seemed to be none near by and help was a long time coming. It began to look as though they would be too late.

It was a tense moment. Some of the little girls had begun to cry, and there was one young lady who gave way to hysterics. No one seemed to know what to do. It was awful to stand there and watch the little fellow drown before their eyes.

Then there came a sudden rush and a plunge and the black and white head of Remus appeared beside that of the drowning boy. Though an aristocrat of the bench show, this good dog had a brain that worked quickly and a heart that knew no fear.

It was a good thing that Remus had learned to be such a good swimmer in days gone by; he had need of all his strength and skill now. He seized the boy's collar in his teeth and struggled to drag him out. But it could not be done. The ice broke repeatedly under the dog's paws, and it was all he could do to keep the boy's head and his own above water. He could only struggle bravely and cast imploring looks toward the helpless humans. The water was ice-cold, of course, and it sapped the good dog's strength. His efforts weakened and he tried no more to climb out, but he never relaxed his hold. He would have gone

down to his death with the boy before he would have done that.

Both heads went below the surface and came up again, and the dogged, imploring look deepened in Remus's eyes. Jack Whipple called words of encouragement, and it was pitiful to watch the noble dog's efforts to respond. It was wonderful the way he held out, and in the end he won. When it seemed as though the last atom of his strength must have been spent, Ernest Whipple came running up with a plank which he threw across the hole. Remus rested his paws on this and so was able to keep from going under, but he had no strength left to drag himself and the boy out. Eddie was now unconscious, and could not help himself. Then Elliot Garfield and two other boys arrived with boards and fence rails, and with these they built a sort of bridge across the dangerous gap. Theron crawled cautiously out upon this, with Harry Barton holding to his feet. He grasped Remus's collar, and with Harry's help dragged the boy and the dog to firm ice.

Eddie was seized in friendly arms and was rubbed and rolled until he revived. Remus fell, faint and trembling, to the ice, and Jack Whipple, unconscious of his own sobs, gathered the heroic dog to his breast.

CHAPTER XIX

EVERY DOG HIS DAY

EDDIE GREENE was hurried home and put to bed, and a doctor was called. For a day or so he was watched over with tender solicitude by his mother, but he soon insisted on getting up, and the doctor said that the danger was past. His healthy young body recuperated rapidly and he suffered no serious effects from his harrowing experience. In a few days he was running about as well as ever, and his parents, watching him, had good reason to bless the brave dog that had saved their boy's life.

But with Remus it was different. Almost immediately he showed signs of having contracted a severe cold. Weakened as he was by exposure and exhausted by his almost superhuman struggles in the water, he was in no condition to combat the malady, and pneumonia set in.

For days he lay dangerously ill on his bed in Rome, while Jack hoped and prayed in vain for a noticeable turn for the better. Tom Poullice came down and diagnosed the case and left some medicine, but still Remus failed to show much improvement. Sam

Bumpus came, too, and did what he could, but he was forced to confess that the case was beyond his powers. Remus was very weak and seemed unable to rally. Jack Whipple was beside himself with anxiety.

When Remus had distemper he received visits from a good many of the boys in town, but that was nothing to the interest that was now displayed in him. The boys of the Humane Society hung about the Whipple gates at all hours of the day, vainly wishing that they might be of some help. Mr. Morton, Mr. Pierson, and other prominent citizens telephoned their inquiries. Mr. Fellowes came every day, and total strangers rang the doorbell to ask how the sick dog was getting on. All Boytown did its best to show honor and sympathy for the hero, but, alas, that brought no relief to the poor dog suffering on his bed in Rome.

For some time now Mrs. Whipple had been unconsciously displaying a different attitude toward the dogs. She never petted them; she was not yet ready to go quite so far. But she never said anything against dogs any more, and she had not concealed her pleasure and pride in the triumphs that had been won by both Romulus and Remus. And now that Remus was sick she made no attempt to conceal her anxiety, and answered all the inquiries patiently. One day Mr. Whipple observed her stealing out to Rome with a dish of

warm broth, while the boys were in school, and he couldn't help smiling a little. The mother's heart had been won over at last.

There came a day when Remus seemed to be getting worse instead of better, and Tom Poullice was sent for again. Mr. Hartshorn himself brought Tom over in the car from Thornboro. Tom tested the sick dog's temperature and general condition and shook his head solemnly.

"I'm afraid it's come to a crisis," said he.

"Nothing more you can do?" asked Mr. Hartshorn.

"I'm afraid not, sir," said Tom.

"Then there's no time to be lost," said Mr. Hartshorn. "We must send for Dr. Runkle. I ought to have done it before."

They jumped into the car and drove down to the telegraph office.

The next day Dr. Runkle appeared with Tom and Mr. Hartshorn. He was the Bridgeport veterinary surgeon that had come too late to save poor Rags. Mr. Hartshorn considered him the best veterinarian in the state.

With gentle, skilful hands he made a thorough examination.

"A bad case of pneumonia," said he. "The first thing to do is to get him into a warmer place. This

barn is all right for most things, but he needs some artificial heat now."

Mrs. Whipple was standing near, and Jack looked at her doubtfully. She did not hesitate. Apparently she had forgotten all about her vow never to allow the dogs into the house.

"Bring him right into the house," said she. "Jack, you go and get some of that burlap from the store-room, and we'll make a bed for him in the kitchen."

Tom picked Remus up in his strong arms, and the little procession made its way up to the house. Bringing up the rear came Romulus, a subdued dog these last anxious days. His big eyes questioned the faces of his human friends for the meaning of it all. He could not speak, but no one showed a more genuine sympathy.

Never before had Romulus attempted to enter the house. Now he seemed to understand that the ban had been lifted. He followed quietly in through the door, and no one said him nay.

But I am happy to say that this story is not going to end sadly. I don't believe I could tell it if it did. Dr. Runkle stayed at Willowdale for three days, and each day he came down to attend his patient. At last his skill and knowledge and the constant careful nursing won the battle, and gradually Remus fought his way back to health. His splendid constitution and

stout heart stood him in good stead, and once the crisis was passed, recovery was rapid and certain.

And that is really the end of the story, though by no means the end of Romulus and Remus. They were destined to live to a ripe old age, much honored in Boytown, and to win many triumphs on field and bench. I need not tell you how happy Jack Whipple was to have his beloved dog restored to health and strength again. The rest of the family were hardly less so, and all Boytown rejoiced. I will only tell what a few of the people said and did, because Remus, you will agree, deserved all the honors and all the love that could be heaped upon him.

The first day that Jack was allowed to take Remus out into the sunshine for a little airing, there was one who watched them from the kitchen window. It was Irish Delia, who had objected so strenuously when the puppies had first been brought into her kitchen. When Jack, smiling happily, brought the dog in again, and Remus, whose legs were still a bit unsteady, walked over to his dish for a drink of water, Delia could restrain herself no longer. She flopped down on her knees beside him, and putting her arms about him, sobbed unrestrainedly into his soft coat.

"Ach, Remus, dear," she cried, "ye niver knew it, but I loved ye like me own brother."

And what did Tom Poullice say after the danger

was over? He placed a kindly hand on Jack's shoulder and said, "I read a book once called 'The Mill on the Floss,' and there was a chap in it named Bob Jakin—just a hordinary chap like me. One day 'e says to a lady, 'e says, 'Hev a dog, Miss. They're better friends nor any Christian.' I've always thought 'e was right, Jacky, and I think so now more than ever."

Mr. Hartshorn didn't say much. He was not the demonstrative kind, but everyone knew what he thought. One day he told the boys that he had just received a letter from a cousin of his in the West who was a sheep man.

"He hates dogs," said Mr. Hartshorn, "worse than coyotes. He always makes fun of my sentimentality, as he calls it, and can't say too much against an animal that can furnish neither eggs, milk, wool, nor meat. He calls the dog a useless creature. I sat down and wrote him what Remus did on Hulse's Pond, and asked him if he had ever heard of a sheep that had saved a human life. I guess that will hold him for awhile."

Sam Bumpus didn't say much, either. He just stroked Remus's head and patted his flank, and then remarked, "I've sometimes thought life was a pretty tough proposition, but I reckon so long as there's boys an' dogs in the world, we can manage to stagger along an' bear up under it."

What other people said didn't matter so much as what they did. Mr. Morton quietly started a little affair of his own, and after he had made numerous calls on business acquaintances of his, a little ceremony took place in the Whipple yard, just outside of Rome. A committee called, consisting of Mr. Morton, Mr. Pierson, and Mr. Fellowes, and after a short speech was made by the banker, a bronze medal was presented to Remus.

"It isn't to be hidden away in a drawer somewhere," explained Mr. Morton. "He's to wear it on his collar, and if he loses it, we'll get him another one."

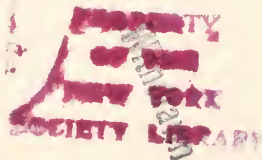
One side of the medal bore the words, "Presented to Remus by the citizens of Boytown." On the other side was a setter's head and the words, "For heroism in saving human life."

April came again to Boytown, and with it the bluebirds and robins, the pussy willows and red maple blossoms, and the green buds of the dogwoods that watched over the resting-place of Rags on the hill. With it, too, came strength to the graceful limbs of Remus. There were warm, sunny days, when it was good for dogs and boys to be out of doors, and there were crisp, cool evenings, when a crackling fire on the hearth was pleasant.

Let us bid farewell to our friends as they sit before

their open fires, Sam Bumpus in his lonely shack, but not unhappy any more, Mr. and Mrs. Hartshorn side by side in the big house at Willowdale, and the Whipples in their pleasant sitting-room on Washburn Street. At one side of the table sits Mrs. Whipple, sewing, with a look of contentment on her face, mingled with pride as she watches the two fine young fellows who are her sons. At the other side of the table Mr. Whipple is reading aloud from that wonderful story, "Greyfriars Bobby." Remus lies comfortably stretched out on one side of the hearth and Romulus on the other, for they are no longer banished to Rome. The house is none too good for them. And about each happy dog's neck are entwined a loving master's arms.

THE END



THE MORE IMPORTANT BREEDS OF DOGS

I. NON-SPORTING AND UTILITY.

A. LARGE DOGS.

- | | PAGE | |
|---------------|-----------|---|
| St. Bernard. | (109) | Rough and smooth varieties. Colors, red, orange, or brindle with white markings, or white with patches of these colors. Height, 30 to 39 inches. Weight, 160 to 190 pounds or more. |
| Mastiff. | (111) | Colors, fawn or brindle, with black on the head. Coat, short. Height, 28 inches average. Weight, 170 pounds average. |
| Newfoundland. | (111-112) | Colors, jet black, black and white, or brown and white. Height, 25 to 29 inches. Weight, 110 to 150 pounds. Coat, long. |
| Great Dane. | (115) | Colors, brindle, fawn, blue, black, and harlequin. Height, 28 inches up. Weight, 90 pounds up. Coat, short. |

B. SMALLER DOGS.

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|---|
| English Bulldog. | (57-58, 115-116) | Colors varying from pure white to dark brindle. Weight, 40 to 50 pounds average. Coat, short. |
| French Bulldog. | (116) | Colors, any brindle or solid color except black, black and white, black and tan, liver, and mouse color. Weight, 22 to 28 pounds. Coat, smooth. |
| Chow Chow. | (116) | Colors, all red, black, chocolate brown, blue, smoke, yellow, and white. Weight, 30 pounds up. Coat, long. |
| Poodle. | (116) | Colors, all black, white, red, brown, or blue. Coat, curly. |
| Dalmatian. | (118) | Color, white with black or brown spots. Height, 19 to 23 inches. Weight, 35 to 50 pounds. Coat, short. |

Schipperke. (118) Tailless. Color, all black. Weight, 12 to 20 pounds. Coat, medium, thick.

C. SHEEP DOGS.

Collie. (201-202) Colors not restricted. Height, 20 to 24 inches. Weight, 40 to 65 pounds. Coat, long.

Old English Sheep dog. (189-190, 205-206) Tailless. Any color permissible except sable, brown, and black, the most popular being gray and white. Height, 20 inches up. Coat, very long.

German Shepherd Dog. (206) Color, dark, grizzled gray commonest. Also black, iron gray, ash gray, reddish tan, reddish brown, white, and harlequin. Height, 21 to 26 inches. Weight, 54 to 65 pounds. Coat, rather short.

Belgian Sheep dog. (206-207) Smooth and wire-coated, usually fawn or sable. Long-coated or Groenendaele, jet black.

II. SPORTING BREEDS.

A. THE HOUND FAMILY.

Bloodhound. (252) Colors, black and tan, red and tan, and tawny. Coat, short. Height, 24 to 27 inches. Weight, 80 pounds up.

Otterhound. (252-253) Colors, gray, buff, black, red, and mixtures. Height, 22 to 24 inches. Coat, wiry.

Foxhound. (253) Combination of black, white, and tan preferred. Height, English foxhound, 22 to 24 inches; American foxhound, 20 to 24 inches. Coat, short.

Harrier. (253) Foxhound colorings. Height, 16 to 19 inches. Coat, short.

Beagle. (253) Foxhound colorings. Height, 15 inches maximum. Coat, short.

Dachshund. (253-254) Colors, all reddish, black, brown, or gray and tan, and dappled. Weight, 17 to 24 pounds. The length is three times the height. Coat, smooth.

Basset Hound. (254) Black, white, and tan preferred. Height, 12 inches average. Coat, smooth.

B. GREYHOUND FAMILY.

Greyhound. (259) Any color allowable. Weight, 60 to 70 pounds. Coat, smooth.

- Whippet.** (259-260) Colors, black, red, white, blue, brindle, fawn, and mixtures. Height, 18 to 23 pounds. Weight, 20 pounds average. Coat, smooth.
- Irish Wolfhound.** (261) Colors, gray, brindle, red, black, white, or fawn. Height, 32 to 34 inches. Weight, 140 pounds up. Coat, wiry.
- Scottish Deerhound.** (264) Blue-gray preferred; lighter gray, brindle; yellow, sandy red, and fawn acceptable. Height, 26 to 30 inches. Weight, 65 to 105 pounds. Coat, rather wiry.
- Russian wolfhound.** (264) White predominates, often with markings of tan, fawn, blue-gray, lemon, or black. Height, 26 to 31 inches. Weight, 65 to 100 pounds. Coat, long and silky.

C. BIRD DOGS.

- Sussex Spaniel.** (131) Color, golden liver or chestnut. Weight, 35 to 45 pounds. Coat, long.
- Clumber Spaniel.** (131) Color, pure white with lemon or orange markings. Weight, 35 to 65 pounds. Coat, long.
- Field Spaniel.** (131) Color, pure black. Weight, 32 to 45 pounds. Coat, long.
- Cocker Spaniel.** (131) Coat, long. Colors, black, red, liver, or parti-colored with white. Weight, 18 to 24 pounds.
- Irish Water Spaniel.** (131-132) Coat, curly. Color, a deep, pure liver without white. Height, 21 to 23 inches.
- English Setter.** (133-134) Coat, long. Colors, white and black, white and liver, white and lemon or orange, white and tan, or tri-color—black, white, and tan. Flecked dogs are called beltons. Height, 21 to 23 inches. Weight, 35 to 55 pounds.
- Irish Setter.** (134) Coat, long. Color, all red. Size, same as English setter.
- Gordon Setter.** (134) Coat, long. Color, black and tan. Weight, somewhat greater than that of the English setter.
- Retriever.** (154-155) Wavy-coated variety, black or liver. Curly-coated variety, dull black, occasionally liver. Weight, 65 to 80 pounds.

- Labrador Dog.** (154) Coat, medium. Similar to wavy-coated retriever.
- Chesapeake Bay Dog.** (155) Coat and color, variable. Height, 25 inches maximum. Weight, 65 to 80 pounds or more.
- Pointer.** (153-154) Coat, short. Colors, liver and white, lemon and white, black and white, and other combinations; also ticked and speckled. Height, 20 to 25 inches. Weight, 45 to 60 pounds.
- Wire-Haired Pointing Griffon.** (155) Coat, wiry. Color, steel-gray with grizzled brown patches; also gray-white with brown or yellow patches. Height, 20 to 24 inches. Weight, 56 pounds average.

III. THE TERRIERS.

A. SMOOTH-COATED.

- Manchester.** (69) Color, black and tan. Weight, 16 to 20 pounds.
- Bull Terrier.** (65, 69) Color, pure white. There are also brindles, but they are not recognized. Weight, 45 to 60 pounds.
- Boston.** (69) Color, brindle and white. Weight, 17 to 27 pounds.
- Smooth Fox Terrier.** (69-70) Color, white, with black, sometimes tan, markings. Weight, 20 pounds maximum.
- Doberman Pinscher.** (70) Color, black and tan. Height, 22 to 26 inches. Weight, 40 to 48 pounds.

B. WIRE-HAIRED.

- Wire-Haired Fox Terrier.** (71) Same as the smooth variety except for the coat.
- Airedale.** (64-65, 71) Color, tan, with black or dark grizzled body or saddle. Weight, 40 to 45 pounds. Larger ones not approved.
- Bedlington.** (71) Coat, mixture of soft and wiry. Colors, dark blue, blue and tan, liver, liver and tan, sandy, and sandy and tan. Height 15 to 16 inches. Weight, 22 to 24 pounds.
- Irish.** (71) Colors, red or red wheaten. Weight, 22 to 24 pounds.
- Welsh.** (71) Colors, black and tan, or black, grizzle, and tan. Height, 16 inches average. Weight, 22 pounds average.

- Scottish.** (72) Colors, steel or iron gray, brindle or grizzle, black, sandy, and wheaten. Height, 9 to 12 inches. Weight, 16 to 20 pounds.
- West Highland White.** (72) Color, pure white. Height, 8 to 12 inches. Weight, 12 to 18 pounds.
- Cairn.** (71-72) Colors, red sandy, gray, brindle, or nearly black. Weight, 11 to 15 pounds.
- Dandie Dinmont.** (72-73) The colors are gray, known as pepper, and fawn, known as mustard. Height, 8 to 11 inches. Weight, 14 to 24 pounds.
- Sealyham.** (73) Color, white, or white with black or brown markings, or both. Weight, 12 to 17 pounds.
- C. LONG-HAIRED.
- Skye.** (73-74) Colors, dark or light blue or gray, or fawn with black points. Height, 8 to 9 inches. Weight, 14 to 20 pounds.
- Clydesdale.** (74) Color, steel blue and golden tan. Weight, 18 pounds maximum.
- Yorkshire.** (74) Color, dark steel blue with tan markings. Weight, 5 to 12 pounds.

IV. TOY DOGS.

A. SMOOTH-COATED.

- Italian Greyhound.** (82, 260) Colors, all shades of fawn, red, mouse, blue, cream, and white; also black, brindle, and pied. Weight, 8 pounds average.
- Pug.** (82) Colors, black, silver fawn, or apricot fawn, with black mask and trace. Weight, 12 to 16 pounds.
- Toy Manchester.** (82) Same as large Manchester, but weighing only 4 to 7 pounds.
- Toy Bull Terrier.** (82) Pure white preferred, brindle allowed. Weight, 3 to 15 pounds.
- Miniature Bulldog.** (82) Same as the large English bulldog, but weighing less than 20 pounds.
- Chihuahua.** (83) Colors, fawn, black, chocolate, cream, and white. Weight, 23 ounces to 4 pounds.

B. WIRE-HAIRED.

- Brussels Griffon.** (85) Colors, reddish, black and tan, gray, or fawn. Weight, 6 to 10 pounds.

C. LONG-HAIRED.

- Pomeranian.** (83) Colors, white, black, blue, gray, brown, sable, red, orange, fawn, or parti-colored. Weight, 5 to 12 pounds.
- English Toy Spaniel.** (83-84) The four recognized varieties are the Blenheim, pure white with bright red, orange, or chestnut markings; the ruby, a chestnut red; the black and tan; the tri-color, black, white, and tan. Weight, 9 to 12 pounds.
- Pekingese Spaniel.** (84) Colors, red, fawn, black, tan, brindle, sable, white, and parti-colored. Weight, 18 pounds maximum.
- Japanese Spaniel.** (84-85) Colors, black and white or red and white, the red including sable, brindle, lemon, and orange. Weight, 7 pounds average.
- Maltese.** (85) Color, pure white with black points. Weight, 10 pounds maximum.
- Toy Poodle.** (85) Colors, all black, red, white, or blue; white preferred. Weight, 4 to 10 pounds.

V. ARCTIC AND SUB-ARCTIC BREEDS.

- Eskimo.** (269) Coat, hard and dense. Color, grizzled black or gray. Weight, 75 to 100 pounds.
- Husky.** (269) Color, variable. Weight, 125 pounds up.
- Samoyede.** (268) Coat, medium long. Color, usually white; also black, black and white, brown, and fawn.
- Spitz.** (268) Coat, long. Color, white or wolfish gray.
- Norwegian Elk-hound.** (268-269) Coat, thick and coarse. Color, grizzled brown or black. Height, 20 inches average.

THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT DOGS

- Bench shows, 157-159, 245 *et seq.*
- Championship, how won, 158
- Convulsions, 91, 93
- Discipline, 22-23
- Distemper, 88 *et seq.*
- Eczema, 104-105
- Feeding, 39, 53-55
- Field trials, 218-221, 230 *et seq.*
- Fleas, 127-128
- Gun-shy dogs, 24
- How to approach a dog, 267
- Judging show dogs, 174-175
- Medicine, how to administer, 51-52
- Puppies, care of, 39, 53
- Sheep, dogs used with, 286-288
- Skin troubles, 104-105
- Teeth, 120-121, 123-124
- Training bird dogs, 21-24, 137-138, 140-141, 142, 144
- Worms, 50-51

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